



LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1881.

"GIGI'S"

A COSMOPOLITAN ART-SCHOOL.



GIGI.

FEW of the fashionable tourists in the Eternal City who drive or saunter up the Pincio every bright afternoon, when the band is playing and all the gay world is sunning itself within view of mighty St. Peter's, have any idea that just beside them is one of the most famous artistic quarters in the world.

Looking over the stone parapet of the Pincio, on the side beyond which stretches

the loveliest view of the domed and spired city, one may see, just below the brilliant flower-beds with which the famous slope appears to burn, a line of many-balconied, many-staired, many-roofed and parapeted houses. Floods of colorful light rest upon their red tiles. Splashes of vivid hue in blooming plants stand out against their dim gray walls, veils of foliage wave downward from numerous boxes and pots or creep upward from damp, mossy courts below. Queer-looking men, in jaunty caps and ugly blouses, dart hither and thither on roof and terrace; brightly-dressed models move to and fro; and now and then an eccentric-looking woman, in flowing or Greek-coiled hair and mighty pinafore, shows, with palette on her thumb, from out some open door. Here and there through different murky windows one may catch fearful suggestions of dire deeds done within,—here a bloodless face, there a severed hand or foot; here a mutilated trunk,

there incoherent fragments of legs and arms. Of course the fact that this human-like *débris* is of plaster or marble goes far to make the Pincio promenaders indifferent to the sight, and, noting the frequent canvases that hang like banners on the outer wall, drying in the sunshine, the tourist passes on, giving the matter no second thought.

This cluster of buildings is the cele-

brated nest of painters and sculptors that faces on the Via Margutta, and is the focal point of most of the artistic inspiration that descends to-day upon the famed old city of Leo and Julius. In this line of buildings have figured many of the best names that have gone out from our own country. Harriet Hosmer's studio was here, and here one of the doors still bears the name of dead Margaret Foley. Randolph Rogers occupies a goodly space between Freeman and Ives, and all three claim the name of Americans, though each has been a citizen of Rome for nearly

forty years. Thouron has a picturesque studio here, and so also has Charles Caryl Coleman. Vedder, Eugene Benton, Harnisch, Story, Dwight Benton, Franklin Simmons, Tilton, are scattered about in different parts of the city, each with his own afflatus and surrounding zone, but seeming somewhat insular and chill away from the larger atmosphere of that region whither gravitate artists from almost every nation under the sun.

Midway in the Via Margutta one may see dimly burning, on every night of the week save one, a dirty lantern above a



MOONLIGHT ON THE ROOF.

mysteriously dusky entrance. Upon this lantern one may read the word *Accademia*, and by it find one's stumbling way to the most famous art-school in Italy,—one whose name is familiar in the highest-perched mountain-hamlet or gloomiest mountain-gorge, on sun-sphered island, in Campagna cottage, or wherever else in Italy the scattered flock of artists hovers or alights, and whose fame is borne by foreign members of the guild to the uttermost parts of the globe.

No exhibition of modern art, from Milan to Naples, from Turin to Venice, is ever without representative work from "Gigi's." One cannot pass the picture-

dealers' windows on the Boulevards or the Rue Laffitte, in Paris, that a glance will not often discover the well-known models and the familiar *technique* of "Gigi's." In Great Babylon on the Thames these same models and this same *technique* are scarcely less familiar, and in windows on Broadway at this very moment are doubtless seductive water-colored ladies and mediæval crayon knights at whose feet a sharp eye may read, "Gigi's, Roma, 18—."

Nowhere can one travel in picturesque Italy without seeing—wandering in art-galleries, dancing the tarantella on moonlit roofs, hobnobbing in wayside *osterie*,

sketching in rocking boat or on burning beach, living with peasants, fishermen, gondoliers—dozens of the color-box and portfolio-bearing fraternity marked with certain signs so plainly written that the eye that runs may read them to be "Gigi fellows." The severest comment one of our artistic countrymen in Rome can pass upon the work of a *confrère* is that blighting summary of all possible reproaches, "He needs to hang up awhile at 'Gigi's,'" as if there only were it possible for an inexperienced hand to acquire dexterity.

The street-entrance on the Via Margutta is always open. Beyond it a few shabby steps ascend to another door, always shut, but yielding easily to a light touch. This door opens directly into a vast, sombre, barn-like space, ceiled with heavy beams black with smoke and age. There are two or three large windows, high above the loftiest head that ever flourished brush beneath, but they are curtained thick with dust and with dimmed webs woven long ago. The dingy walls are covered with many a queer device in paint and charcoal. At one end totters the most rusty and melancholy of stoves, and near it a life-sized *scorce*—or "skunner," as the English-speaking *habitués* call it—pointing with fierce threatening to whichever student chances to occupy the middle one of the amphitheatrically-arranged benches. On one wall is stretched a strip of black cloth, over which defiles a grotesque procession of flame-colored figures, squirming, grovelling, prancing in mad, unholy ecstasy,—a frieze of devils such as might have decorated the dome of Dante's brain in that grimly mystic age when everlasting damnation yawned for everything but absolute sinlessness. Upon another wall is a conspicuous *avviso*, which indicates that the "Gigi fellows" are not wholly free from certain peculiarities of their kind all over the world, giving notice as it does, in both French and Italian, that *Messieurs les artistes* must invariably pay their dues in advance, never allowing the day that begins a new month to pass without paying

for that month entire. Close beside this *avviso* hangs a small framed photograph of peculiar interest, but seeming singularly out of place when the huge room is full of cheery workers, whistling, smoking, singing in musical chorus operatic snatches, or holding conversation with each other in tongues varied enough to seem Pentecostal. It is the photograph of a dead man lying stark and stiff in his grave-clothes. It was taken from Fortuny just before he was consigned



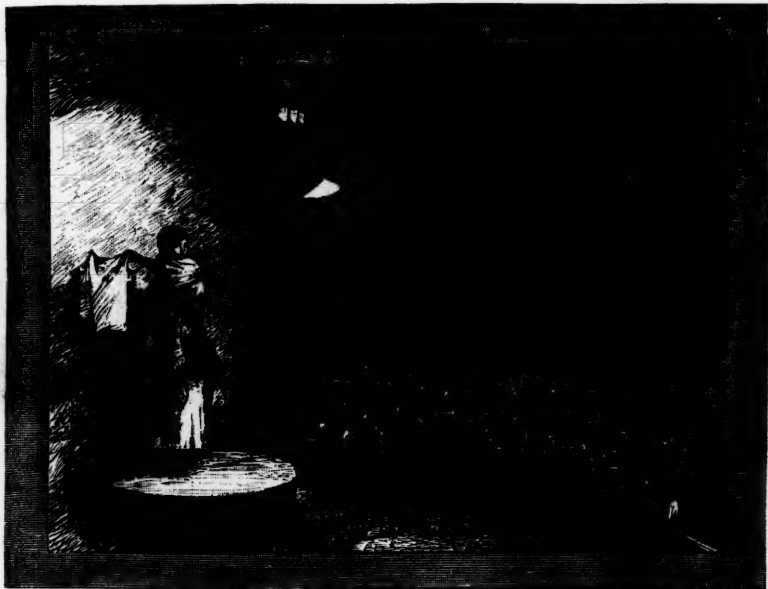
CONTADINA.

to the tomb,—Fortuny, who for many years was one of the most constant of the workers at "Gigi's."

The fact of the door opening, with no resistance or hinderance whatever, directly from a public way into a room where an undraped model is regularly posed, is significant of the artistic habit of Rome even in Rome's artistic decadence. Every Roman from infancy sees nudity in statue and picture as much as clothedness. The Vatican, the Capitol, the public monuments, the princely galleries open to the public, and the result of every day's art-

study freely exhibited in shop-windows at every step, give the masses an artistic understanding impossible to more primitive peoples; so that the wayfaring Roman, though a fool, loses, or never possesses, that omnipresent and hideous consciousness of indecency or of vile gratification in the presence of nudity which is so conspicuous in the outer Philistine. It may be safely asserted that in no gallery in Italy could such a picture be seen as that which has so much amused our own de-

corous public,—a rustic pair in an exhibition of antique statuary, where the old wife, with face of outraged modesty, drags her resistant and pruriently-gloating spouse away from before a naked Venus, a chaste bit of marble as little suggestive of indecency to eyes that recognize other than carnal pleasure in physical perfection as the purest lyric poem. Where Raphael painted and Michael Angelo carved, where the nudity of the Venuses, Psyches, and Apollos in battered



GIGI'S AT NIGHT.

Greek and more stainless Roman marbles, and the whole warmer hosts on canvases of the Renaissance, are as familiar to the sight as the ulster of the Briton or the water-proof of the American, physical beauty in its completeness is acknowledged to have claims to other than sensual admiration, and the model for a Venus may be posed with only an easily-opened door between her and the street without the least fear of disgraceful intrusion, open or stealthy.

One wonders what the consequences would be were "Gigi's" two steps up from an American street! Not long ago an

American magazine article, taking ground against the study of the Nude, used as an argument the modesty of young girls, who could not be brought before an undraped statue for the first time without blushes. It is curious and interesting to notice how much more dependent on habit than on instinct is our notion of what constitutes modesty, and how this feeling, like conscience, has as many forms and complexities as there are varieties of the human mind. Only a short distance from where this paper is written is a popular *pension de demoiselles*. These *demoiselles* draw every week from plaster casts of the

Medicean Venus and the Apollo Belvedere without a thought of indelicacy, and every month make an educational excursion among the antiques of the Louvre. It is not to be supposed that these girls gain their education with painful blushing; yet it is a fact that Shakespeare is a forbidden book to them, as entirely too indecent for a modest maid to touch!

Once upon a time at Gigi's, as the artists tell the story, in the full tide of the *séance*, when a living Hebe was upon the platform, half a hundred artists hard at work, and the room as still as a church before the sermon, a bridal pair strayed in from the street. They had seen the word *Accademia*, and, being of inquisitive minds, had come in to discover what it meant.

Most of the "Gigi fellows" smoke at their work, and the atmosphere is dense. Through it the fair white statue shone beautiful and pure as if wrought in Pentelic marble.

"Isn't it lovely, darling?" said the bride, in unmistakably British accents, audible in the silence far from where she stood.

"Exquisite, my love! Looks really almost lifelike," said the husband, secure of not being understood when speaking his mother-tongue in this foreign place.

There was a long pause; then the bride said, somewhat nervously,—

"Bertie, sweetest, don't you find that it looks *very* much alive?"

"Yes, my birdiest bird; but it isn't. I have heard of these things before. They are called manikins."

Just then Hebe sneezed.

A curious hissing and sputtering sound came from the bridal British, and heavy footfalls died swiftly away in the distance, leaving behind them more than one English-speaking artist quivering with suppressed laughter at the notion that *life* made Beauty thus terrifying.

A familiarity with Nature's consummate handiwork—the human body—is a vital necessity to art, as all its history, from its Hellenic perfection to its Byzantine decadence, from its early cloistral weakness to the full flowering of the Italian Renaissance, establishes beyond a doubt.

As for the matter of its baneful moral

influence, it is yet to be proved that the lives of the world's great artists have been more immoral than the lives of the world's rulers, warriors, scientists, or poets. The argument that the study of nature must be avoided because nature is an offence to the "modesty" of an unnatural society, and a source of prurient suggestiveness to its mind, holds just as well against the free study of the Bible. And that art has been used for gross purposes is no more true of picturesque than of literary art, which latter has its "Decameron" and its



SCIMITARED SARACEN.

"Pantagruel," as the former its Leda and its Danaë. As the true literary artist, dominated by an intellectual and not carnal taste, reads Boccaccio and Rabelais indifferent to the grossness so conspicuous to other minds, with delight in their vigor, eloquence, or fertility of expression, their rare humor, pathos, poetic insight, and inventiveness, their graceful or scathing satire, so the true artist in form and color looks even upon the offensive Venuses and Danaë with consciousness of nothing beyond their exquisite flesh-tints and the marvellously graceful curves and

lines that to his sense are as subtly intoxicating, and as *purely* so, as a Beethoven symphony is to a musician. In all probability, Titian painted his most disagreeable pictures with as simple fidelity to his artistic instincts as he painted his grave senatorial portraits, those synonymes for artistic dignity and nobility. That he did paint them is perhaps to be deplored, for they will be ever unclean in eyes that do not rejoice in beauty as an absolute thing wholly abstract from and independent of any extraneous associations.



PIPE-PLAYER OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

At "Gigi's" two models are posed every evening, each model standing or sitting for two mortal hours, sometimes in the most wearying positions, without an instant of repose. It is no uncommon incident for them to drop in dead swoons to the platform, and not a few of the models of Rome will carry to their graves the deep scars that came to them in some trying ordeal at "Gigi's."

One of the models is for the nude, the other dressed in some of the rich and picturesque costumes with which the studio-wardrobe abounds. These models pose every evening for a week, and the week following it is amusing to note how shop-

windows all over the city simultaneously blossom out with water-color sketches of the Japanese girl with her lantern, the pretty *contadina* with her red umbrella, the mediæval knight in armor, the pipe-player of the fourteenth century, the scimitared Saracen, the dainty courtier of the sixteenth century, or the picturesque-costumed Roumanian, who grew so familiar in the long evenings of the week before at "Gigi's."

Many young men make a scanty living thus (and unhappily the modern Roman art-spirit is much alloyed with the mercantile), attending the class solely for the purpose of securing models and costumes at a merely nominal cost,—nine *lire* a month for the *séance* of two hours, with either costume or undressed model; fifteen *lire* for the month of entire evenings. Many of the workers take only the nude model and others only the costume (these latter workers mostly young ladies), hastening away when their chosen *séance* is over and before the second model is posed, and usually going to a neighboring artistic club of both sexes, the *Cercolo Internazionale*, where also every evening both costumed and undraped models are posed. Thus the student has opportunity to work every evening from two undraped figures or two draped ones at choice only by running the short distance from Gigi's to the *Cercolo*. This is so generally done that each class quite changes its appearance with a change of models, the costume classes in both places, of course, being largely reinforced by the feminine element.

No instruction whatever is given in any of these classes. The artist draws and colors as cleverly or as insanely as he elects, under no supervision or criticism save that which the male artists give each other, usually in the form of ridicule or good-natured caricature and banter. Rome has no school of painting, and is no school. Its *technique* is thin and mannered, its color childish, its highest effects as sensational as the most sensational of the French school, its intellectual spirit on a melancholy level with the *feuilletons* of the Paris newspapers. Even in its best days Rome had no independent art-life.

Old Rome was vanquished and governed by the art of vanquished and governed Greece. The Rome of the Renaissance period drew its artistic vitality from Florence; and to-day the famous city lives in art only because its old emperors and popes were ambitious men, and gathered artistic treasures and left ruins enough to make their city an artistic magnet for unborn generations. To paint swiftly and sell speedily sums up the predominating ideas of most of the Roman students in this famous school, for art there nowadays is a trade, and its followers scarcely more than tradesmen. Even older and more experienced artists who go to the Eternal City armed with the *technique* of more vigorous and vital schools soon grow dreamy and languorous amid these voluptuous atmospheres and under these eternally blue skies, content to exist in a sort of sweet and gentle intoxication of the æsthetic nature, which, however conducive to ideal aspirations, is equally suppressive of the perspiration of vigorous achievement.

The exceptions to this assertion do not disprove it, and it is a notable fact that old *habitués* of Rome, when they see a newly-arrived fellow-artist working with might and main, as if convinced that art is as long and time as fleeting in the Eternal City as in outer barbarian worlds, will smile indulgently and say, "Let him alone; he will work himself out of that panic soon, and into a condition to *enjoy* Rome."

No studio in the world could be more decorous than "Gigi's." The women-students, as a rule, are of discreet age and not fatally dowered with beauty. They are usually Russians, Swedes, Germans, English, and Americans,—those cold-blooded nations that have ever swept down on soft South-lands with strange battle-cries, arms, and victory. Now and then a Frenchwoman finds herself here, not of malice aforethought, but as an accident of "a winter in Rome." One of

the best-known faces is that of Signorina Nina —, a pretty Italian of twenty-five, who is always greeted with most respectful, yet familiar, courtesy by the Roman artists, they evidently regarding her as more genuinely and legitimately a "Gigi fellow" than any of these foreigners who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. This lady has worked in this place every evening at both *séances* for several years, and spends her daytimes, as Hilda



MEDIEVAL KNIGHT.

did, in copying in the famous picture-galleries.

The dreadful tales told of the orgies at Bonnat and the Beaux-Arts in Paris would make the hair of a "Gigi fellow" rise like quills on a fretful porcupine. Ask one of them if he thinks the presence of ladies in the room has a civilizing influence, and he will probably say that he doesn't know, for ladies have studied there ever since he can remember, and for his part he can't see what fun there can be

in cracking crowns and splitting benches, as those French fellows do; that there would probably be more license of speech at Gigi's were only men present, but the models would certainly receive decent treatment and the benches remain whole.

That there is a wondrous difference, not only between the Gallic and the Latin manner of making artistic studies pleasant and working-hours pass swiftly, but in the very idea of peace and repose entertained by the two races, might be proved in more ways than one. Once several of the students agreed among themselves to give each one pictured expression to his own idea of "Rest." One of the party was German, one American, one Italian, two French. The German brought to the rendezvous the painting of a fat monk asleep over the remains of a copious *déjeûner*, with an emptied glass in his lax grasp and a background of molten-silver sea seen through the wide window. The American's was a sultry noontide, with cloudless skies and an atmosphere that seemed to wimple with golden and caressing heat around slumberous cattle standing breast-deep in a limpid stream. The Italian's was an ugly but very *chic* young lady, reclining amid a chaos of laces and brilliant-hued flounces in a large *fauteuil* after her return from a ball. One of the Frenchmen represented two naked ruffians dead in each other's clutch, with looks of hellish rage scarcely yet settled into the stony calm of death, each with gaping wounds around which stood stagnant crimson pools painted with such a concentration of technical effect upon their purple passionateness as showed

how the painter had delighted in them. The other Frenchman's was a dark, damp, grewsome crypt, where murdered men had found "rest" only when rats had gnawed their skulls white.

The most picturesque of all the "Gigi fellows" is old Gigi himself, who makes his living by furnishing the room, models, and costumes for the use of the artists. His name is Luigi, and it is the unvarying abbreviation of his name that designates the studio. All his life of sixty-odd years Gigi has been associated with artists, till he is no mean critic and believes himself quite one of the guild. He wears a flat velvet cap, a suit of gray, has narrow, twinkling blue eyes, a Napoleonic moustache, and looks as if just stepped out from a Rembrandt canvas. In youth he was a favorite model, commencing the profession at three months of age. There are in existence a goodly number of chubby cherubs and laughing Cupids in marble and on canvas for which baby Gigi's round form served as pattern, although the old man does not willingly confess that even at that age he condescended to aught less dignified than infant Christs. Later he was in demand for Christs and St. Johns, and still later he was hero, saint, or villain, as the market ran. He married and had a family of sons, all of whom have followed their father's profession, some of them in Spain and two in Rome. These latter often serve upon the platform at "Gigi's" in as many and widely-differing characters as ever their father took before the gout caught him and his contour waxed over-luxuriant.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

TITIAN'S VENUS.

IT is a face that none can see and say
That Beauty is but dead without a soul.
She lives, she loves, a life with love to pay:
Naught could we give, and naught could take away,
Nor mar that perfect whole.

Is this a mansion where a soul should dwell,—
 The restless soul that frets its walls away,
 That chafes and struggles in its prison-cell,
 Its woe with tears and stammering tongue doth tell,
 And shakes its house of clay?

That low-curved brow, so tranquil now and fair,
 Who would disturb with thought its calm serene,
 Or strew those rippling waves of sunny hair
 With jealous silver threads,—the threads that Care
 Doth weave with hand unseen?

Those languid-lidded eyes that dream awake,
 Those are no windows whence the soul doth speak;
 But who would stir the deep, untroubled lake,
 In fretful waves its slumbering bosom break,
 Or stain with tears that cheek?

Those lovely lips, half parted as to kiss,
 Their silence is more eloquent than speech;
 Their gracious curves tell more than words of bliss,
 And grant forgetting of all ill that is;
 Nor more can Wisdom teach.

Bid her not stir, but keep an endless rest,
 With listless limbs, from thought and grief remote.
 No storm of passion e'er shall heave that breast,
 Nor lift, all quivering with a sob suppressed,
 The pearls about her throat.

In this loud, busy life of strife and thought
 That stirs and tires the hand, the head, the heart,
 What boon to some still haven to be brought,
 Afar from all the weary aims we sought,
 Where Beauty reigns apart!

GEORGE FERRARS.

AN OLD NEW-ENGLAND SEAPORT.

AS one glides into the quaint old port of New London, in Southeastern Connecticut, over one of the many coves that form a feature of its harbor, one may get a glimpse, between the antiquated warehouses, of several old hulks fast to their piers, and as disconsolate in appearance as anything well can be whose work in life is accomplished. Nature is slowly breaking them up,—doing what their owners lack the courage to do.

Their spars, broken from their fastenings, hang at every conceivable angle above the decks; their cordage is frayed and rotten; flakes of paint have peeled from their seamy sides, and down in their great empty holds the bilge-water ripples an accompaniment to the murmur of the waves that lap their sides as the tides come and go. These are the whale-ships,—sign-manuals of the city's craft, borne on her seal, the agents that brought pros-

perity and even opulence to the little provincial town. They present endless suggestions to the dreamer: they threw so potent a spell over two young journalists from the metropolis one summer's day that they were led to forego the Maine woods and spend their vacation in the quaint old port, rambling among the docks and shipping, and gathering from veteran merchants and shipmasters many a pleasant tale of scenes and incidents in the early history of the port.

Mare Liberum is the legend on the city seal, and never was a more expressive motto penned. The town is one of the

few so situated that they must seek their fortune on the seas or not at all. It is prettily built on a bluff or headland having a little plateau at the base, which is indented with several small bays or coves, thus giving it a magnificent water-front. On the east is the Thames (river it is called, but really an estuary of the Sound), extending inland fourteen miles to the busy city of Norwich, and navigable half its length for vessels drawing twenty-five feet of water. The harbor is the best on the coast, sheltered, capacious, with no bar, no swift currents, no ice, and furnished with a natural break-



NEW LONDON.

water in the hills and vales of Fisher's Island, eight miles from its mouth.

But two avenues of employment were open to the early colonists,—agriculture and commerce. Debarred the first by the rocky and sterile nature of their soil, the men of New London turned with generous confidence to their neighbor the gray old sea. Unlike the men of Nantucket, however, they were seamen from the first, not mere fishermen. With the aid of good Master Coit they built pinnaces and shallops of twenty and thirty tons' burden, and set out on trading-voyages along the coast. They even rounded the Cape of the Cod, and sailed proudly into the port of Boston with their cargoes of peltries and wampum, to be exchanged for clothing, household goods, powder, and lead. A little later, grown

bolder, they extended their voyages to Newfoundland, and delighted the blue-nosed Gauls of Reynolds's and Petty Harbor with their stores of country-cured beef and pork and other provisions. Their enterprise also led them southward. They early made voyages to New York, stopping for traffic at every considerable town along the coast, and even ventured as far down the stormy coasts as Virginia and the "Menbadoes" in quest of tobacco, dry hides, and buckskins. But these were mere efforts of the fledgling trying its wings, skirmishings along the outskirts of the great field which later they were to occupy in force.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century Master Coit was succeeded in his shipyard by his son James, and his two sons-in-law, Hugh Mould and John Ste-

vens. These master-builders constructed three fine barques. With the largest of these, the "Endeavor," under his command, a brave seaman, Captain Samuel

Chester, bearing in mind, no doubt, the couplet, that

Little ships should keep near shore,
But larger craft may venture more,



THE OLD WAREHOUSES.

determined on a voyage to the West Indies. Very quietly he laid in a cargo of provisions, pork and beef well cured, coopers' stock, and several tough, hardy ponies, bought from the neighboring farmers, which he judged would find a ready sale on the plantations; then, with his papers duly signed by Master John Smith, the first customs collector of the port, he sailed away around the Fisher's Island headlands and out to sea. Twenty-eight days sufficed to lay his vessel alongside the quay in the tropical island of Barbadoes,—an island prolific of flowers, fruits, and sweets, the lowermost of the pretty group of the Caribbees.

Captain Chester found the planters quite ready to open a trade with his colony, and was home again in less than two months, the hold of his little vessel well filled with sugar and molasses, and, half hidden by the barrels and hogsheads, a cask of rum, shipped by the dons with a view to opening up a trade in the article.

Unfortunately for them, however, the magistrates of Connecticut had observed the bad effects of the Barbadoes article on the people of the Massachusetts Plantation, and shortly before the "Endeavor's" arrival had sent down to Master Smith an order sternly interdicting the landing of "Barbadoes liquor, commonly called rum, kill-devil, and the like," in any place in their jurisdiction, under pain of forfeiture to the commonwealth. Captain Chester had, therefore, the pleasure of delivering the precious cask to the authorities, and probably of seeing it knocked down to the highest bidder on government account, although he lived to see the obnoxious article the most important and lucrative item in the trade of the two colonies.

As the barrels and hogsheads, bubbling over with sweetness, trundled up from the "Endeavor's" hold, they opened the eyes of the shrewd, calculating skippers who crowded the wharf, and of the portly, linen-clad merchants whose office-windows

overlooked the busy scene. From this moment a spirit of unrest, of shadowy hopes and ambitions, seized upon the little community. People began to talk in warehouse, office, store, of the fortunes to be made in the West-India trade, and several firms were not slow to embark in it. Captain John Jeffrey, a master-shipbuilder, was induced to come over from Portsmouth, England. Land for a shipyard was given him in Groton, on the opposite bank of the Thames, and both yards were kept busy supplying the eager demands of the merchants. Docks were constructed, and great barn-like warehouses, which still remain to show how well men build in those days, were erected, while streets blocked with drays and piers cumbered with merchandise attested the growing commerce of the town.

The palmy days of the West-India trade extended from 1720 nearly to the period of the Revolution. The annals of few seaport towns portray such pleasant scenes of bustle and animation as were to be witnessed in the port during this era of prosperity. A glance at the map will show that north and west of the town is a large extent of country, of which it is the natural outlet. Its cargoes for export were mostly drawn from this region, which also absorbed the larger share of its imports. These goods were transported to and from the town in heavy, capacious goods-wagons drawn by horses, and sometimes, if the distance was short, by oxen. It was no uncommon sight of a summer morning—four vessels perhaps then loading at the docks for Barbadoes or Martinique*—for a hundred of these creaking, lumbering vehicles to pass in procession down the village street, each drawn by its team of four or six horses, attended by suffocating clouds of dust, and presided over by a red-shirted, sombrero-crowned teamster, bronzed and muscular, and armed with a long whip,

which ever and anon he flourished about the ears of the leaders with a report like that of a pistol. The wagons were laden with as varied a stock of commodities as their points of departure had been different. There were wheat and pease in bags, and kiln-dried corn in barrels, tierces of hams, barrels of pork and beef, pots of butter, round, savory cheeses from the green pastures of Lebanon and Colchester, and—pleasing break in the uniformity of the line—piles of pipe-staves of aromatic spruce, and hickory hoops neatly shaven in remote country workshops.

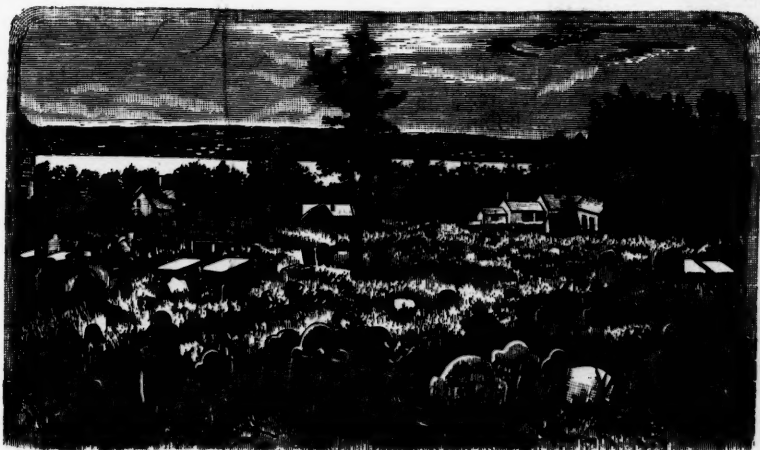
Although the wagons now appeared in continuous line, they had begun their voyaging at widely scattered points. Some bore the products of Putnam's rocky farm at Pomfret; others had gathered their stores along the shores of Gardner's Lake and the romantic banks of the Yantic: one had rumbled down from Norwich, perhaps from the near vicinity of the little drug-store where Benedict Arnold weighed out potions and meditated a military career; while its neighbor had journeyed from Coventry, and was laden, perhaps, with the products of the pleasant homestead which nourished Captain Nathan Hale through infancy and youth and imparted the elements of such noble manhood. There were few towns in what are now Tolland, Windham, and New London Counties but had their representatives in the group. Behind the wagons frequently came the drovers, with horses and cattle for the plantations. The passing of this motley procession, the creaking, lumbering vehicles, the oaths and gesticulations of the drivers, the clouds of dust, and the occasional stampede of frightened colts or steers, attracted groups of sight-seers, and presented elements of the picturesque that one might go far in these degenerate days and not witness. The teamsters formed a not inconsiderable guild at this time. In connection with the drovers they had a tavern of their own near the waterfront, at which they always put up, and where their teams were stabled. Their cargoes sold and unladen, they would assemble at the tavern and indulge in merry carousals, and after large quan-

* In proof that my picture is not overdrawn I cite the following extract from the annals of the port: "On the 7th June, 1717, Prentiss, Christophers, and Picket, in their several vessels, arrived from Barbadoes. They left the harbor together, arrived out the same day, sailed again on their return voyage the same day, and made Montauk Point together."

ties of vile tobacco and viler Barbadoes liquor had been consumed would parade the streets in noisy bands, to the no small dismay of the order-loving citizens. On these occasions, if they fell in with an officer from one of His Majesty's cruisers lying in the harbor home-faring from a visit to some fair Juliet of the town, it generally happened that he found himself and his smart uniform rolled in the gutter. But such breaches of the peace were neither frequent nor flagrant. In the morning, their orgies ended, they shipped their cargoes of sugar, molasses, and rum, and returned to their distant

homes in much the same manner as they had come.

But the golden days of the West-India traffic passed with the closing of the colonial era, never to return. The war of the Revolution closed the port and put a stop to all commercial operations. The town was vastly patriotic during the war, but fought best where she was most at home,—on the seas. Her ships were turned into privateers, and, manned by her seamen,—accounted the best and bravest privateersmen that ever floated,—scoured the ocean in all directions in search of the enemy's merchantmen.



THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

Many were their adventures, tragical and otherwise, many their deeds of prowess; and were it not that the writer's pen is set to record the more peaceful exploits of the merchant marine, he could a hundred moving tales relate in which they figured as chief actors,—tales of attack and repulse, chase, flight, capture, reprisal, and stratagems innumerable,—and how now and then a privateer sailed proudly into the home-port, the captured enemy vessel following in her wake with the British lion on her ensign floating heels upward, and the docks lined with eager patriots, who greeted the conquering heroes with salvos of huzzas.

The period that followed the war ex-

tending down as late as the year 1819 is one not pleasant to contemplate: those loyal to the city speak of it with a species of pain, and gladly pass it by to present brighter phases of its history. For this entire period, with the exception of transient bursts of activity in 1795 and 1805, the business of the port was at a stand-still. There was literally no inducement for ventures on the ocean. Because France and England chose to be at war, neutral commerce perforce must be swept from the seas, and, in the case of American commerce at least, this dictum of the powers was fully carried out by the almost insane acts of our own government. New London suffered in those

days more than many of her sister-ports, her trade having been largely with the rival powers and their dependencies. The quiet of a rural town settled upon her streets, the brown sea-moss gathered on the unused wharves, great ships lay idly at their moorings until they fell to pieces with age, the rat and cockroach domiciled in the empty warehouses; only the croakers were busy going about the streets and writing "Ichabod!" on the walls.

The first faint waves of the whaling excitement reached the town in 1819: why at this particular juncture rather than before it is difficult to determine. Undoubtedly destiny controlled the matter, for the opportunity had long lain in the city's grasp. Whales had been seen in the Sound from the earliest times, and captured by boats from the shore. Those curious in the matter will find in the records of a General Court held at Hartford, in May, 1647, an order giving Mr. Whiting and others the exclusive privilege of catching whales "within these liberties" for the period of seven years.* In 1785, Sag Harbor, on the Long Island coast, sent the brig "Lucy," McKay master, and the brig "Ann," Havens master, on a whaling-voyage. The "Lucy" returned, May 15, with three hundred and sixty barrels of oil on board; the "Ann," June 4, with three hundred barrels. The success of this venture created quite a ripple of excitement in nautical circles. Thomas Allen, the eccentric genius who compiled the marine lists of the *New London Gazette*, appended to his announcement of their return the following stirring piece of advice: "Now, my horse-jockeys, beat your horses and cattle into spurs, lances, harpoons, and whaling-gear, and let us all strike out. Many spouts ahead: whales are plenty, and to be had for the catching." But the shrewd old veterans of the West-India trade still

declined the hazardous enterprise. In 1805 a spirited attempt was made to open the whale-fishery and make it one of the industries of the port. Early in that year the New London Company, of which Dr. S. H. Lee was the controlling spirit, purchased of Captain John Barber his new vessel, the "Dauphin," which had been built with special reference to the whale-fishery. Shortly after, the company purchased the ship "Leonidas," of New York. Both vessels sailed in 1806, and returned full in 1807. Several other voyages were made by them with equal success; but the Embargo act and the war which shortly followed summarily ended this and all other traffic. The business revived in 1819, influenced, no doubt, by the high price to which whale-oil advanced, following its general use for illuminating purposes, and from this period became the one engrossing, hazardous, lucrative pursuit of the port.

Two men were the pioneers of the trade in New London.—Thomas N. Williams and Daniel Deslon, the former's name still borne by one of the only two firms in the city that continue in the business. Both were experienced merchants and practical seamen. Williams sent out the brig "Mary," Captain Davis, and Deslon the brig "Mary Ann," Captain Englis, and the ship "Carrier," Captain Alexander Douglas (all three commanders had made voyages during the temporary revival of business in 1805-08). The "Mary" sailed down the Atlantic coast, cruised about the Brazil Banks, and was back in ten months and twenty days with seven hundred and forty-four barrels of whale-oil and seventy-eight of sperm on board. The "Carrier" returned about the same time with nine hundred and twenty-eight. These voyages were counted fairly successful; but when the "Mary" returned from her second voyage, after a year's absence, with two thousand barrels on board, the possibilities of the whale-fishery fairly dawned on the minds of merchant and skipper, and much the same scenes of excitement were witnessed as had occurred at the founding of the West-India trade, nearly a century before. The shipyards were unequal to the demands

* An old diary of the date of 1718, still preserved in the city, contains the following item: "Jan. 13, Comfort Davis hath hired my whale-boat to go a-whaling to Fisher's Island till the 20th of next month, to pay 20 shillings for her hire, and if he stays longer 30 shillings. If she be lost, and they get nothing, he is to pay me £3, and if they get a fish, £3 10s."

made upon them by the eager merchants, and agents were sent into the neighboring ports as far westward as New York to purchase ships. The skipper on the Sound in those days, when asked his destination, would generally answer, "New London and a market," but it was his craft, and not her cargo, for which the market was sought. Vessels of pretty much every description were purchased if they had the two requisites of stout timbers and good carrying capacity, and

no more novel and interesting sight could be witnessed than a whaling-fleet in those days, made up, as it was, of every class of vessels known to nautical science, from the stately three-decked ship to the diminutive but rakish schooner.

By 1830 six heavy firms and fifty vessels were actively engaged in the industry, and the town once more began to assume the appearance of an active commercial centre. The streets were again vocal with the din of traffic. The great



THE OLD MILL.

warehouses were filled with bales of whale-bone and boxes of pure white, odorless spermaceti. On the docks thousands of barrels of oil were piled tier above tier, the upper layer being covered with seaweed and kept moist by daily douches of sea-water, this, it was early discovered, being the best method of preserving the oleaginous product. Heavy farm-wagons laden with provisions again rattled into the town; and all day long the din of the anvil and tap of the cooper's adze were to be heard in the long, low shops that covered every available inch of ground along the docks, where the stout oaken

casks with hoops of iron which were to hold the precious product were manufactured, hundreds in a day.

The whaling industry was far more beneficial to the town in general than the West-India trade which it supplanted. The latter made a few rich, but added little to the general wealth of the town and nothing to its population; in addition, it made the vile liquors of the tropics almost as free as water, and introduced a looseness of morals from which the port suffered for years. The whaling system, on the other hand, was co-operative in spirit and practice, and its immense profits were

divided equitably among those engaged in it. The owner was careful to see that the right description of vessel was furnished, and that she was properly equipped and provisioned. The cooper put no defective stock in his barrels; the blacksmith tested his iron before using it. The captain on the quarter-deck, mate, sailing-master, boat-steerer, cook in the galley, sailor before the mast, each felt that on his individual skill, energy, and fidelity depended in a measure the success of the voyage and the magnitude of the "share" that would fall to him at its close; and this spirit of self-interest placed the town in the front rank of the oil-producing ports, and poured two millions of dollars into its coffers annually for a term of years.

The stores of a vessel of the first class fitted for a two years' voyage consisted of two hundred and fifty barrels of pork, two hundred barrels of beef, and fifty of flour, with bread, rice, corn, vinegar, cod-fish, pease, and molasses in proportion. Her equipment comprised lances, harpoons, spades, several hundred fathoms of line, and between two and three thousand empty barrels. She was manned by from thirty to thirty-five men, who were generally selected by the captain. She also carried a carpenter, a cooper, and occasionally, if one presented himself, a surgeon, but ordinarily the captain's medicine-chest was the only resource in case of sickness. In shaping their courses the vessels always followed the movements of their prey. Early voyages extended no farther than the Brazil Banks, as by the time these were exhausted the vessel was "full;" later the cold, barren shores of Desolation Island, Delagoa Bay, the west coast of Patagonia, the islands of the Pacific, the Kamtchatkan Sea, Baffin's Bay, and the icy waters of the Arctic yielded fruitful harvests to the bold voyagers. A favorite two years' voyage in later times was to proceed first to the Gulf of Guinea, thence around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian and Pacific Oceans to the Sea of Kamtchatka, which was the half-way station in this circumnavigation of the globe. From this point the vessel proceeded

south through the Pacific, touching at the Sandwich and Society Islands, coasted along the Patagonian shore, rounded Cape Horn, and then proceeded homeward *via* the Brazil Banks and the West Indies. When, after all this weary round, she entered the familiar harbor, if she counted two thousand barrels of oil in her hold her voyage was considered a successful one; if three thousand, a fortunate one.* On being laid alongside the dock a careful inventory of her cargo was taken, as to both quality and quantity; it was then divided in the following proportions: to the captain, one-sixteenth; the first mate, one-twenty-fifth; the second mate, one-fortieth; the third mate, one-sixty-fifth; the boat-steerer, one-seventy-fifth; and each seaman, one-one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth; the remainder going to the owners, from which, however, they must deduct cost of equipment, insurance, and other expenses. Whale-oil has been known to sell in the port as high as forty cents per gallon, and as low as eighteen and one-half; but, placing the average price at thirty cents, and the average "catch" at two thousand five hundred barrels, we find that the ordinary seaman received \$190 as his share; the boat-steerer, \$316.50; the mates, \$365, \$475, and \$950, respectively; and the captain, \$1484; leaving to the owners \$14,440. If to these figures we add as much more for sperm-oil, spermaceti, and whalebone, we have a very handsome return for the outfit and labor.

When a town has a hundred vessels and two thousand men—half its population—at sea, it becomes weather-wise; the volumes it chiefly consults are the sky, the winds, the sea, and the clouds; then the cry of the sea-gull forebodes a storm; sea-weed and kelp, borne in by the tides, are harbingers of wreck; each trivial incident possesses a deep significance; and though cheerfulness and even mirth may

* Even the latter figure was sometimes exceeded. Captain James Smith, in three successive voyages to the island of Desolation, in 1840-42-44, made four thousand barrels each time, and the ship "Robert Bowne" is recorded as coming into port in 1848 with four thousand eight hundred and fifty barrels on board. But these were exceptional cases.

seem to prevail, a latent element of dread, a feeling that disaster is about to fall upon the town, lurks in every breast. After a storm, wan women climb the hills and scan the dim sea-line with anxious eyes; the wise old sea-dogs who

linger about the taverns in various stages of dismemberment shake their heads; and news from Race Rock, Point Judith, and Montauk are awaited with feverish anxiety. The most strenuous efforts were made in those days to obtain early intel-



THE OLD BARQUE "NILE."

ligence of the approach of vessels making the harbor. Each of the eight principal shipping-firms had its own code of signals. Keen eyes were ever on the watch, and when a home-faring vessel pushed her bows around the headlands of Fisher's Island with her signals at the peak, her name, condition, and owners were at once known to the eager watchers. If she flew the blue crescent of Williams & Havens, it was known to half the town in a few moments that their good ship the "Leonidas," last reported at Fayal, and daily expected, was making the harbor; or if she flew the red pennant of Benjamin Brown's Sons, it could be no other than their ship the "Clematis," which had sailed round the world in ten months and twenty-nine days. News of the arrival of a ship spread rapidly through the town,—if long overdue or reported lost it was announced by joyous peals of the church-bells,—and long before the vessel reached her pier the wharves were crowded with women and children half frantic with joy at the prospect of meeting dear ones after years of absence. And

when at last the vessel was made fast, and wives and mothers were locked in the embrace of manly arms, even a pessimist must have been impressed with the capacity for happiness exhibited at times by the great heart of humanity. There was a dark side to the picture, however, and far too frequently the smothered groan or the cry of despair was heard, as a familiar face was not found amid the throng and some sympathizing comrade related the particulars of the death of husband or son, perhaps from fever in the tropics, or amid Arctic ice, or in the casualties attending the capture of their prey. It was rarely that a ship came in with the roll of her crew intact. In the oldest church-yard are some pathetic memorials of the dangers of the traffic. It is a pretty place, this church-yard, on the crest of the hill on which the city is built, albeit sadly neglected now, with lush grass covering the graves and its stones scarred and broken by the elements. Here, side by side with governors, senators, judges, generals, the fathers of the commonwealth, rests the dust of many of

these toilers of the sea; nor are the tombstones rare that bear inscriptions like the following: "In memory of Pyram Adams, Esq., who died July 1, 1776, aged 64 years, and of his three sons, William, who died at St. Pierre's, Martinico, Apr. 4, 1778, aged 33 years; Alexander, who was lost at sea in the year 1782, aged 35 years; and Thomas, who died in the island of St. Helena, Sept. 8, 1815, aged 55 years." How many of the warm young lives of the town were sacrificed in the traffic cannot be computed. The two other church-yards within the city limits, and the pretty Cedar Grove Cemetery, a mile outside, hold the dust of many, but the large majority "dropped in their heavy-shotted hammock-shrouds" into their ocean sepulchre, and their names are borne by no mortuary piles.

To-day the tide of the city's prosperity is again at its ebb, and the stranger who sojourns here is surprised to find, amid the evidences of former business activity, the quiet and retirement of an inland country town, albeit there are sanguine ones who hold that the flood will return again, and that a brilliant commercial future yet awaits the port. No old continental town with a thousand years of history could be more attractive to the man of vivid fancy and antiquarian tendencies. Even to make the tour of the docks intelligently, mastering all they teach, would require weeks. The shipping-offices, the warehouses, the junk-shops, the government pier, with the "Relief" light-ship alongside, its light-house stores and other *impedimenta* scattered about, and the genial, generous old tar in charge, who lets one into all the secrets of Uncle Sam's Coast Service with a freedom simply astonishing in a government official, the gray old hulks swinging to the tide, the fishing-smacks and the fishermen with their weird tales of the sea, the custom-house, a massive stone building, presided over by a gallant major of the late war, wherein the drowsy air of a by-gone period prevails and two ancient clerks transact all the routine business,—each is a study in itself, and presents new phases and possibilities as one advances.

Another point of interest is the Old Mill, in a secluded dell forming part of the old Winthrop estate, where Jordan's Brook comes tumbling and foaming down amid boulders, to plunge at last into the Mill Cove. This mill was built by one Richard Manwaring in 1712, and, after grinding steadily for a century and a half, now rests from its labors, having become the property of a gentleman who will preserve it, with all its appointments complete, as a relic of the olden time.

The shipping-office of to-day gives little hint of the activity that once prevailed there. It occupies a long, low building adjoining the warehouses of the firm, with its rear windows looking out on the company's docks. Three desks accommodate the clerical force now employed; its walls are hung with lithographs depicting various nautical scenes,—the company's vessels, the pursuit and killing of the whale, the capture of seals and sea-elephants, in which latter industry the firm has still several vessels employed.

In its rear, almost poking her bowsprit into the window, is the whaling-barque "Nile," a veteran of 1840, a ship with a history exceeded by none in the merchant-service, her owner asserts with a touch of pardonable pride. She is of the shape and rig in vogue forty years ago,—square at the bows, wide amidships, lined with six feet of solid oak forward as a protection against Arctic ice, three-decked, capacious, and clumsy. She escaped the fate of others of her class, that went to form the bottom blockade of Charleston Harbor in 1861, by being in commission at the time and absent on a whaling-cruise. In the summer of 1865 she was out on the northwest coast after whales in company with a score or more of crafts of her calling from New London, Nantucket, New Bedford, and other towns along-shore. Early one fine morning the "Shenandoah" was discovered in the midst of the fleet, burning and pillaging indiscriminately. Six vessels were burned as they lay powerless to escape the swift steamer, and their crews and such parts of their cargo as were deemed sufficiently valuable transferred to the privateer,

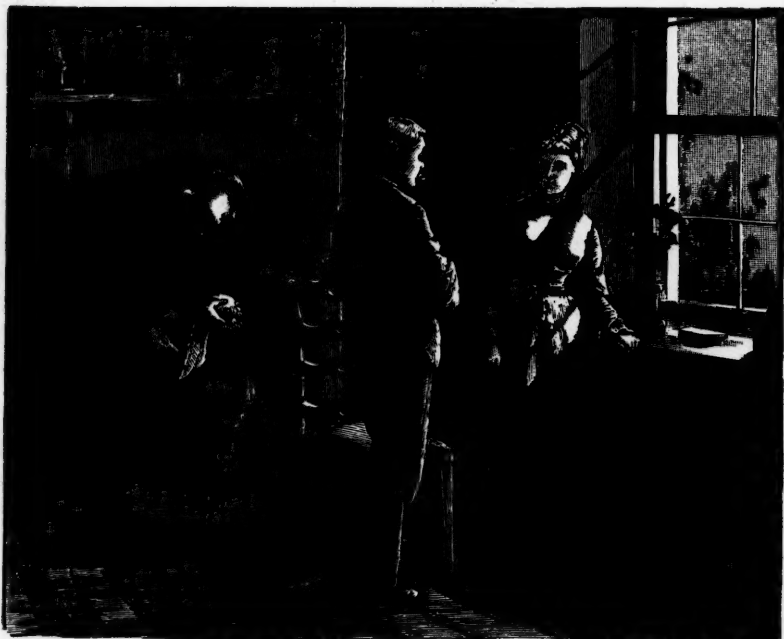
which then approached the "Nile." She was not, however, destroyed, but a bond was exacted from her captain declaring the fact of her capture on the high seas and acknowledging her to be the property of the Confederate States of America. One hundred and twenty men, the crews of the burned vessels, were then transferred to the "Nile," and she was released, while the "Shenandoah" stood on her course in quest of other quarry. The "Nile," with her castaways on board, made the best of her way to San Francisco, and there had the satisfaction of learning that the war had come to an end some months before.

The quarter of the city of which we write is the favorite resort of the veteran shipmasters of the port, although but four or five of those who were active in the stirring days of 1830-40 remain to tell the tale. Although safely moored in a snug harbor, the worthy old tars find that time hangs heavy on their hands. They read the shipping-lists in the newspapers, walk about the streets and docks, meet in store or office, and live over old times. They are fond of lounging in the cool corridors of the custom-house, and of picking up there such items of marine intelligence as may be floating about; but after all is said and done there are hours that are tedious for lack of employment. I know of no class of men more capable of satisfying an omnivorous thirst for information. Having visited in the course of their business all countries and seas, and studied with Yankee inquisitiveness and acuteness every object or incident that presented itself, they have almost insensibly become possessed of a fund of knowledge that many a scholar would give years to obtain. Let not the tyro, however, imagine it an easy thing to unlock these stores. A becoming humility must be observed, with due

deference to the other's opinion, and instant appreciation of such bits of anecdote as are doled out, before that generous confidence can be established which will lead the veteran to display to advantage his unlimited powers of narration. Various expedients are adopted to pass away the time. One is a grocer, and weighs out coffee and samples sugar as calmly as once he rode the billowy waste or poised the lance for the death-thrust. Another has a little office down by the docks, in the rear of a hardware-store, with a junk-shop underneath, and writes policies of insurance for such patrons as call upon him. He is surrounded by the insignia of his former calling,—the log-book of his first voyage, maps and charts, nautical instruments, the signal-code of the port,—and, as his windows look out on the harbor and on the blue Fisher's Island headlands, which his ship has rounded scores of times in making the port, it is fair to assume that reminiscences of a well-spent seafaring life of fifty years occupy by far the largest share of the worthy captain's thoughts. The log-book of the ship "Wabash," which sailed from New London, July 23, 1829, lies before us,—a quaint volume with covers of parchment and leaves formed of the coarse, thick paper in use fifty years ago and still affected by gentlemen of antiquarian tendencies. In its pages are entered day by day the minutiae of the voyage,—wind, weather, bearings, discovery of a wreck, calling at ports, provisions purchased or consumed, sickness, death, mutiny, desertion,—while every capture of a whale is celebrated by a pen-and-ink drawing of the monster in his dying agony. So the record continues for weeks and months and years, until the world has been circumnavigated and the vessel again enters the home-port.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

LILITH.



"LILITH LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM, AS IF GAUGING HIM."—Page 30.

CHAPTER I.
JOHNSON'S FOLLY.

A HUGE brick house, standing in a park-like grove of trees, reflected the spring sunset with its blind, staring front windows. It was really palatial in proportions, but a raw and at the same time aged look suggested that it had never been finished, which was the case. In the background were piles of bricks, their outlines etched in faint green lichen, a heap of sand beside an old mortar-pit, and bits of slate chipped from the roofing. The skeleton of a piazza stood there without floor. The front door appeared hermetically sealed, and the rustic rock-heap, which had been meant for the base of a fountain, seemed no more. Forlorn a failure than the house. Most of the shutters of the side windows, both above and below, were closed, and those

which were open betrayed bare, unfurnished rooms, their walls smeared with brown spots of damp. One or two calves grazed in the enclosure. It was easy to be seen that the usual entrance and exit of the family inhabiting this house must be at the rear; their life did not appear to reach the front.

The building was popularly known among its neighbors as Johnson's Folly. Johnson had come into the region, ten years before, with considerable capital. He was an enterprising, public-spirited man, and this colossal house, a product of successful speculation and a type of his ambition, was designed for the widest requirements of hospitality and display. The house was several years in building, and Johnson spent a small fortune on it. All the material used was substantial, and even elegant. He laid water-pipes all over

it, and forced water through them by a wind-pump. He was making preparations to light it with gas manufactured on the premises, when his changing fortunes checked him. The rooms were finely finished, all the woods being solid, and carved by an artist brought from a distant State. But, before he could suitably fit up this rural palace, a financial crisis came upon him, and he found himself with shrunken lands and a twenty-thousand-dollar house which nobody would buy. His neighbors, irritated before by Johnson's superiority, stood off, and pointed at this decoration of their county as the monument of Johnson's folly. Since they had no money to lose and had lost none, they felt wiser than he, and freely patronized him.

Johnson sunk with his fortunes. He was past middle life, and the tide had left him a forlorn hulk. His pride and ambition died. He settled partly into the ways of the people immediately around him, and they were the poorest and least enterprising of Hoosiers, planted and reaped his acres himself, and at various times labored in a tile-yard a mile or two distant, which he had once owned.

The stately residence gathered mould; the rain-pipes leaked; no foot ever pressed the marble sill of the front door. It was a gorgeous sort of Robinson Crusoe cave, and Johnson meandered about it, a mild and resigned Crusoe, with a kind eye shining over his beaked nose, but the stoop in his back becoming more and more apparent. His wife had died in the midst of his financial troubles, and he and his daughter lived a quaint, solitary life together in four or five rooms of the expanse of palace. But for some weeks past two new inmates had infused an alien element into the monotony at Johnson's Folly.

A young man cantered up the drive in the twilight, and, dismounting, led his horse to the elegantly-planned but only half-completed stable. Johnson was milking cows in the barn-lot, frowsy and placid, and perhaps with a pastoral enjoyment of the tinkle in the tin pails. He looked up at his boarder, the young doctor, and nodded good-evening.

Marsh threw saddle and bridle off his

horse, led him into a stall, and fed him, remarking to the companion of his night-rides, with a few caressing strokes, that a hasty meal was in order, as they had another trip before them.

The doctor then went to the house. It was an evening with just a spice of balm in it. The leaf-buds were scarcely defined on the trees, but one could almost hear them swelling in the humid air. Willows along watercourses seemed about breaking into emerald smiles. But actual verdure could be seen nowhere; only the delicious promise of it which is almost better than the reality, making rotten brown leaves and clinging mould pleasant, because you know they are the drop-curtain soon to be removed from the face of spring.

Dr. Marsh was a large yellow-blond man. His face was a very good one, the eyes blue and fearlessly open, the forehead well rounded about the temples, the red-streaked moustache shading a full but sensitive mouth. His air was reserved and studious. Before entering the house by a side veranda, he rubbed some spots of mud from his overcoat and trousers. The veranda opened directly into a huge kitchen finished in ash, which gave it a perpetual sun-glow. It was wainscoted as high as the shoulder of the young girl, its mistress, who was serving a country supper upon the table. Pamela had seen the doctor ride up, and knew her father would be in immediately from his milking. She was a handsome, shy, dark girl, with something of the dignity of a grand lady. She had kept house in the Folly, making an oasis in the desert, since her mother's death, without any domestic. Dr. Marsh knew Pam was a very nice girl, but his eyes went directly to a figure standing in a south window; a figure finely rounded, and dressed in plain but very effective clothing. The hands were clasped behind, and the pale-browed head reared with habitual defiance. Whoever approached that woman must feel her strong individuality. It was so aggressive as to make other characters seem neutral. Pamela, full of brown and crimson tints, faded before the colorless face of Lilith. Some flesh has an electric quality which

plays in auroral lights over it. You could not tell how she looked, but could only say she seemed so and so, for one face after another appeared on her mobile front. Her opal eyes showed green lights. She was a graceful, cultivated woman, of exquisite *physique*, but one who was constantly engaged in shifting masques. As she turned her head from the window and saw the young man, her far-off, tragic gaze slid into a round-cheeked smile.

He paid no attention to Pam burning her fingers with the jackets of baked potatoes, but went to Lilith with positive eagerness.

"I am glad you are back," said Lilith.

"I hope you are," he exclaimed, too heartily for the ear of Pamela. Johnson's daughter felt sure she disapproved of sentimental talk.

Lilith looked straight at him, as if gauging him. He liked her steady eyes. He had always seen girls simper and blush. This woman with a white face, who had a sympathetic knowledge of a man and was as approachable as a boy herself, had cast a spell on him. "How far did you ride to-day?"

"Only about twenty miles. But I have to go again this evening."

"And what kind of people did you meet? Anybody new in the neighborhood?"

"No. Same old four and six. Bilious fever and some chills. One man hanging on with lung-complaint. This is an old settled community. Has about the same complaints it had in old Peter Cornstalk's day."

"Who was old Peter Cornstalk?"

"The last Indian chief seen about here."

Mr. Johnson entered with the milk-pails, of which Pamela relieved him. She disappeared into a pantry, and he rubbed and warmed his hands before the kitchen-fire. "Doc," he inquired in the idiom of the country, which had slowly but surely incrustated him as lichen gathers on a fallen log, "did you see all them fellers 'at rode by here this evenin'? Where 's they goin'?"

"Yes; I met them. It was the constable and a *posse* going over to Harker's. They're after Babe Harker for passing counterfeit money."

"That Harker tribe's a bad lot," remarked Johnson. "I always thought Babe had more sense than any of them. The boy needn't 'a been a bad boy. But he's reckless and devilish when he's up, and I 'low they'll have a time takin' him."

Lilith gathered her eyelids and focused a peculiar gaze on the speakers.

"He ought to be sent to the North Prison for life," said the doctor decidedly, "and the rest of the family with him. Whenever he's out he's breaking into some store, and scaring people so they begin to think him a great ruffian. And now he's in with a counterfeiting gang."

"A gang?" said Lilith.

"Oh, there's more than the Harkers," exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "Some old hands have put them up to it. They're as ignorant as ignorant can be. I 'low the constable don't relish his job."

"Where do these Harkers live?" inquired Lilith.

"Down the creek, near Bounds', where I have to call to-night," replied Marsh.

"But they'll not git Babe," said Mr. Johnson sagely. "He'll jump the country."

"But they may catch him," observed the doctor.

The four sat down at table. A remnant of old splendor remained to it in heavy silver and flowered china, which Pamela cherished without knowing she was in the fashion. Lilith talked merrily of everything, keeping the eyes of both men—the frowsy uncle and the young physician—fixed on her in admiration. Pamela listened and watched with a wonder which was continually growing in her. For two or three weeks her nature had been on the alert, sometimes irresistibly attracted and again as strongly repelled by this tiger sort of cousin. She had always heard that her cousin Lilith Van Arden was very talented. Maybe all talented women acted just so. They must be very queer.

"If Uncle Johnson will lend me his horse," said Miss Van Arden, after supper, "I will ride with you to see your patients this evening, doctor."

The young man's eyes flashed; but he

objected: "It is not pleasant weather for a lady to ride now."

"And the roads are pretty soft," said Uncle Johnson.

"Still," continued Marsh, revolving the possibilities in his mind, "I needn't ride so very far to-night. Not any farther than to Bounds'."

"You can have the horse, of course," said Uncle Johnson. "It gits me to remember where I put that side-saddle, though."

Pamela mechanically followed her cousin to the lofty and scantily-furnished sleeping-room which she shared with her guest. The hard-finished floor was uncovered, and Miss Van Arden tied on her hat and buttoned her jacket before a panel of glass in the wall: dressing-case there was none; an immense canopied bedstead, a table, an ancient chest of drawers, and some rustic easy-chairs being the solid plenishing of Pamela's chamber, though she had ornamented it with all the fancy trickery she had been able to invent or copy. The wood was walnut, and all the panels were carved in mistletoe and holly-berries. It was situated on the ground-floor; for, however healthy her nerves, Pamela had never felt capable of spending her nights very far from her father in any of the echoing rooms up-stairs.

She was shocked by Lilith's proposition to ride abroad with the doctor. Not that she claimed any property in the doctor, but she was herself incapable of proposing such a thing. The untutored young lady felt her dignity as a woman somewhat compromised. She entered no protest, but carried herself with unusual erectness.

The two girls—they were both apparently about twenty-two—had not laughed and chatted together during their joint occupancy of this chamber. If Lilith had at first made some efforts to overcome Pamela's habitual reserve, she had ceased to do so. She smiled to herself as she fastened her hat.

"What time shall you be back, Cousin Lilith?" asked Miss Johnson.

"I don't know; Dr. Marsh will be better able to tell."

"If you will rap on this window when you come by, I'll get up and unlock the door. Father is sure to fasten all the doors."

"Thank you, Cousin Pam. I should think he would, in a neighborhood where there are desperate characters."

"Yes." Pam paused. "Aren't you afraid to go riding so at night?"

"I?" said Lilith, turning with a flicker of green light in her eyes; "fear is all tramped out of me. I used to be afraid of a mouse, but now the lightning might strike me if it pleased!"

Pam felt her flesh creep disagreeably; but when she watched the two riders start, her cousin seemed as gay and untroubled as a child.

It was quite dusk when they rode away, and in a short time one could scarcely distinguish the features of the other. They soon fell into a slower pace, for the horses' feet sunk in the heavy, wet soil.

The young man was silent with delight. He watched the dim outlines of her figure, pulses as strong as the spring's beating in him with vague hopes.

Lilith also was quiet. They passed into the etched shadow of nearly naked woods, when suddenly he felt her whip-hand on his arm: "Oscar Marsh."

He seized the hand with a gripe; the hammers of his heart labored audibly. Her hand was withdrawn, and also, it seemed, the impulse which had prompted her to put it forth.

"I want a friend." Miss Van Arden's cold but painful voice sounded as if it came from some distant spot. "I came out to consult with a good and sensible man, who, I believed, would help me."

"Friend!" said the doctor, half under his breath. "You know—"

"I know," she said deliberately, "that it is best for you to understand my position. I am married."

CHAPTER II.

THE PAST.

"MARRIED!" repeated the doctor. Some slight perfume, like an essence

of her personality; blew toward him. For years he could not smell violets without a return of the same sickening sensation. He repeated again, "Married!" and then rode on in silence.

The rushing of the creek in one of its turns could be heard not far off. The humid night felt chill, and a screech-owl uttered its quivering cry.

She began talking, rather to herself than to him. He was inaccessible in some bitter thought of his own. "Yes, I am Lilith. They ought to beware of me. Lilith, the first wife of Adam. 'Destroyer of families' she was called. She had no patience with these domestic Eves who creep around men's houses and draw their boots for them. Yet men would leave their proper, patient helpmeets to run after the spirit-woman whenever they caught a glimpse of her! But what was she after all except a soul at war with herself and her miserable fate?"

They rode awhile in silence.

"Have there been many happenings in your life?" she inquired.

The doctor swallowed a hoarse sound. "No," he replied slowly. "A village boy; medical student; country doctor,—that's about all of it."

"But there must have been pleasant lights and shades in such a life. I have always lived under high pressure. Often when exhausted I want to creep into some knot-hole of a place and hibernate; but, when the forces revive, give me all the atmosphere!"

"So," said the doctor with a tang of bitterness, "this place is a knot-hole that you've crept into for the sake of hibernating? You could hardly spend your life here."

"I told you I was that wandering woman-spirit who has hovered balefully around the world ever since Adam sensibly got a tamer being in her place. This fog chokes me."

They rode into a white cloud.

"I like it," said the doctor savagely. "There's malaria in it." But, when they emerged at the other side, he said, as if softened by the vapor-bath, "You said awhile ago you wanted a friend. If

I can do anything for you, command me."

"Thank you. I wanted to ask your help. I wanted your friendship, Oscar Marsh."

"But where is your husband?"

Lilith remained silent a moment. "I shall have to tell you the whole miserable story. Uncle Johnson—he is my mother's brother—does not know it. I never saw these friends, and they only knew of me by hearsay, until I came here. While I was a little creature my father carried me with him into every part of the world. It must be an indication of the evil in me that I never had much veneration for my father. He was a large-nosed man, with the air of a nabob. I don't think he had much money: at any rate, he left me to the charity of strangers when he died,—I was eight years old. Still, it must have been kind of him to be bothered with me. I can see that little lost self, half clad and nipped-looking, in the Paris streets, or hunting my father in London, or wandering around Rome like some happy beggar. All the notable places are stamped on my mind. I ought to thank him for the gorgeous impressions made on my early years. Many a study and bit of color have I got from those recollections. He kept no nurse for me, but dolorously filled that office himself, and I was trained to be quite like a boy.

"He died at one of the German spas. I think he had lost money there, poor fellow! I always feel a ragged-robin fellowship with my father. He died very suddenly of heart-disease; and often, when fortune has slapped me in the face and my blood has flowed backward, I've wondered if my father's release were coming to me.

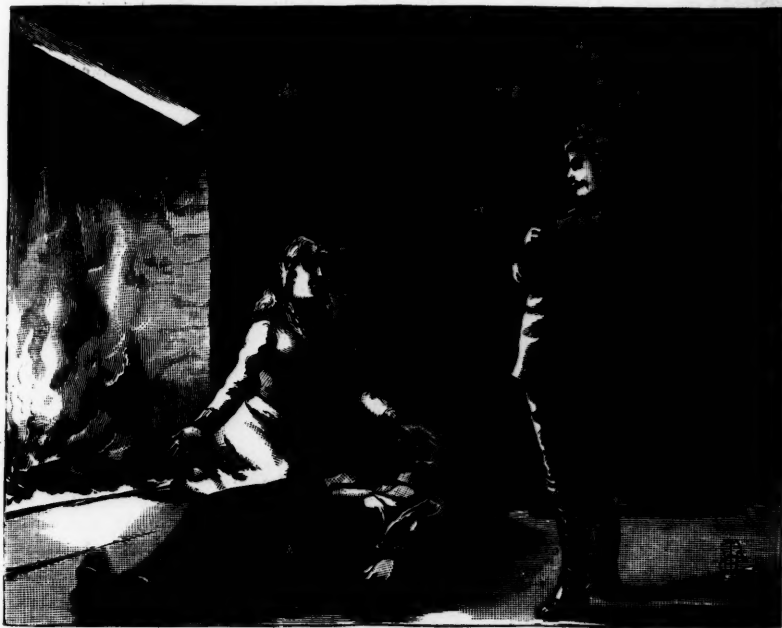
"A very kind American family took charge of me, and brought me back to the United States. They had a civilizing effect on me,—an ugly little thing with a mind lying dormant. They delivered me to some distant relations of my father's, and I never met them again. And I had plenty of poverty and misery. Never mind all the statistics. I did for myself somehow, learned and taught, and was

brimful of innocence. I suppose those years of restraint and pinching submission to my superiors, profound ignorance of the world, and high development of veneration did me good. At any rate, they acted like a dam, gathering all my forces for a great overflow. I always made pictures, and they said I had some little talent, but nobody knew how I worked to be an artist. Still, if circumstances had not cast me adrift, I do not think I

should have left my position in a boarding-school to set up for myself.

"Do you remember Hawthorne's Hilda in her tower, tending a sacred light? that is so clear to me! The lone girl, with that charge, watching busy life below.

"I think my character developed more in one year than in ten years before. It was freedom, struggle, happiness. I did not seek the society of other artists, but



"SAVE HIM, I BEG YOU ON MY KNEES!"—Page 41.

lived very much by myself. And that year I met Goul. It cost too much to rent a studio by myself, so I had to hire half of another artist's, whose wife had been kind to me, and Goul was one of his friends. I can see now they were no fit associates for me. My life had to all intents and purposes been a man's life, but there was woman in me too. I can't dissect human nature, but it seems as soon as we have gratified one crying want another demands to be filled. My mind had been fed, and such talents as I had were given full play. Now I was another Lilith, and Goul

courted me. He used to sit before me while I sketched, and watch me out of half-shut eyes, and he was a grateful object to the sight of an artist then: massive and handsome, with only a slight shade of dissipation under his eyes. And he was a man with a grievance. It was his trouble which opened my heart! He had married, and his wife had deserted him. She died, but her death could scarcely atone for the wreck she had made of his happiness. He said her friends had caused the breach between them; and, standing in relief against this background

of suffering, he roused a feeling of fellowship in me. I am certain I never loved him; love was a dead-letter to me. I felt a tender compassion for him. It seemed cruel that so many human lives should go to pieces on the shoals of circumstance. I pictured to myself—I felt so old, having lived intensely—the beautiful self-sacrifice of piecing out his torn domestic web with my scrappy life. Of marriage and the existence of woman in families I had but the faintest conception. He said I might paint on. I knew he was dissipated, but, like every other silly woman, thought this was only the result of his sorrows, and I should reform him. Humph! he reformed me.

"Every fibre of that man was brutal and coarse. If he had a transient liking for me, it faded out in a few months. His idea of wedded life was to debase as much as possible the party of the second part. He humiliated and insulted me in every possible way, and I hated him. My flesh shrunk on my bones from him. He used to stand over me bullying me while I painted, when nobody was by. I have periods of existence followed by a sort of geological chaos,—if you can speak so of a person,—and during the year of my married life I was hurrying on to a chaos. Goul used to bring the men with whom he associated both to our lodgings and to my studio,—gamblers, horse men, and other sporting people. When he had had what he called a run of bad luck—he gambled—he levied on me for funds, and, failing to receive them, sold my easel and artist-materials: this happened several times, as I had most of the bills to meet and did not make fortunes with my brush.

"What dormant wickedness was developed I do not know, but another woman rose in me. I sneered at marriage. I despised my tormentor, and finally I defied him. These details are disgusting.

"I shook him off in one of his drunken rages and went down to Washington with such money as I could scrape up, determined to be something in spite of all. He followed me, and was worse than ever; so I went to New York. But wherever I go he can follow; and, if he

does not, the cord that binds us together pulls me to help him, or to know of and suffer for his misdeeds."

"Why didn't you get a divorce?" inquired Marsh severely.

"There spoke an Indianian! Divorce and quinine are your domestic remedies. For me there are no divorces. I do not believe in them; and conscience is a mountain one cannot climb over. I married him knowing what he was, and in the midst of my rebellion there is always an acknowledgment of his claim on me."

Lilith was silent a moment, during which her mind held up another page of her history flaming like fire. "How wearisome it is to talk about one's self! I feel tired."

"Perhaps that horse is a hard rider. He has a gait like a cow."

"No. But I was going to tell you—I came down here because I found out—because my husband—"

"Husband!" sneered Marsh between his teeth. "If I had him here I would break his neck. You don't know what a husband is. It is a man with some kind of a soul in him, who would live for you, work for you, wrap you up in—"

"Yes; but don't say any more about it." Marsh could not see her closing her eyes as if from a picture painted on the darkness. "I came here, I was telling you, because he wrote me a threatening letter from this neighborhood. I knew he was in some wickedness, and thought if I saw him and gave him some money, and tried persuasion, he might give it up."

Marsh's contempt was irrepressible. He was about to lay a man's impatient and practical grasp on the situation she described, and shake the mistaken martyrdom out of it, when a horse galloping toward them startled both. If the man she had been searching for was approaching, all the upright and sensible friends in the world could not protect her from her fate.

CHAPTER III.

BOUNDS' AND FEEFIE.

A FULL moon showed its fire-glow on the horizon, and as the rim pushed above

the tree-tops a very different person from the one they half expected to see, mounted upon a crescent-spined horse, which he was urging along as if witches were after him, jerked up suddenly with a loud "Whoa!"

It was one of the innumerable Bounds boys. He twisted his horse's head back with the halter: "Is that there you, Doc?"

"Yes. What's the trouble?"

"Well, if you 'low to git to 'r house before the old woman's clean gone you better whip up. We've been lookin' for ye two hours 'n better, and she's gone from one sinkin' spell into another."

The doctor uttered a grunt of impatience: "Was the medicine given as I directed, Dave?"

"Yes; but it didn't do no good no-how, and nothin' that wasn't done fer her didn't help her none!"

Lilith gazed curiously at this young master of double negatives, who fell in before them and led the cavalcade at a canter. He was not an agreeable object to have between a fastidious nose and the wind: a mingled odor of grease and the peculiarly nauseating smell of old clothes in wet weather flowed back from him on the absorbing spring air. He flopped up and down on the horse's bare back as his hat-brim did over his face when he turned to abuse the doctor: "When folks is like fer to die they want somebody to 'tend on 'em, and if you'd waited much longer we 'lowed to go fer Buck. He don't crawl-a-sparkin' along the road."

"Very well; go and get Buck to attend your mother. But don't let me hear any more of your impudence."

"I didn't mean nothin', Doc," declared Dave, who knew that Buck, as well as all the other physicians in town, except this generous fellow, fought shy of his family; for they were never known to pay a doctor's fee, and spent their existence in producing and trying, turn about, such complications of ailments as few other people were capable of. "Don't git up about it. But they're awful anxious fer you to come. Alfaretty she's about as bad as the old woman, and Bill he's got the darnedest swelled-

est face you ever sot seein' eyes on, so he has."

The party were proceeding pretty rapidly, flecks of mud flying over them.

"Are all the neighbors gathered in, making a racket?" asked Marsh with asperity.

"No; there ain't nobody, unless Mis' Harker's got over. Pap he started Feef off after her when he saw how bad things was gittin'."

They rounded a bend in the road and came upon the Bounds cabin. It was a log hut chinked with clay, built upon the only bald spot in the woods. Three large dogs bounded over the fence, barking, as the doctor and his escort dismounted, and a litter of puppies scampered from their burrow under the house to join in with their voices. Two stoop-shouldered, loutish fellows sitting on the fence and smoking swore at the dogs, while Dave kicked them: "Git out, ye fools you! What you barkin' at?"

"Do you want to get off your horse?" asked Marsh of Lilith in an undertone. "I shan't be long."

"Yes; I will go in. I want to see the place. It is horribly picturesque."

The two boys on the fence watched her with curiosity as she slid from the saddle and scaled the fence, for there was no gate. An atmosphere of burnt pork-fat became dense on a nearer approach to the house, and she put her handkerchief to her nostrils as she entered with Dave and the doctor.

There was a fireplace at one side, boarded up, but its chimney served as vent to a rusty cooking-stove placed in front of it. Every corner of the single room was occupied by a bed. The floor was incrustated by a coating of spring mud, which had been laid on industriously by a dozen pairs of boots. The walls were tapestried with old garments hung on nails driven into the logs. There were only two windows, set deep within the walls, one on each side of the door. These had once been glazed, but now their rotten frames were stuffed principally with pillows and rags. If the air outside was offensive, that within was rank. The

fragrance of liniments and hot vinegar mingled with a native odor of grease, producing a compound which seemed capable of being cut into blocks.

Two patients awaited the doctor in the bed farthest from the door, and a young man groaned on the patchwork counterpane of another bed. A small yellow dog, roused from sleep near the fire by the concert of its brethren outside, smelled suspiciously at the strangers, and was promptly kicked by the master of the house, who handed to Lilith the split-bottomed chair he had been occupying. She thanked him and sat down. He was a bleary-eyed, bent old man, with a circle of grizzly hair around his face, and the sad, strained look of poverty upon it. He bit off a fresh piece of tobacco from his pocket-slab, and placed himself within bombarding range of the already hard-hit stove-hearth.

"Doc, I 'lowed you was goin' to let me die," complained the elder woman in the bed; "and here's Alfaretty just about as bad with that misery in her side, and nobody to do nothin' for us. And Bill, his jaw's a-gatherin', so it is."

"Oh, no; I shan't let you die," said the doctor, taking remedies out of his medicine-case. "And if Bill had had that tooth out a year ago he wouldn't be suffering with it."

"Oh, Lord! that would hurt too bad," groaned Bill; "I couldn't never stand nothin' o' that kind."

"The old woman," remarked the master of the house, as he struck the stove square in the teeth, "has been that bad sence you was here this mornin' hit looked like she was goin' to make a die of it." Finding the physician absorbed by his patients, he turned his attention to Lilith: "When the wimmin-folks all gits down hit's powerful hard on the men-folks."

The old man twisted his chair as if to place himself in the direct current of her presence. Perhaps some dream of woman's grace half stirred in him, and he felt the slight pang of astonishment with which a barbarian views the flower of a higher civilization. It may be he compared this nobler *physique* with the

stooping, sickly, and slab-like form of his daughter Alfaretta, who had a chronic "misery," and wondered in his ignorance why people were so different. The old man was stimulated for the moment by an influence unknown to his daily life, and sat up and tried to spit very straight, while he picked his language.

The door squeaked repeatedly on its wooden hinges to admit the boys in squads and couples. They all looked like ragged fragments of some yellow block of young man, and paid no attention to the reproaches with which their mother returned from death's threshold: "You Sam, quit slammin' that door! You Jim, quit slammin' that door! You Solomon, don't you have no sense? Aaron, clean your feet! You Dave, why don't you hang that there halter in the stable, instid o' clutterin' up the house?"

"'Cause some o' the other boys 'll git it and hide it when I want to ketch the horse," Dave kindly unbent to explain, "and I 'low to hang it round where nobody can't do that."

This was a half-challenge, which some of the smaller brothers responded to by making an assault upon the halter. The sick woman's remonstrance rose shrill above the skirmish, but the elder boys stood indifferently against the chimney-piece, staring through the smoky light at the visitor or conversing in undertones about their own affairs.

"You have a large family," remarked Lilith to the old man, "if all these are your sons."

"Yes, ma'am; I've 'leven boys and one girl—jist a round duzzing," he replied, with nice precision. "And then we tuck a little feller to raise."

"That was kind of you," said Lilith, suppressing a laugh.

But there might have been tears in her laugh the next moment, when he added with unconscious pathos, "The little feller's mother she was a kind of unfort'nit girl, and she died and left him; so I tells the old woman we might jist turn him in among our boys; he could scramble up along with 'em. We

ain't got much, but what we've got we're willin' to divide."

The visitor's hand impulsively leaped out, as if she would have shaken the hand of the patriarchal Bounds; but he failed to perceive the motion, having just discovered an open crack in the stove-door through which he could rout several glowing coals. So she subsided into shadow as the doctor carried the dirty lamp from the mantel to inspect his patients' tongues.

"Feefie," continued Mr. Bounds, presenting the name of his pensioner. And after a blear-eyed and open-mouthed space of rumination, he added, "I sent him across to Harkerses, and he ain't got back yit. He's a weakly-lookin' little feller, but he don't seem to ail as much as the rest of us. You don't look as if nothin' ever ailed *you*."

"I am strong and healthy."

"Do you live in these parts? Are you any kin to Doc?"

"I am Mr. Johnson's niece."

"Oh, yes; I heered Johnsons had a visitor stayin' to their house. I didn't know," said Mr. Bounds, winking in a genial way, "but what mebbly Doc had went off and got married on the sly!"

Marsh frowned as he set the light down again, and the chorus of eleven boys burst into a large haw-haw, which in solos and duets continued at intervals. Mr. Bounds saw a great deal of merit in the joke himself, and ducked his head at Lilith, chuckling and making grimaces. The rustic mind is so unaccustomed to wit that a mere taste, however insipid, will make it drunk.

But Mr. Bounds now moved on to the neighborhood's favorite subject of Johnson's Folly: "Johnson, now. He's got a fine house."

"Very beautifully planned."

"Yes; but he ain't got nothin' else! That was a bad stroke in Johnson to break himself up buildin' a house! Now, I ain't got nothin' of a house. I know that. I'm a pore man. But if I'd take all I hed and turn my family out o' doors to build 'em a fine house, that 'ud be pore managment," said Mr. Bounds with the subtlest logic.

The doctor by this time had relieved all his patients, and fortified them with remedies against the next tidal wave of their "miseries." And Mrs. Bounds now extended her observations beyond her own sufferings.

"Do you feel better?" inquired Lilith, approaching the bed.

"I'm easier," admitted the poor creature reluctantly. "But, law! my dear, you don't know how long it'll last. Mebbly the minute the doctor gits round the turn o' the road I'll be tuck with one o' them there spells. Nobody don't know what I suffer! I've al'ys been consumed, and the ager sets in with me in the fall and runs onto lung-fever in the winter, an' every spring, about the time I begin my soap-b'ilin' and the frost comes out o' the ground and makes it so wet and muddy packin' water from the crick, I ketch rheumatics, and they don't leave me no more till the summer sickness comes on."

"That's a specimen," said Marsh to Lilith, when they were mounted and riding away, "of the class of people I have to deal with. That woman is envious of any person who gets a disease she has never tried. They violate nearly every law of health, and live in a hopeless, bestial kind of way, and their only excitement and recreation is multiplying their spells of sickness."

"Listen!" said Lilith. "I thought I heard shooting."

They had turned the bend in the road, and she paused.

"I didn't hear anything," said Marsh.

"I should like"—she waited, but there was no sound save the wind in the trees—"to ride by that Harker house."

Marsh looked aside at her, but did not speak his objections: "We can turn and ride that way," he said.

"Let us."

"It is a longer road."

They passed the Bounds dwelling again. The report of a gun came distinctly through the woods. This time Marsh paused: "How foolish this is! There may be trouble over there. I don't want to take you past the place."

Suddenly there appeared in the broad

moonlight a little fellow running out of the woods. He was barefooted in the chill March mud, and his butternut trousers were rolled up over his knees. He wore no hat, and his frowsy hair hung down to his eyebrows. He ran with long skips, appearing to be frightened, and when he saw the riders in the road halted with a jerk, as if to alter his course in order to avoid them.

"That's Feefie Flick," said Marsh. "What's the matter, Feefie?"

The boy recognized his voice, and came on, though at a slower pace, panting after his run: "Is that you, Doc? W'y, the constable's a-chasin' Babe Harker, and everybody's gittin' shot, and I 'lowed you was some of 'em at first."

One of the Bounds dogs, which perhaps felt a conscious twinge over neglected opportunities, now came barking with all its might across lots; and, approaching, made Feefie the subject of a special demonstration.

"Aw! ye're hoarse, Bounce!" exclaimed the boy with contempt. "W'at ye doin' away out here? Go back to the house and take sumpin fer yer cold."

The dog sneaked back with a dragging tail, as if that sneer at his voice had cut him to the quick; and his playmate climbed upon the rail-fence to say impressively to the doctor, "I bet you don't know what I seen!"

"What have you seen?"

"Well, now, I'll jist tell you sumpin," said Feefie, crooking his leg over the top rail.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN AT HARKER'S.

"PAP sent me over to their house," said Feefie, "and I see some men ride up, and I went in at the back-door."

"Were the Harkers all at home?"

"Yes; and there was another man, a big man, a-settin' there, and Babe he was greasin' his boots before the fire."

"How did the big man look?" inquired Lilith.

Feefie made a fish-like mouth, while he stopped to ask himself who she was: "W'y, he looked like he'd been on a drunk."

"Can't you describe his appearance,—his hair or clothing or face?"

"Oh, he had a big lot o' whiskers on his lip, and pretty good clothes. He was some town feller. His hair was kind o' gray. His folks 'll feel funny when they come to find out he's shot!"

"Shot!"

"Yes, sir, shot!" exclaimed Feefie excitedly. "It was after Charley fired off his pistol at the constable 't one o' the constable's men shot into the house and hit this yer man."

"Did they take Babe?"

"No. He didn't care: he jist got on a horse and run. I was so scared that as soon as I got out I run 'th all my might. When they 's all a-shootin' around I didn't know which way to go, so I got behind a log till I see them come out to bury the man."

"Saw them come out to bury the man?" repeated Lilith. "The strange man wasn't killed?"

"You bet he was killed," cried Feefie; "the blood spurted out of his back, and I see it runnin' th'ue a crack in the floor. He fell down, and the old woman poured water on him with a dipper. She made a big furse. And, after everybody was gone, they took him down in the woods and dug a hole."

"Who took him?" inquired the doctor.

"The old man and the old woman and Charley. They packed him in a coverlid, and I slipped along behind to the buryin'."

There was a gusto in Feefie's voice. Funerals were the chief recreation of his life. His foster-mother Bounds was continually disappointing him by her recovery from sinking spells. Not that he was a cruel or heartless child. He was simply joyless, and took a barbaric satisfaction in the ghastly. No funeral-train of three or four farm-wagons—the long white covered box in the head wagon betraying its destination—ever passed Bounds' cabin without being reinforced by Feefie. He almost felt himself proprietor of the neighborhood burying-ground, and could name and date all the sinking mounds. It was not unusual in the community to inter in the afternoon a person who had died in the morning: the funeral could be

"preached" on some convenient Sunday when all the friends had on borrowed mourning, and sat on the meeting-house front seats, galvanizing their grief into fresh life. Still, burying a man within an hour of his death was improving on the custom of the country, and Feeffe was quite bursting with this unusual treat. He stammered and spluttered and repeated his words, describing how he had slipped along behind the weird procession and watched behind a tree while Charley was digging the grave: "And he didn't dig it any more'n up to his waist, 'cause the old woman she kep' a-hurryin' him up, and the old man and the old woman they stood there and rested theirselves, and the man he laid there, and I could see the moon a-shinin' on his face. And Charley he had to go back to the house fer boards to put over him, and it made the old woman mad 'fear some one 'ould come. She said never mind any boards, and he said, 'You'll have it all cavin' in, then, and folks 'll find out what's here.' So he went and got 'em, and then he shovelled in and patted it down smooth."

"I guess you're telling more than you saw, Feeffe," said the doctor.

"I'll cross my heart!" cried the boy with indignation. "You can come and look yourself. It's nigh that old log house by the crick, and anybody that digs there 'll find a man."

"But what was their object in hurrying the man into the ground? *they* didn't kill him."

"I don't know. Mebby it was 'cause he was bleedin' so, they didn't like to have him around!"

"He wasn't bleeding when they buried him?"

"Well, he *was*! The old woman she took the coverlid and put it under her arm after they let him down with it,— 'cause, you see, they hadn't any ropes,— and she says she never see anybody soak so. He was real limber. Then Charley put out, and the old man and woman went back to the house."

"Get on my horse behind me," exclaimed Marsh hurriedly. "We'll go to the place and have the man up. How

long is it since you saw them put him there?"

Feeffe jumped behind the doctor's saddle as the horse was spurred close to the fence, and placed a monkey-like grip on the young man's waist: "It ain't been but a little bit, 'cause I run all the way to this fence."

The boy humped his shoulders and shuddered slightly, remembering his sensations near the flat but distinct new grave. He had heard of spooks, and a dead man buried in such a shallow hole could rise so easily. Then to think of tramping the woods with other boys and coming across that uncoffined and hidden Dead Man!—think of digging his toes in the soil and saying, "Boys, I bet there's sumpin down here!"—of prying with sticks until a fragment of a coat, a finger, or the toe of a boot protruded from under the boards!—to think then of rushing away with bristling and chilly scalp with his companions at his heels, all exclaiming, "Aw! who's afraid?"

The horses were urged on in a gallop.

"You think—?" said Lilith to Marsh.

"I think the ways of ignorance and brutality are past finding out. That man has been put into the ground alive."

CHAPTER V.

"SAVE HIM."

THE mud flew as the horses galloped. It was a grotesque ride, but the grotesqueness was lost on the riders. The moon, cross-laced by naked branches, stood up white in the sky, shedding none of that yellow radiance which belongs to its summer or autumn light.

Marsh reined up his horse beside a fence, and dismounted to let down the rails. He knew the geography of the country: "We'll take a short cut across here. It's rougher riding, but we haven't any time to lose."

They rode into the woods, among sweeping twigs and crumbling logs or stumps on which the horses stumbled in a dimmer light, down into boggy places and up where the skeletons of dead weeds scraped their stirrups. But

distance was rapidly covered, and, after letting down one more fence, they saw the old cabin.

"Now, sir," exclaimed Feefie, wagging his head, "it's right down there."

Marsh stopped: "We want a spade before we know just where it is."

"I see Charley Harker take his spade from the'r corn-crib, and I 'low that's where the old man put it back."

"We'll ride there and get it."

"The corn-crib's a piece this side o' the house."

Marsh dismounted, leaving Feefie on his horse, and extended his hands to Lilith: "Miss—Mrs.—Miss Van Arden, there is no time for talk. Will you take some matches and start a fire in the fireplace of that cabin? There is nothing in there to hurt you. It has been used as a sheep-pen. We shall be back in an instant."

"Go on," said Lilith, reaching the ground and essaying to tie her own horse. "Only, for heaven's sake, tell me he will not smother there before we can get him out."

"Don't get excited about that. He is probably asphyxiated, if not unconscious from loss of blood. The best thing you can do is to start the fire as quick as possible."

Mounting, he was gone with his last sentence, and the woman left in this dim solitude looked with a sense of fascination at an irregular blotch of yellow clay which broke through the loam of decayed leaves a short distance from her. With a nervous impulse she put back her head and took in a deep draught of air. A thousand thoughts rushed through her mind, some of them those selfish hopes or glimpses the very existence of which shocks us at ourselves. Human compassion, a terror of the Face underground, the possible outcome of this nightmare dream, in turn possessed her.

Presently she found she had been gathering sticks and a board left by the Harkers, and was scraping matches on the cabin chimney. A little flame crept up and licked the pine board, and she carefully though most unconsciously fed it with twigs and dried leaves, chunks and bark, until light and heat shone

on puncheon floor and smoked rafters. There was a square hole at one corner of the joist, opening into the darkness of a loft. Something might put its head down there and grin at her,—some actual Dead Man, who, far from being buried prematurely, had not been buried at all. There was an old broom of shavings lying in the dust near the door, crusted with ancient mud. She swept the floor with the lame thing and made the space around the hearth as clean as possible.

Then she went out to bring in more chunks, and heard the thud of a spade. Two silhouettes, one large, one small, were stooping over the irregular blotch of yellow clay. Lilith went to them.

Marsh threw out shovelful after shovelful with desperate swiftness. While he was perfectly cool outwardly, the instincts of his profession were raging in him. He could have torn the ground to get at the life he meant to save. It was hard work; for he dared scarcely drop into the hole and add his weight to that already pressing the buried man. His nameless medical college experiences were some help to him. He uncovered first the spot where Feefie was sure the head lay, then, getting carefully down and standing with his feet wide apart, scooped the boards clear enough to be lifted. "Now," said he, handing out his spade.

Lilith waited until he had laid off the boards. She unbuttoned her jacket and handed it to him. It would not bear the strain of lifting. He stood on no ceremony toward the subject in hand, but dragged it half up with a gigantic tug. Then, getting out, he placed his hands under the armpits, and drew it out upon the dead leaves.

"Feefie," said Marsh, "you told a pretty straight story. Get on one of the horses as soon as we get this man into the cabin, and ride home as quick as you can, and don't raise any hue and cry either. Get one of the boys out quietly, and tell him to bring the wagon and some bedding, and be here in a few minutes. If this man is dead he shall have a decent inquest, and if he isn't he shall be saved."

The doctor had his patient on the cabin hearth and the door closed before his messenger was well mounted. He cut the coat from the body.

Lilith stood at the head and looked down at it. Her face seemed withered, and hollows of age were in her cheeks. She was stained with the mud she had trampled, and her hair hung on her shoulders. Her lips were apart and her eyes sunken.

The head at which she looked was covered with thick wavy hair of a hue between black and iron-gray. The brow was ridged, the glassy eyes were partly open. A heavy, handsome animal, flecked with the dirt that had been over him, he lay lumpishly at her feet. The hands lifted by the doctor in his examination were white and slightly freckled. The dress was careless but becoming. A heavy moustache made a dark bar across the mouth.

"This isn't necessarily a fatal wound," muttered Marsh, turning his patient, "but it must have been paralyzing, so near the spine. An ugly, torn one, got at such a range. . . . No bones fractured. No important vessels severed. Why did he bleed so? Hah! the brachial artery *has* been grazed. Give me some hand-

kerchiefs or rags or bands, and"—he looked up at Lilith severely—"don't stand here. You can't help. Go back where it won't frighten you."

She put pieces of her clothing in his hands: "It doesn't frighten me. I'm used to him."

As a slide is changed in a magic lantern, the physician went out of Marsh's face and another character came in. He had thought but in one channel. He now leaped into another.

He folded his arms and looked at Lilith: he saw her a wreck, the ghost of many large might-have-beens: "So this is certainly the man?"

"It is certainly the man."

Marsh looked at him: "He's farther gone than I thought at first."

"Can't you do anything to save him?"

"In a very short time you will be free."

"Free!" her throat clicked. She swallowed as if to keep from choking. "I see!" she exclaimed harshly, "you are *letting* him die. You dare not do such a dreadful thing! We cannot consent to his death,—it is murder! Save him, I beg you on my knees."

He saw her go down on her knees beside the hearth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WANDERER'S BELL.*

THE baron's daughter would ride abroad,
Though skies grew fleecy, as waned the day;
But what did she care for the thickening air,
When she thought of her villagers far away?

They needed the healing draught her hand
Was pledged to carry ere set of sun;
And she would be back on the homeward track
Before she should see the storm begun.

* Travelling in Germany last summer, in the principality of L——, one of our party asked why the bell on a neighboring tower, which rang every night at ten o'clock, was called "The Wanderer's Bell." The ballad tells the reason.

"I never could lose myself," she said;
"Or if I should chance astray to roam,
My Balther would know through swaths of snow
The safest and surest pathway home."

So she flung the rein on her palfrey's neck,
And hummed in his ear her chirrup-tune,
And cantered amain across the plain,
Nor heeded the gray of the afternoon.

But when, with her sacred mission done
(For they held her long with their tales of woe),
She mounted, the wold was white and cold,
And the path was hidden by swirls of snow.

The pines stretched dusky and dim before,
And madly aloft their great arms tossed;
But she chirruped her cheer without a fear
That Balther could be misled or lost.

Yet wilder and fiercer roared the blast,
And blindly beat in Gerta's face,
Until she was fain in Balther's mane
To cover her mouth for breathing-space.

Still into the forest's sheeted maze,
As trackless now as the surge of seas,
Plunged Balther, although the wreaths of snow
At each step buried him to the knees.

Far into the night they struggled on,
Till, breathless and spent and sore afraid,
With her rein loose flung, fast Gerta clung
To the neck of her panting steed, and prayed:

"Oh, save me, Father, for Christ His sake!"
And scarce had she uttered aloud the word
When she felt that an ear was pricked to hear
Some sound that her own not yet had heard.

With a forward bound through the swamping drifts
Sprang Balther. Who Gerta's joy could tell
As she caught through the white, blind rifts of night
The distant peal of a chapel-bell?

The good knight Waldemar vowed a vow,
For his daughter rescued, that nevermore
Should any who crossed the wold be lost
For lack of a guide to the convent-door.

And that is the reason that when the hand
Of the clock in the tower at ten appears,
The bell on yon height rings every night,
And has done it for over three hundred years.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OUT-DOOR LIFE ON THE RHINE.

THE traveller who has sojourned long in North Germany is struck with the contrast between the people of that gloomy clime and their brethren of this sunnier region. He does not need to live long in the Rhineland to discover that the national temperament and character, as well as manners and customs, show important modifications here. The very step of the Rheinländer betrays his more buoyant nature: it is gay and elastic; men go about the streets singing,—a comical contrast to the formal and self-conscious bearing of the North Germans.

It is said of the Cologne people that their Italian descent has much to do with the lighter and warmer temperament that breaks out once a year in the indescribable extravagances of their Carnival. But the Rhenish wine has its share, I suspect, in this matter, taking the place of the heavier beer which is the common beverage in the North. The sun, too, may bear a fraction of responsibility; for, though it is only a feeble rush-light, after all, compared with the mighty planet of our own clime, still it is so much more heartening than the pale Jack-a-lantern of the North that it may manage to work some amelioration of Teutonic phlegm.

The Rheinlanders are immensely proud of this name: doubtless they identify themselves with the beauty and fame of their river; at all events, they deride their more stilted brethren of the North, and are berated in turn by the latter as lax and frivolous in their habits. Observe that local jealousies flourish as bravely in Germany as elsewhere; it is only in the competition with foreign nations that the Fatherland becomes a unit and is enthroned in the loyal breast.

The fondness for out-door life common throughout Germany is here favored by a milder temperature and more smiling skies. It is no insignificant feature in the German character, and exerts a direct influence upon all classes of the popula-

tion. To see the interminable procession of men, women, and children who wend their way two or three times weekly to the gardens to take their post-prandial repast among their neighbors, and watch them afterward seated at their little tables under the trees, eating and talking as freely as if beneath their own roofs, is to have a revelation of the Teutonic nature. The Rheinländer works and sleeps under cover; in other respects he lives, like the birds, among the trees. The beauty of this out-door existence is equalled only by the homeliness of that within. The coffee-gardens are oases in Germany. These, with all other public resorts, are recommended by various comforts and adornments which the private dwelling lacks. Private life is at a discount here: the place of general rendezvous is the great object of solicitude.

This fact enables the traveller to acquire a knowledge of Teutonic life and manners, tastes and character, difficult of attainment by the student of a more reserved and less gregarious people. Johnson's apothegm, that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn," should be inscribed on the escutcheon of Germany, with the addition or substitution of the word "beer-garden," or whatever other name be used to designate places where eating and drinking are carried on in public. To these resorts flock husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and neighbors, to regale themselves with plenteous repasts, good music, pure wines, wholesome beer, and perhaps a little less wholesome gossip, to their hearts' content. And how easy and unconcerned they are,—quite as much so as if in their own houses; how cheerfully they talk in voices audible to all ears; how peacefully they eat and drink, regardless of spectators; with what interest they observe each other, note what a neighbor partakes of, and expose their own bill of fare! How com-

municative and familiar they are! Hearing their good-natured personalities, the stranger shivers, but the Teuton laughs with a mighty roar. Bah! he has neither secrets nor sensitiveness: he likes a frank tongue. Moreover, this is wit, let me hasten to explain, in case it should not be recognized. Teutonic wit is peculiar; it is in an eminent degree primitive, child-like, easy to understand. The hits are direct, the subjects close at hand. The German is averse to complexities; he likes everything to be open and above-board. Sheathe your sword, and he thinks it a sinister weapon. If you would win his heart, walk straight into his *sanctum sanctorum*, ask him how much he paid for his furniture, and tell him what you had for dinner. Scruples, hesitations, delicacies of speech, alarm him and excite his aversion; reserves offend him irretrievably.

The Rheinländer, in common with the rest of his countrymen, is very fond of diversion, but he does his share of honest work too. He works slowly, but very steadily, without hurry or strain or feverish ambition. Life is all mapped out in advance in Germany for each newcomer, every step is calculated, and individual impulse plays but a small part in the programme. The various phases of educational discipline, and even the trade or profession, are usually selected for the candidate by his parents. The matrimonial arrangements are commonly controlled by them. The German is only an atom in a great machine; he has small personal responsibility and little choice. He retains thus a certain childishness of nature, which, whatever may be said of it in other respects, is not without its charm as it exhibits itself in the diversions and innocent pleasures that beguile his life even to its latest years.

To see a group of German men and women with their children about a Christmas-tree is to have a second revelation of Teutonic character, and a revelation this time such as one may not unwillingly pause to observe. We turn here the most idyllic page in the book of German life. The student of Teutonic society, searching for that pure vein of

sentiment which the German literature ascribes to the German character, is often disappointed. He does not find it in the relations of the sexes. He looks for it vainly in many a wonted source. He regards the large-eating, deep-drinking, loud-talking, outspoken lover with astonishment. He sees him take the bride allotted him according to various worldly exigencies and go through his public endearments in common with the other business of life, and concludes in wrathful haste that the "sentiment" is a figment of poetic brains. But such premature judgment must be soon reversed; he encounters its most touching rebuke when he looks for the first time thoughtfully into the eyes of the old,—of the grandsires and grandmothers of Germany. Those aged eyes beam with a light of innocent enjoyment of the small, common, daily pleasures of life, of the familiar phenomena of nature, eloquent indeed to the observer. They tell of hearts still green with the verdure of youth; they witness to a simple, industrious, placid life which has left the faculties unworn, while its elements of leisure and relaxation, amid scenes that appeal constantly to the æsthetic perceptions, have given a genuine and precious culture to the moral nature. Truly, the German does not grow old: he has, in a sense, immortal youth. He is very wise; he foregoes the struggle for the unattainable, he despises not the day of small things. His sympathy with nature is universal and exhaustless: the lowliest plant that buds, the swallow building in his chimney, has for him an interest and a ministry; the freshness of his soul is hence perennial. You will not find here

The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

Passing through the lanes and by-ways of one of these Rhenish towns, the traveller sees the simple character of the people and their interest in common things illustrated on all hands. Here a group of young men will be bending with intent faces over a brood of newly-hatched chickens feeling their feet for the first time on mother Earth. The

animated countenances of the spectators would lead you to suppose that some rare discovery engrossed them. Along the quays and river-banks crowds of busy idlers hang over the walls to watch the panorama of the river and the varying episodes of the humble, local water-life. A couple of artisans walking on the highway stop and turn aside to gather shy roadside violets hidden under the bushes. Merchants and preachers, bankers and soldiers, sitting together in the Stadtgarten, hush the children's voices round them to listen to the nightingales,—a rare simplicity to be found in an erudite and sceptical people treading cold intellectual heights and looking on the wreck of faiths about them with unruffled brows.

The American's heart turns backward to his own land and people from these Arcadian scenes with a sudden sharp revulsion of feeling. The spectacle of that young-old land, that toiling, care-worn people, staggering under responsibilities, laden with cares, losing all capacity for youthful joy in the hot race for wealth and power, tempers his national exultation with a shade of pain, almost a premonition of evil.

The docks of Cologne, the great centre of the Rhenish trade, present some features of this Rhenish out-door life which are very characteristic. Varied types gather here, varied scenes are enacted. These docks are not in the least like those of other commercial cities,—notably unlike those of England or America. They are the focus of travel, at times the rendezvous of the fashionable world. The commercial features are comparatively unobtrusive. The shipping obstructions are not serious: they rather add to the attractions of the scene. The promenades lie here, as well as the warehouses; they radiate from the busier centre, as the lighter phases of the Rhenish life intersect and relieve its industry. A broad, tolerably clean street fronts the Rhine the whole length of the city. In the centre are the docks, the piers, the warehouses, the bridges, most of the bathing- and boat-houses, and some of the hotels; to the right and left are the promenades.

Standing here to watch the scene, one will be apt to see men working machines which hoist great hogsheds of wine from the holds of vessels and swing them over to the landing; others are carrying grain from the freight-boats to the cars that line the track behind. The grain is shovelled from the hold, where it lies loose, into baskets, which are carried on men's shoulders and dumped into the car. The workmen hold long pipes between their yellow teeth, with great porcelain cylinders that swing about below their waists. Long pipes with big cylinders are not favorable to active movements; but the movements of the Rhinelanders are not active: they work as if each day were forty-eight hours long and men lived to be a hundred and fifty years old. Every now and then they stop altogether and look about them and exchange ideas. If a freight-boat comes along, for instance, dragging heavily through the drawbridge to the Sicherheitshafen, they stop and stare at it until they have had time to count every timber in its anatomy. After dinner they climb up on the bales or boxes piled on the wharves and sleep awhile. Meanwhile the loaded excursion-boats begin to come in. The hotel-coaches draw up along the sidewalk. The hackmen and porters form in line along the gangway and chant the names of their hostelries in a sort of improvised chorus, laughing like children at their own jests the while. Now the hotel-doors are thrown open, and the restaurateurs begin to stand their wire screens along the open spaces at their portals and place their little lunch-tables out under the shade of trees in tubs. Now too the *Dienstleute*, the church-sextons and their satellites, the porters who keep the doors of museum and state-house, begin to furnish up their stock of foreign phrases and calculate the measure of foreign forbearance and the length of foreign purses. In the mean time, forth come the little show-people—an urchin with an accordion, a little maid with a guinea-pig—and swarm about the unhappy pilgrims.

The travellers themselves furnish an ever-varying picture to the spectator. Specimens from every civilized land, of

every age and condition of life, display their physiognomies, costumes, characteristics, here. The experienced hackman tickets them *sotto voce* as they come. If he sees fifty strong-minded women, armed with guide-books, with a severe air of business, marching in companies, he does not wait for them to begin to make known their wants with stern and trumpet-toned distinctness, to mutter with a smile, "*Amerikanerinnen*." If he catches sight of a dapper little man with a guide-book dancing round a dainty little woman in the neatest of costumes, it is not necessary that they should begin to chatter at once and both together, like a couple of enraged magpies, to have him growl in his beard, "*Franzosen*." If he descries a vast horde in party-colored garments down to their heels, all carrying guide-books, gazing over the heads of the inhabitants and upon the interesting objects around them with an air of vacant and exasperating indifference, he jerks out, "*Engländer*." It would not be worth while for him to wait to hear their language, for they are talking—the men attentively to the women, and *vice versa*—in the low, trained tones which the worst-bred Englishman instinctively adopts in public. If his eye falls upon a very fat company dressed for a *fête*, the men stalking on ahead with wreaths of laurel round their hats, discoursing intelligently, even learnedly, about the art-monuments they see, the women trailing on anyhow behind, carrying the lunch-bags, shawls, etc., all bawling at the top of their lungs, he murmurs with a beatified expression, "*Deutschen*."

The last of them is at length packed into hack or omnibus and sent up through the crooked streets to explore as they list, or as the driver lists, and the boat moves off.

To the north and the south, beyond the docks, where the promenades along the Rhine lead away to the coffee-gardens, sweep the diurnal processions of the beer- and the coffee-drinkers. Meeting them comes a reflux current from the bath-houses. There are no domestic bathing conveniences. The Rheinländer bathes, as well as eat, and do everything

else except sleep, outside of their own houses.

Meanwhile, the river is merry with little local steamers cutting its green tide with their keen, narrow prows, and wheeling, sidling, darting about over its surface as easily as the swallows swinging above them. They run to and fro all day long between Cologne, Bonn, Düsseldorf, and all the way-stations, the prettiest, cleanest, deftest, nimblest little things that ever floated. They come to their wharves—which are nothing but rough platforms thrown out over a couple of floating tubs—as neatly as a well-trained horse moves up to the mounting-block. If the Germans were as skilful mechanics in other lines as they are in boat-building, they would do well, you think; but they don't build the boats, it seems: they are built chiefly in Holland and England.

While we stand to watch the steamers emptying their human cargo at the piers and gathering in fresh instalments, the blast of a trumpet and the thunder of horses' feet strike the ear, and across the Festebrücke, the iron bridge spanning the Rhine from Cologne to Deutz, come the silver-corseted troopers to *manœuvre* at the Haide. The sun strikes on their helmets and breastplates, and you think you have seen lightning; but the lightning continues to flash from a thousand burnished surfaces, and you turn your eyes away not to have them blinded. You have never seen anything in your life more magnificent than this, however,—you never can in this line,—so very soon you turn them back again. Now the Middle Ages are before you in earnest, and the battlements and towers of the old city form a fitting background. Roland of Angers rides yonder,—nay, even the great Charles himself. These are the Prussian cuirassiers. They are all picked men, chosen for beauty of form and splendor of stature. They are officered only by nobles. They are mounted on giant horses, and are themselves giants. Their white breeches are thrust into long boots that reach their thighs, a corset of silver covers their white jackets, and a helmet of silver sits low on their broad

brows, while beneath it their stern eyes, their set jaws, and their strong blond beards look out fiercely. They come tramping slowly over the bridge, wind round the choir of the cathedral, file under the high arch of the Trankgassenthor, and take their way along the river to the Haide, the great plain where the troops are exercised. The little steamers skim along on their right, the thick trees around the villas of the Cologne merchants overtop them on the left, while the coffee-gardens open their hospitable gates at intervals between.

From this point we have a good idea of the Rhineland in a focus,—the soldiers and the travellers, the commerce and the beer-gardens, the river and the wine. Even more; for in the white distance, to the south and east from Cologne, like hills of lapis-lazuli against the pale sky, rise the blue crests of the Siebengebirge. While we look at them and note the ruined arch that marks the “castled crag of Drachenfels,” and think of Siegfried and the dragon’s blood, a boat swims up to the wharf at our feet as neatly as a young duck and opens out a cargo of market-women upon us. Forth they come, with their great baskets set atop of their broad heads, and range themselves along the frontier street that borders the Rhine. What women they are, to be sure!—peasants who farm their fields, who plough and reap, filing by us with their short petticoats, their wooden shoes that beat the stones, their broad backs, their gigantic hips, and their brawny arms. One steps back involuntarily with a sudden sense of their formidable character, but look at their faces and you will find that they are not formidable. An ox is strong; he is, nevertheless, not formidable. The faces are mild, subdued, patient, dull,—the faces of a subject people.

In North Germany, particularly in Westphalia, the peasant-women at their stalls would have a triple duty to attend to: a baby would be sleeping in a wheeled cradle beside them, and they would be diligently knitting. The baby will not be present here, but the huckster will knit her sock assiduously while she minds

her wares and gossips with her cronies. For the babies we must go farther, but still along the Rhine. We shall find them just beyond the docks, where the southern promenade passes the bathing-houses. The street is very broad here; to the right of it runs the city wall, to the left the Rhine. Against the wall are innumerable benches; over the wall peep the green branches of an avenue of young trees planted in the pretty reservation within. Here play the children, and here are the babies. The infants are unique: they are more commonly twinned, you are tempted to believe, than not; they are often not over a week old, but they are very manageable. Bandaged as they are, they are the smallest, stiffest little bundles imaginable, and the broad-shouldered lass who tends them, probably a sister, can easily prop a couple of them over her shoulders and go her way rejoicing. The sight of their diminutive, wrinkled, *aged* visages peering out from this vantage-ground at the world is a spectacle not to be forgotten, and not to be seen outside of Germany. An American, at such a moment as this, comes to appreciate the advantages of an unmixed race. Who can ever count upon the conduct of an American baby? The German baby is reliable: one knows where to find him; feed him well, and you can depend upon him. The babies command the traveller’s respect. He has ample opportunity to observe them, for their name is Legion. Wherever your eyes rest, a child appears as if by magic. If you turn your vision away from a vacant spot a moment, and look back again ever so quickly, you find a child there. The worst feature of it is that it is impossible to tell them apart; they are so exactly alike that you can never be sure whether you have seen seventeen babies or one baby seventeen times. This proves embarrassing upon occasions. However, they are the best little fellows in the world. Look kindly in their round faces a moment,—long enough for them to arrive at the idea that you mean well by them,—and a wide-spreading smile will reward you. They are very confiding (this is a lovely and winning character-

istic of the race); they are also very fat, like their sires, but they are not too healthy; their flesh is unstable, it quivers as they begin to run about; and their fair skins too often proclaim the blood-taint that afflicts the people so extensively. When one remembers that the Germans rank second in the order of the nations in respect of bodily vigor, one finds it hard to account for the immense amount of disease that exists among them.

But while you are reflecting the children and their attendants draw near the water's edge and look earnestly across the tide. You turn to see what interests them, and a mighty raft meets your eyes floating down with the rapid current. Three or four row-boats are towed along with it. A gigantic rudder is fixed at each end, which it takes four men to move, a couple of low sheds are thrown up for shelter, and eight or ten men walk about, smoking long pipes. It comes from the Black Forest, and is going to Holland.

The last scenes in the panorama are displayed when the day closes. Now the view narrows; the creeping mists spread themselves over the Seven Mountains and the distant landscape. The atmosphere is always full of haze in Germany. You stand out on the bridge of boats and look back at the city. It lies like a crescent upon the banks of the Rhine, and the silver line of the river describes the complete half-circle. Tower and wall and gateway, peaked roof and pinnacle and spire, now lift themselves into the gathering shadows before you. In the midst of all, like a gray mountain, looms the dark majesty of the cathedral, and you gaze at it with a dim, indefinable ecstasy that transforms your soul for the nonce into a white waxen tablet, on which its lineaments engrave themselves forever.

The long, water-softened notes of trumpets break the spell; the concerts at the Bellevue and Prince Charles gardens have begun, and the night-scene on the bridge is opened. On the Deutz side the picture recalls to you a rich pyrotechnic display. The gardens on each side of the bridge and close to the water's

edge are lighted to their utmost capacity with rows of gas-jets, cased in glass and strung in arches beneath wide-spreading trees. The water repeats them in deep, glittering reflection. Up and down the river, far as eye can reach, the curving shore seems to dip its lamps into the tide, while the lanterns swinging from the Festebrücke and from the shipping in the harbor throw their bright beams upon the waves.

Far away between the huge stone buttresses of the bridge, the broadening stream, sweeping onward to the sea, shows the slender masts and dark chimneys of innumerable light craft and local steamers which add their illumination to the scene. The river seems aflame. A dozen skiffs and scullers—belonging to the Cologne Boating Club—are darting about through the irradiated water near the Schiffbrücke. The boatmen now beat the measure of the music with their gleaming oars, now rest on them to hear more clearly its fainter cadences. There is a gentle stir on the wharves, for an excursion-boat is about setting off, and people are hurrying on board in obedience to the warning of a musical bell,—not a screeching whistle,—which has just sounded. Through the narrow windows of little, ugly, stumpy, neat vessels that you know came from Rotterdam you see women moving about as though preparing supper.

The bridge of boats is full of strollers. Admission to the gardens costs only twenty-five pfennige (five cents), yet many prefer to hear the concert from the bridge, which they pass for the fraction of a cent. Some gentlemen take their evening stroll here to breathe the fresh Rhine air and hear the music at the same time. A humbler group stand at the iron railing that borders the wall on the Cologne side of the river, while rustic sweethearts sit about on the bales piled on the wharves. Here are gathered representatives of all classes, from the splendid colonel of dragoons to the porter of the docks and the *Dienstmädchen* of his heart; but all are united in a common bond of sympathy: they are listening to the beloved music of the

Fatherland. To the German there is no other music worthy of the name.

A skiff shoots out now from the opposite shore with a red torch at its prow, and the silver tones of a horn are blown backward across the water in the sweet refrain of a Rhenish fisher-song. The band among the trees repeats the strain in infinitely softened modulations, and a duet is thus performed.

Now the moon shows her face—or his face, as the Germans say—above the trees of Deutz, and you turn to see its beams fall upon the cathedral; but the cathedral still looms dark and unfathomable against the western sky: it can borrow nothing from that enchantment. There is no real moonlight in Germany: the moon is too pale and weak to pierce the misty German air; a faint, dim, narrow light, that glints feebly upon the water, is its bravest effort; and you turn again to listen to the German music played by Germans, and are fain to be content.

Recreation and diversion are, as I have said, important elements in the life of this people. Money and leisure to procure them are found in the most straitened lot and the most juvenile case. *Tuschengeld* (pocket-money) is a national institution. Whatever your observations may disclose to you of the poverty and meanness of the domestic *ménage*, you will never discover any retrenchment in this department. The business of the day over, school dismissed, the household duties ended or intermitted, the family betakes itself to its pleasures. At a certain hour on certain afternoons of every week a third of the population appears to turn into the street. People throng the public promenades, flock to the museums, eat and drink in luxurious idleness, and repose in the gardens, while sweet music discourses to them from the well-trained bands. Sunday is the great festival-day, when the sober frolicking reaches its acme. In the neighborhood of every town are attractive resorts, to which railway, steamboat, street-car, or pleasant, well-shaded walk conducts you, and to which the Bürgers repair on Sunday afternoon *en masse*. The working com-

munity looks forward to this periodical recreation as the goal of the week's labor. The humblest artisan, the mill-hand who toils for a mark (twenty-five cents) a day, stints himself in every shape the week through to get his *Tuschengeld* to spend among his mates on Sunday.

There is commonly no entrance-fee to these resorts, and when the presence of extra musicians necessitates it the amount is trifling. The dishes served are very plain and incredibly inexpensive. For the epicurean idler there are salads and viands of some variety, but for the ordinary *habitué* sandwiches of bread and cheese, ham, or veal, cut half an inch thick, meet all requirements. These cost about twenty pfennige, or five cents, apiece, while the coffee, beer, and wine, which form the staple drinks, are sold, the wine at about twenty cents per bottle, the beer at seven cents, and the coffee, per portion,—a pot containing two or three cups,—also at seven cents.

The situation is generally a charming one. A site on the river is chosen, if possible; if not, the most picturesque spot is selected that can be adapted to the purpose. If the ground is not undulating, it is often thrown into little hillocks by art. A spreading chestnut-tree commonly towers above the choicest of these eminences, or groups of linden and acacia cluster about them. Flowers are planted everywhere, and flowering vines are trained over wire screens, which form a refreshing shade and a picturesque retreat. Tables and chairs are set within these, and fountains and carved figures greet the eye in all directions. The refreshment-saloon of the Flora Garden at Cologne is literally a bower of flowers, among which the happy idlers, sitting in their little arbors, separated by vine-wreathed screens, might fancy themselves nymphs and dryads in some sylvan retreat. From the roof depend flowering tendrils of every kind of parasitic plant, while the columns that support it are entwined with and embowered in green palm-trees, planted down the middle of the enclosure, with fountains springing among them, while ingenuity has exhausted itself in graceful minor

effects wrought with stone and moss and ferns. Birds fly about under the overhanging eaves, and the band plays in some high retreat, among screening plants and drooping vines. The whole is enclosed in glass. In the garden without, at the end of a lovely vista, stands the marble Flora carved by Werres.

The coffee- or beer-garden is only one feature of the out-door life, though its principal characteristics are to be found in all,—that is to say, facilities for eating and drinking in the open air. Every institution that can offer a temptation to draw people out of their own houses receives its share of patronage. The gardens of the *Sommer-Theater* are thronged sometimes at five o'clock; the performance begins at half-past six. Here the diversions are varied,—in some places by skating-rinks, in which the younger portion of the audience skim about on parlor skates, before the play begins, in an open pavilion with a composition floor made for the purpose. In another part of the grounds children drive about over a similar pavement in sleighs drawn by circus-horses. The elder community, meanwhile, clusters about the inevitable tables, eating and drinking, and goes back to them to eat and drink again in the long *entr'actes*.

The children grow up to this sort of dissipation. They are taken to the coffee-garden at three or four years of age and swung round in carrouseis on the backs of prancing steeds, or sent aloft in mammoth swinging-machines, while their parents and grandparents sip their beer or knit their stockings among their cronies. The children do not disturb the harmony of the occasion. In Germany children are disciplined from the cradle; but, besides this, the universal placidity of scene and people involves them also. The mother is not fretted, nor the child excited: Teutonic imperturbability reigns over all. Both young and old go back to their occupations tranquilly when the festive hour is past. The coffee-gardens are places of fashionable resort, but they are accessible to all, and at certain times the humblest classes flock to them and fill them. The intervals of leisure and social intercourse enjoyed here, under the re-

straints of the situation and the natural beauty about them, form one of the elements of education to which I have alluded. A beer-garden is a very vulgar thing in America: in Germany it is nothing of the kind; the *élite* of the cities patronize such places, and the lowlier citizens repair to them, men, women, and little children, decently clad, decent-mannered, and find there influences to sweeten and refine their lives.

Ambition, pride, restless energy, together with the invincible national characteristic reserve, shut the American out from all these simple, inexpensive pleasures. How should he eat in public, laugh with his little son, or show an emotion of satisfaction, with the herd looking on! The simpler Teuton understands no such delicate scruples. But how have they the time for it? asks the spirit of the steam-engine and the telegraph, in wonder. His astonishment is without end. From coffee-house to theatre, and late into the nights, gathered about their restaurant-tables, he sees the thousand happy idlers day after day. It would seem as if there was no work doing in the whole land; certainly the work takes up a very moderate share of the time, he says to himself. One does not, however, find the clue to the character of a people in a moment. Merry as they may be over-night, the morning finds them up betimes, clear- and cool-headed as if they had eaten a supper of bread and milk and gone to bed with the birds. The regular work-hours are never encroached upon, for Labor is a deity in Germany also, though it is not propitiated with living sacrifices. The system which regulates the lives of this people and gives so large a margin to pure pleasure, yet holds them steady-headed and industrious for all, is a riddle, but a riddle perhaps not unworthy of solution. The pure, light wines drunk on the Rhine and all through Germany have, no doubt, much to do with it. The Germans do not like strong drinks: the sparkling wines sold by them to England and America, for instance, contain a much larger proportion of alcohol than those reserved for home consumption. The

laws here against the adulteration of liquors, as well as of food, are severe and rigorously enforced. The liquors are so abundant and inexpensive, however, that there is really little temptation to adulterate. Meanwhile, whatever be the causes at work, the results of this periodical exemption from work and care, with the social interchange involved, recommend themselves to attention.

It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the benefits of free access to museum and art-gallery and of cheap admission to musical and dramatic performances of a high order. In Germany the choicest collections of art treasures and antiquities are open to the public, at certain times, free of charge, while the prices of ad-

mission to theatre and concert, horticultural and zoölogical garden and local exposition, are such as to render them accessible to all. The Germans are stimulated by intelligent curiosity concerning all such collections and exhibitions. Their social instincts and pleasure-seeking habits, moreover, carry them in crowds to these attractive haunts. Such influences, no doubt, have their share in forming a people who can stop in the fury of war to protect a cathedral-spire and to lay a boarding over the inlaid floors of the foreign capital where they encamp,—not through chivalry toward a foe, but in obedience to cultured instincts deeply implanted.

MARRIOTT PYNE.

OPPOSITES.

FIRE.

THE heat of a thousand summers
 With passion inflames my blood,
 And the spirit of countless demons
 Pours through my veins like a flood;
 Oh, never were kisses hotter
 Than those on her lips I press,
 And vainly would Love dissemble
 The fervor of my caress.
 Swiftly I work my will,
 And none can deny my power;
 Love has its lessons from me,
 And where I love I devour!

FROST.

As cold as sierra's crest
 Are the seas in my breast congealed;
 By me the passions of life
 Are cooled, and its wounds concealed.
 From the grasp of a lurid foe
 My touch is a swift release,
 And over the banners of war
 I broider the lilies of peace.
 Yet never with more intense
 An ardor the lover yearns
 Than I when the flame within
 To a passionate white-heat burns.
 E'en as a thief in the night
 I steal in the presence of joy;
 Love turneth chill at my breath,
 For where I love I destroy!—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE CALLED MEETING.

IMMEDIATELY after the Proclamation of Emancipation the fires were burning high on the altar of Liberty, and, guided by their illusive light, Aunt Milly set out in the pursuit of happiness,—to be found among her cousins in Philadelphia.

Now, Aunt Milly was nearly seventy years old and had never been a dozen miles beyond her native village; but the wiry little black frame was a flat contradiction as a traveller than the old lady could boast. She was prominent and active as a sister in the church, but generally unpopular, being variously estimated as the “stuckuppidis nigger in town,” “a pow’ful wukker in de feel o’ grace,” “dat meddlesome nigger o’ Jedge Brent’s,” a “fier-y pillar o’ de chuch,” etc. But when it was announced that Aunt Milly had cousins in the North who had invited her to make her home with them, the voice of censure was silenced, the spirit of opposition was broken: Aunt Milly was meddlesome and scornful to her heart’s content, and no man molested or made her afraid.

On the morning of her departure she went up to “the House” to say good-by, and was asked by Belle, a girl of about fourteen, whose “mammy” Aunt Milly was, what she expected.

“Well, honey, I dunno myself ’zackly. I had ’nuf ter eat an’ ’nuf ter war, but when dey said I were free I wondered how freedom were gwine ter feel. I sot down an’ waited. I didn’t git no whiter, an’ I didn’t git no smarter, an’ I didn’t git no richer, ’cos I ain’t nuvver rid on dat mule yit an’ I ain’t had no forty akers to set him ter plowin’; so I leffen you all an’ went out to sarvice. Still, dat didn’t hope me none, ’cos soon’s I gits my wages I can’t put ’em in de ole stockin’; I got ter put ’em in some’h’n

ter war, an’ some’h’n’ ter eat, an’ some’h’n’ ter rub wid, and some’h’n’ ter pay somebody ter ten’ ter me, which ennybody knows how niggers is ’bout takin’ keer wun ’nudder. Freedom ain’t done me no good yit; so I’m gwine ter try it up dar whar it’s come from. But I misdoubts sometimes,” said the old woman, shaking her head reflectively. “When I use’ ter git a little money by dis, dat, or t’other, I put it in de ole stockin’, an’ dar it stayed; de doctor didn’t hold me ’sponserbul for Jedge Brent’s nigger hab’n’ de rumertiz; an’ if I hadn’t a had no cloze, I would a looked on it as Jedge Brent’s affar,—’twarn’t *my* nigger as was gwine ragged; an’ if I had a got hoengry— Well, well, I spec’ in dat case I would a looked on Jedge Brent’s nigger same ez if she had a been mine.”

“You are not going to wear your black satin, are you?” asked Belle.

“Hy, chile! course I is! What would de people in de Norf say ter see me comin’ up dar wid a ole half-cotton? Lor’, honey, you ain’t bin dar; you dunno nuffin. Dat black satin kum from de Norf. Yo’ gramma gimme dat mor’n forty year ago. It’s de hite o’ de fashun.”

“By the way, Aunt Milly,” said Mrs. Brent, “where are you going?”

“To de Norf, ma’am. Ain’t I done tole you?”

“But to what part of the North?”

“Whar Sary Ann lives.”

“But where is that?”

“I forgits ’zackly. Up Norf.”

“But how will you get your tickets?”

“I jes’ gwine tell de car man I wants to go to de Norf; an’ den, if I pay my money, it’s his bizness ter take me dar bedout no mo’ foolishness. What’s dat to him whar Sary Ann lives?”

“But that is where you wish to go.”

“An’ dat’s up Norf; an’ dat’s all I gwine tell him.”

“But it may be at some little place. You must ask him to let you know when you come to it, so he can put you off.”

"Put me off? Off o' what?" the blue-white eyeballs rolling defiantly.

"Off where you want to stop," said her ex-mistress soothingly. "Off the car."

"Put me off de kyar? I say put me off! Ketch me lettin' him nur nobody else put me off o' nothin'! Jes' let him try! Howsomdever, I got one good holt on him: he dunno whar I keeps my money."

"But you will have to give him your money before you go."

Aunt Milly put her head between her knees and indulged in a low, cackling laugh: "Now, Mis' Lucy, I wonder ef you is dat innersunt sho' 'nuf ter b'leeve I gwine truss dat strange man wid my money 'fo' I gits de wuf uv it in ridin'? Hy! S'pos'n he puts me off an' I ain't rid but a mile? Er s'pose de kyar blows up, an' we gits kilt, an' I ain't got no ride ter speak of,—maybe ain't eben et my snack an' dat all gits 'stroyed too,—is he gwine gimme back dat money to git mo' snack an' pay de doctor?"

"Well, Aunt Milly, Judge Brent will be home presently, and I want you to wait for him to go to the dépôt with you, to see that they deal fairly by you." So, as a favor to Mis' Lucy, Aunt Milly consented to wait; and in due time Judge Brent, having examined "Sary Ann's" letters, took the old woman down to the dépôt and bought her tickets to Philadelphia, making himself personally responsible for the integrity of the "car man."

"By the way, Milly," said he as the cars were about to move, "here is my sister's address, where she lives in Philadelphia. You must tell her I told you to go to her if you needed anything."

After an absence of about two years—during which Judge Brent lost his wife—Aunt Milly reappeared suddenly, just before Christmas, in the judge's study, where he was sitting with Belle. "Well, Milly," said the judge, "how did you get on with your relations, and what do you think of Philadelphia generally?"

Aunt Milly settled herself in her chair and planted her valise square in front of her on the floor. Then she

cleared her throat and glanced cautiously round the room: "I ain't gwine ter holler it out at de market-house dat I was dis'p'inted in my kinfolkeses, but, Mas' Jeems, I nuvver got so tuk in sence I were born. Talk 'bout sellin' niggers! Here sets a nigger dat she were sole out and out by her cousins in Fillymydelphy."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the judge, half laughing; "how was that?"

"A cousin in de Norf ain't no better'n a cousin nowhar else, ef he's a nigger. I tell you what, Mas' Jeems, a nigger is a nigger, an' nuffin but a nigger! You may bile him an' you may scrape him an' you may whitewash him, but ef he was ter die wid de whitewash on him he wouldn't be a white marble statchwery like he 'peared; de fust rain would wash him back to a nigger,—a dead nigger,—like he rally was."

"Why, what would your society and your church members say, and all the rest of your friends, mammy, to hear you talk so?" remonstrated Belle.

"Dey ain't gwine ter hear me, 'cos I ain't gwine ter talk so whar dey kin hear me; but, ef dey was ter, dey would jes' say de trufe,—dat I were a ole fool for gwine, an' got what I 'zarved."

"What was that, mammy?" asked the girl tenderly.

"Neber mind now, honey; some time I gwine tell you how 'twarn't nothin' but mistakes and miz'ry on 'count o' ignunce, an' my black satin dat yo' gramma gimme mos' clean done wore out, an' ef I was ter die ter-night Gab'r'l would sen' me in de groun' agin and say he warn't blowin' fer skeererows."

"Did you see my sister, Mrs. Rossiter?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," briefly.

"What kind of girl is Bertha?" eagerly asked Belle.

"A mighty oncumfittubble sort o' gal to be wid. She seed me talkin' to her ma, an' she jumped back an' hollered an' put her han's ober her face and sez, 'Oh, ma! is it a 'riller 'scaped from de Zoo?' an', arter dat, ebery time I seed her dat's de way she goed on. I ain't got no use for her."

Evidently the old woman had been

roughly handled and was deeply sensible of having been "tuk in;" so Judge Brent changed the subject, saying, "Well, Milly, Arthur has gone to college, and Belle takes care of her old father now."

"Ain't Mas' Arthur comin' from de unibursity Crismus?"

"No; he hasn't the money. You see, losing so many slaves was losing so much money, and land now is only trees and dirt, representing nothing. I can hardly pay the lad's college expenses."

"Good God A'mighty!" exclaimed the old woman, shocked, and not meaning to be irreverent.

About a year after mammy's return Judge Brent received information of the death of his sister, Mrs. Rossiter, and of her desire that he should assume the guardianship of her daughter Bertha, having her spend her holidays and vacations with his family; whereat Aunt Milly made an expressive grimace, and, commenting on Belle's anticipation of pleasure in seeing her cousin, said grimly, "Oh, yes, I were mighty keen ter see *my* cousins in Fillymydelphy too, an' de upshot of it was, I seed 'em,—seed clean fru 'em!"

Influenced, perhaps, by Aunt Milly's estimate of Bertha, Belle was conspicuously deficient in affectionate demonstration, and, influenced perhaps in turn by Belle's lack of effusion, Bertha made no resistance to the feeling of repulsion which sprang up in her heart against her cousin. Thus neither made any effort to conciliate the other, and the result was an amicable but most uncousinly coolness,—a state of feeling amply illustrated in the fact that, though they occupied the same chamber, each girl scrupulously used her own hair-pins. Eventually, and with the same amicable coldness, they selected separate bedrooms.

Another year passed, and the Christmas holidays were again approaching. Arthur had come home this time, bringing with him a classmate, Oscar Lee, a gentleman, a scholar, and the owner of a bank-account. We speak of him with due reverence in the latter character, and only mention incidentally, as minor facts, that he was reliable as a friend, courte-

ous as a gentleman, and oh, so handsome!

Bertha and Belle had also some young friends staying with them; so the old country-house promised to be quite alive during the season, and the exciting diversion chosen for Christmas Eve was tableaux.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Arthur; "that means keeping twenty or thirty people waiting an hour while a half-dozen of you are laughing and painting your faces and playing jokes on each other behind the scenes. I move that the guests be allowed to walk about, talk, laugh, sing, or even dance, between the scenes, if so inclined." Carried.

On the morning of the 24th, Belle was standing by the library-window, looking at the trees and shrubbery gleaming with icicles, when she was joined by Bertha and Mr. Lee.

"Sentimentalizing?" asked Bertha mockingly. "'Nature's diamonds,' 'radiant fringes,' 'poor men's jewels,' etc.?"

"Somewhat in that vein," replied Belle quietly. "Not exactly."

"What were your thoughts, Miss Belle?" asked Mr. Lee gently; for the girl's voice had a touch of pathos in it.

"I was thinking," Belle answered slowly, "how sad it is, how mournful, how pitiful, how *distracting*, never to have owned even one little diamond; and I do want a ring so dreadfully!"

Mr. Lee laughed; so did Bertha; so, finally, did Belle.

"I should like to show you a ring I have got as a Christmas gift for my sister. I should like to have your opinion of it," said Mr. Lee presently.

"I should like to see it," returned Belle, half laughing still; "and if it be a diamond, I wish I were your sister."

"I don't want you for a sister," said Mr. Lee.

"Though I am sure it was not intended, Belle," said Bertha irritably, as Mr. Lee walked off and joined a group of young ladies, "that speech of yours sounded so like a hint that I almost expected Mr. Lee to offer you the ring."

"Mr. Lee is a gentleman, and could not have done so offensive a thing," re-

plied Belle. "In what character should I accept a ring from Mr. Lee? He is hardly my friend. It would have been insolent."

At nightfall, when Aunt Milly came to help her dress, she said, "Mammy, have you been to the young ladies' room? What is Bertha going to wear? How does she look?"

"Don't ax me how Miss Burfur look, chile! She ain't nuvver looked fa'r nor hansum to me since she called me a 'riller from de Zoo; which it didn' do her no credit to be makin' little of a ole creetur dat were low down 'nuf a'ready. I 'spises her."

"I don't blame you, mammy, for feeling so," said Belle, patting the bony black shoulder; "but you know you must not talk so to me, because I ought not to permit it. I am not fond of Bertha myself, but she is a lady—"

("I dis'grees wid you, honey.")

"A lady, and my kinswoman. Therefore I never say anything against her."

"Hy! You jes' now done it," and the childish old woman cackled triumphantly.

"Oh, that was just intended as a delicate little compliment to you, mammy, not to prejudice you—"

"Lor', chile! You can't tell me nuf-fin 'bout dat gal. I knows her from de frizzles hanging ober her for'head down to de high-heel shoes, which dar ain't hardly room 'nuf in 'em for her big toe."

"She is certainly the prettiest girl in Easton."

"I dis'grees wid you agin, honey, an' so do Mr. Lee, ef she would let him show it; but ebery time she see him makin' up ter you she come up: 'Oh, Mr. Lee, ain't de sunset on de mountains a squiz-ick pickshur? Come to de winder.' I kin see fru a pane o' glass, ef I is a 'riller outen de Zoo."

"Well, what is she going to wear?"

"I calls it a red silk. She calls it gyarnit. All bunched up wid red satin, an' red satin pleets fol'it 'cross de lap like tucks turnt upside downwards. I ain't sayin' de dress ain't pretty."

"Oh, yes," said Belle with a little sigh that cut mammy to the heart and made

her hate Bertha more cordially than ever, "I have seen it. It is lovely."

An hour later she was standing beside Bertha in the crowded parlor, when Mr. Lee joined them, carrying in his hand a little box, and "Oh, how beautiful! how *very* beautiful!" exclaimed Belle as her eyes rested on the ring it contained.

Her exclamation arrested attention, and soon a little crowd had gathered to survey the superb trinket. In the midst of these comments, and while the ring was still in Belle's possession, the lights were extinguished and the curtain rose on the time-honored representation of Pocahontas and Captain Smith.

When the room was relighted Belle said to Bertha and Mr. Lee, "Please step back, and be careful. I have let the ring fall."

"How careless!" exclaimed Bertha.

"No, Bertha," said Belle; "you brushed it from my hand when you passed in front of me. Of course it is on the floor; but I fear some one will crush it."

Every one stepped aside, and the floor was carefully searched; but the ring remained in its hiding-place.

"It is *very* singular," said Bertha with unpleasant emphasis. "I do not recollect having brushed against you, Belle."

"I do," answered her cousin with decision.

"Well, the ring is missing, and it is too valuable to be given up without an effort to recover it. I mean no reflection on any one in particular when I propose that we each and all submit to be searched."

Belle cast a startled glance at Bertha, and exclaimed with great agitation, "Oh, no! Never! It would be disgraceful!"

"Disgraceful to whom?" asked Bertha significantly.

"I agree with Miss Belle," said Mr. Lee, looking pale and very thin about the nostrils, "and oppose it positively as one who should have somewhat to say in the matter, being owner of the ring."

"And I," said Arthur, "agree with Bertha, and insist upon adopting her suggestion, I being the representative of the house. I am sure that none of our

guests will feel that they are reflected upon when we all submit to the same ordeal."

"Oh, Arthur! I cannot! I will not!" said Belle, her face aflame and her eyes brimming with tears.

"You can, and you shall!" said Arthur imperiously; but the agitation of his sister became so painful that Mr. Lee again interposed: "Arthur, if this is allowed to proceed, you must not count me your guest longer than it will take to pack my trunk. An accident has occurred to which any of us was liable who held the ring; and the ring is probably now lying in safety within a few feet of us."

"Very likely," said Bertha in suggestive *sotto voce*.

"Doubtless it will turn up to-morrow under the piano or between the back and front of the sofa," said one of the girls, "or in some place where any of us might find it if we only knew where to look."

"Ah! that's really bright!" exclaimed Bertha satirically; "and I think if the rest of us set our wits to work as vigorously we might accomplish something. I, for one, am anxious to remove so—so unpleasant an association with Uncle James's—a—Uncle James's family; and if searching me will contribute to that end, I am sure I shall not feel humiliated. I cannot imagine why Belle should take such a view of it."

"I insist upon it," said Arthur, mortified and excited,—"I insist upon it that Belle shall prove—that Belle shall be the first to allow herself—"

Whereat Belle uttered a cry of dismay and ran to her chamber, where she threw herself sobbing on the bed.

The tableaux were a failure. There was no laughing behind the scenes, and little appreciation in the audience; for Belle was the darling of the village, and her present painful position was almost equally distressing to her guests. They missed her bright, sympathetic ways; they missed her ready assistance; and each one resented what the rest were supposed to think. Arthur made a final effort to induce his sister to go down again to the parlor; though, he added,

that would prove nothing, unless she produced the ring, for any one could have concealed it in a hundred ways during the length of time she had been absent. Belle was weeping silently.

"Do you know where it is?" he inquired roughly.

"Oh, Arthur! No!"

"Are you willing to be searched?"

"Yes."

"Ye-es," he drawled contemptuously. "An hour ago that would have been sufficient; now it is a deception. You had better stay in your room."

Some one came groping through the darkness, and Belle felt Aunt Milly's hard hand pressed against her hot forehead.

"Oh, mammy, dear old mammy, where can that wretched ring be?" sobbed Belle despairingly.

"Honey," said mammy in a tone of gentle reproach, "what make you ak so? Why wouldn't you let 'em sarch you ef you knowed de ring warn't 'bout you? You wouldn't a had ter pull off none o' yo' cloze 'fo' de folks. But it looked mighty bad for you ter cry an' say how you wouldn't do it for nobody."

"Oh, mammy, I know it! I know it looked dreadful."

"What you do it fur, den, honey?" asked the old woman tenderly.

"Because I couldn't help it, mammy! Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!"

Mammy placed her mouth close to Belle's ear and whispered low, "You dunno whar 'tis, does you, chile?"

"Oh, mammy, how can you think so?"

"I don't, honey, nor Mr. Lee nudder. I know he don't."

"He does not know what to think. It isn't the loss of the ring he minds," said Belle, unconsciously betraying herself. "Bertha and Arthur think—the worst."

"Course she does; and she gwine ter make Mr. Lee take de wus view uv it ef she kin." And Belle's tears came in a renewed shower.

The guests could be heard down in the hall taking their departure, except those who were to remain for the night, and, in Belle's absence, Bertha was lightly and gayly receiving their adieux; then the girls went up to the principal guest-

chamber, whither Aunt Milly presently followed them in the office of *femme-de-chambre*. Bertha was sitting on the floor, pulling off her shoes and stockings; Susie May was "doing up" her hair in murderous-looking pins; Eva Carnes had just jumped into bed, and was pretending to shiver beneath half a dozen blankets; Rose Lamar, in a white night-dress and blue dressing-sacque, was holding the back of her hand to her forehead, while she burned her fair face over the hot coals in which she had buried a quantity of chestnuts.

"Wasn't it the funniest thing, girls," said Bertha, giving her slipper a toss that sent it flying across the room, "about the ring? And wasn't it silly the way Belle behaved? As Uncle James was from home, Arthur should have used authority in the matter. It certainly looked very badly for Belle."

"What you mean by dat, Miss Burfur?" asked a sharp voice that proceeded from a wardrobe in which Aunt Milly was hanging up a dress.

"I mean what I say, and what everybody else thinks; and I will have you to understand that my conversation is not intended for your entertainment."

"I knows dat, Miss Burfur. I ain't Mr. Lee, which he kin git mo' uv in en he wants; but I can't hear nobody fling sideways at Miss Bella, eben if you does call me de 'riller 'scaped out o' de Zoo an' dat impidint ole Afficun; which I heerd you say so dis mornin'."

"I am sure I make no secret of my sentiments toward you, you old mummy," said Bertha angrily.

"No, Miss Burfur," retorted Aunt Milly with an air of extremest humility; "I gibs you credit for bein' de out-spokinis young lady I eber seed. Yo' santimans ain't no secret 'bout Mr. Lee, nor me neither; but I thinks I gits off easier en Mr. Lee, 'cos you 'stows mo' uv yo' tenshuns an' santimans on him en you does on me."

"Hold your impudent tongue!" said Bertha as the girls varied their several occupations by a unanimous giggle. "You shall be dismissed to-morrow. Leave the room!"

"Yes'm," said Aunt Milly deferentially, "arter I hangs up dese young ladies' dresses; an' den, perhaps, you will 'low me ter stay long 'nuf ter tell you who stole of dat ring."

All eyes were turned on the old woman, who continued placidly to fold and place in proper position the various articles of apparel scattered around. At length she opened the door and paused on the threshold to make a stiff, old-fashioned courtesy.

"Who stole it, aunty?" called a voice from beneath the blankets.

"I done it myse'f, honey," said the old woman, quietly.—"Good-night, ladies."

"Where is it now, then?" called Bertha, following her half-way down the hall.

"I let it drop in de low' hall, an' it roll down de steps, an' I ain't seed it since."

The next morning, before Belle was up, Bertha sought her room: "Who do you think had the ring, Belle?"

"I have no thought about it," said Belle languidly. "I have no idea who has it."

"Old Milly took it," said Bertha.

"That is not true," returned Belle.

"It is, and Arthur and Mr. Lee are quarrelling now in the library about what shall be done with her. Arthur will have her off to jail before you can dress" (for Belle had sprung out of bed and was hurrying on her clothing). "No; there is plenty of time. Mr. Lee is in the library, I tell you. I would not go in there in that dressing-gown if I were you. It is not genteel," Bertha protested; for Belle looked so exceedingly pretty in it that the indecorum was palpable.

"I don't care if it isn't," said Belle, hurriedly knotting the tassel and leaving the room. Bertha followed more at leisure, and heard Belle say, "Who accuses her, Arthur?"

"She says so herself, and she shall go to jail for it. Disgracing our house,—a gentleman's house! A thief to attend the guests!" The boy was walking excitedly about the room. "And won't give it up, either! Pretends she doesn't know where it is! I'll see whether she gives it up!"

"Mam—my go—to—jail!" repeated Belle slowly, like one in a reverie,—

"mam—my, that waited on mother when she was a girl, and used to bring her notes, and grandpa gave her to mother when she got married and left home! And don't you remember, Arthur, how she used to roll both of us up and down the avenue when you would get tired and want to ride too? And how she used to keep lumps of sugar in her pockets for—"

"She stole that too," said the boy.

"She didn't. I am glad it used to make your tooth ache. I wish it would ache again this very minute."

"That is a pretty way for a grown woman to talk! Make my tooth ache, indeed!" sneered Arthur.

"Mr. Lee," said Belle, turning to him with sudden dignity, "does mammy say she took the ring?"

"I understand so, Miss Belle," he replied with gentleness and courtesy; but what woman need be told the difference between gentleness and courtesy and tenderness?

"Ring for mammy, Arthur.—Mr. Lee, I do not think mammy took it."

"Nor do I, Miss Belle."

"Who *did* take it then, do you think?" inquired Bertha.

"It was brushed from my hand when you pressed against me, Bertha," said Belle decisively. "You said you had not a fair view of Captain Smith, and leaned almost across me. It fell from my fingers then.—And, Mr. Lee, you were standing directly by my side at the time, and mammy was resting the corner of a waiter of ices on one end of the piano. Do you not remember? I do not see how it is possible for mammy to have taken it.—Mammy, you did not take the ring that was lost last night, did you?" as the old woman entered.

"Yes, honey."

"You were ten or twelve feet from me when I had it."

"I mighty nimbly when I gits startit, an' I mighty black. I don't make a streak o' light when I cuts roun' in de dark."

"You did not take that ring, mammy."

"Why should she say so if she did not do it?" asked Arthur.

"Arthur, you are a mean, ungrateful

boy," exclaimed Belle, bursting into tears, "not to *feel* that dear, good old mammy is innocent; and I would not *read* your diploma if you were to get it."

"Your whole career so far proves that you have more sentiment than brains, but in time you will naturally grow older and, we may reasonably hope, more rational; so I trust by the time I get my diploma you will be ready to read it."

"Mammy," said Belle piteously, "why do you say you are a thief?"

"Why should she say it, Belle, unless she is?" inquired Bertha.

"What is *your* interest in the matter, Bertha?" asked Belle, turning suddenly upon her cousin.

"You say I brushed it from your hand: naturally, I wish to know where its travels ended."

"I done tole you," said mammy brusquely.

"And you'll have to go to jail for it," said Arthur hotly.

"What good dat gwine do, Mas' Arthur?" asked the old woman placidly; "I can't git it back no mor'n you kin. What's yuse o' puttin' me in jail?"

"Don't be afraid, old woman," said Mr. Lee, turning to leave the room. "Let the ring go, and go you likewise. I hope never to hear of it again."

"What's dis note, sir? 'Twere hant' to me jes' now," said Aunt Milly.

Mr. Lee took the paper and read aloud:

"The followin' persons are called to appear befo' the Vigilant Cummittity of the Baptist Church of Easton, to answer certain charges and be expelled or otherwise voted on.

"By order Chairman,

"BRO. SMITH.

"TO MILLY BRENT, LUCY HANCOCK, ANNA JONES, etc., etc."

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Milly; "I heern I had to 'pear. Ter-morrer night." She turned to Mr. Lee and made him a low courtesy: "Mr. Lee, you was born a gen'mun, an' you ain't shed your gen'munship, an' I b'leeve you gwine war dat same skin long ez you lives. De ring were yone, but I don't bar you no

ill will on dat 'count. I 'ceps what you has said de same as ef you had a gimme de ring, an' thanky, sir. You couldn' a made it outer me, no how, 'cos I dunno whar 'tis; but Miss Burfur an' Mars' Arthur seems to think it would be a sat'sfackshun ter put me in jail; which you don't think so, an' agin I say thanky, sir."

The day passed heavily. Belle felt oppressively the cloud which rested on her, and all her friends, her gay young guests, even the servants who waited at table, shared her depression.

It was after dinner, and the company had adjourned to the parlor. Some one was singing that weird ditty "The Three Fishers." Arthur was walking moodily up and down the room. Mr. Lee was standing, his elbow on the mantel-piece, his head resting on his hand, talking to Bertha, who was seated on a footstool at his feet, a plate of hickory-nuts on her lap.

"Oh, those dreadful fishers!" she presently exclaimed in an undertone, placing the plate on the rug. "Let's away from the harbor bar. Come to the library and let's play chess."

As she spoke she brushed lightly that portion of her dress which Aunt Milly had described as looking "like tucks turnt upside downwards cross de lap," and as she brushed it there leaped from its folds a brilliant circlet, which both she and Mr. Lee recognized as the missing ring. It bounced and rolled half-way across the room, and Arthur very nearly crushed it as he turned in his moody promenade. Mr. Lee rescued it and disappeared with it into the library, where Belle alternately laughed and cried over it for the brief remainder of the afternoon: "I won't tell Aunt Milly of our discovery. She has been publicly accused: let her be publicly acquitted. Besides, I have asked a young gentleman to attend the trial with me, and I want it to come off."

"What young gentleman?"

"That tall, handsome boy who sat next me at dinner. He is my ex-Sunday-school scholar. I knew Arthur would not go with me."

"Well, that tall, handsome boy who sat next you at dinner has had his share of your society. I shall take you to the meeting, and the tall, handsome boy may go with the pretty little girl I had for my neighbor at table."

The next night, after the regular religious exercises at the Baptist church, the meeting was called to order to decide upon the cases to be brought before it. A stout, "ginger-cake" mulatto, with the hair growing so close to his head that it presented the appearance of a black silk cap, stepped forward in the chancel and summoned Lucy Hancock, Anna Jones, Mose Grimes, etc., etc., to appear and answer "to de ackizations de chuch had 'ginst um."

Lucy Hancock, Anna Jones, and about a dozen other negroes of different ages, sizes, sexes, and apparent conditions, came sheepishly forward, and were catechised as follows: "What worldly 'musement was you engaged in down at Piney Creek dis day two weeks?"

The question was required to be repeated, and at length one of the party faintly responded, "Hunt de squir'l."

"How does you play it?"

"Fo' of us stan's up like postses, an' one of us—"

"One of you says you is a squir'l?" interrupted the questioner angrily.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you *know* you ain't a squir'l?"

"Yes, sir; we don't b'leeve we is railly squir'ls."

"Don't you *know* you ain't? Ain't you stannin' up dar, wid feets an' han's an' eyes dat dey ain't no eyes 'cordin' to yo' size, an' teef dat nobody can't gouge de innards outen a hick'ry-nut wid 'em, and den tell a squar lie an' say 'I'm a squir'l'? which a squir'l is a little creetur wid big pop-eyes an' hooks for teef an' a bushy tail. Is dat de way for Crischuns to talk?"

"We was jes' a-playin'," said one of the women, biting the end of her handkerchief.

"You was jes' a-lyin'!" shouted the mulatto, springing off his feet. "You knowed you warn't no squir'l, an' de res' uv 'em j'ined you in de lie when dey run

arter you and said dey was huntin' uv a squir'l. You is done giv way 'nuf ter Satan when you put on dem fine rib'ns, which dey is nuffin but a clap-trap on de modis' head-gear uv de Bible, but when you say you is a squir'l what is got 'em on, de chuch feels boun' ter hang down her head; an' all dat is for turnin' of you out for playin' dem worldly, lyin' squir'l plays will hole up deir right han's" (every hand in the house was raised), "an' enny one as is for lettin' you all off an' 'sgracin' de chuch will hole up deir lef' han's."

No hand was uplifted, and the "convicks" were formally expelled, except two who professed to see their sin and were retained as "silent members," to remain such for two years,—that is, without any church privilege save that of attendance.

There was an interval of silence, for Milly Brent was next on the docket, and Milly was not a woman to be treated lightly; but the stout mulatto presently gathered up his courage and deferentially invited "Sister Milly" to appear.

Like a jack-in-a-box Aunt Milly sprang up in her pew. "Here's Sister Milly," she exclaimed somewhat informally. "What you want?"

"Sister Milly, you is iccused—"

"I ain't 'cused o' nothin'! I tole it myse'f," planting her knuckles on her hips.

"You kunnfesses, den—"

"I don't 'fess nothin'! didn't nobody ax me. I tole it" ("Crabb"-ed and nice enough in definition to have taken her text from the Synonymes). "I say I stole dat ring, and pres'n'y all you niggers what says I orter be turnt outen de chuch is got ter hole up yer han's; but fus' don't de law say 'at de patryarks of de chuch shill be heered?"

"It do, my sister," solemnly responded a lean, long, ashy-looking negro with the white wool combed straight up from his ears to the crown of his head.

"Well, I is de mos' patryarkis of any of dese chuch members, but for all dat I gwine stan' back an' gib some of you all what is jes' or'nary members a chance to speak for yo'se'f; an' den de chuch kin hole up han's on you all.—Brudder Simmons," to the stout mulatto, "whose wife were dat which you was sayin' to

her las' night at de corner, 'My precious, lubly—'"

"Ef dis 'ere meetin' is ter be 'lowed ter indulge pussunal pertiklers, I baigs ter be excused," interrupted the mulatto, taking up his hat.

"Dat's what de meetin' are fur,—pussunal 'tiklers all of you, not jes' for me. Well, cut out o' here ef you don't want to tell whose wife it were, but *it warn't gone!*—Hole up yo' han's, niggers, all as don't want ter git tole on yo'se'fs. But stop a minit. 'Twould take tell day-break ter partiklify you all's stealin' an' slanderin' and mischief-makin', ter tell how I knowed it, den for you all ter try ter swar out of it, den for me ter prove it. I 'cuse dem fus' as holds deir heads mo' patryarker 'an de res'; an' you all which don't want ter git tole on yo'se'fs kin vote on 'em in a bunch."

"Dat ain't law nor jestice, Sister Milly. One at a time; and fus', heels, take keer o' yo' own body. What 'bout dat ring?"

"I stole it! *dar!*" emphasizing her words with a vicious little courtesy; "an' don't you all try to turn me out by holdin' up yo' black paws, which all of 'em is got oder folkses' things stickin' to 'em.—Dar's you, Brudder Jones: yo' heels ud hab mone dey could do to take keer o' yo' body when you comes home from yo' master's sto' 'bout twelve clock at night ef de perleece knowed what you had 'bout you. An' dar's dat saasy nigger-lady Rose, yo' darter: whar she git dem fine rib'ns she got on now? Her mistis 'll hab 'em on ter-morrer, but she can't 'magine whar her French gray gloves is. Rose can't neither. Oh, no! dey is too tored ter be put back."

Rose, being an aristocratic young colored lady, and supposed to have ribbons of her own, was at this point heard to sob audibly, but not resentfully, and left the building leaning on the arm of a young adorer, who gratefully adopted this means of getting off unwhipped of justice.

"Oh, yes, go on. I'll 'xpel de chuch 'fo' de chuch 'll 'xpel me.—Deacon, what you gwine fur? I ain't gwine tell 'bout de black horg. Dar's a heap o' things maybe I ain't gwine tell on folks in here."

(The parson wriggled in his chair, and wondered if she knew what he had done with the society money she handed him last week.)—"Brudder Smith, what you gwine fur? You is de only man what is got de right to set still an' hole up yo' head."

The old man paused in the aisle, and, hat in hand, replied to Aunt Milly, "I can't set still in de house o' God an' see people what calls 'erselves His'n kyar on like dis. Ef de chuch is got ennything down 'g'in me, I is ready to arnswer it. De gospil is writ plain 'nuf for me, who is nuffin but a nigger, an' it's writ plain 'nuf for you, who is de mizerblist kind o' nigger,—a nigger ooman; an' I'm willin' ter hear you talk 'bout it in de proper place. But when you comes ter 'ply de law, Sister Milly, you is cuttin' yo' petticoats too short."

"Well, go on, Brudder Smith. I ain't got nothin' 'g'in you. I heerd 'bout dat meetin' you all had for bringin' me up, an' dar ain't a nigger in dis house which ain't got a ring in his nose he put in hisse'f by his lyin' or stealin' or some'h'n else; an' I been huntin' roun' all de week for sticks ter put in 'em, an' I got 'em, too; an' I kin giv' enny uv 'em in dis house a twis' dat'll keep 'em off o' me an' gimme de managin' uv 'em, no matter how frackshus dey feels. But you go on. Tell your master I rikommens you. I wisht I was ez good a Crischun as you is a—a—gard'ner."

"I wish you was, Sister Milly. Master wouldn't hab no less wej'tabbles, and de folks round about 'ud hab mo' peace."

"Go on now, I tell you," said Sister Milly with some asperity. "You ain't puffik."

As the door closed on the old man, Sister Milly's eye roved with renewed activity over the diminishing congregation: "Humph! What you gwine fur, Lucey Harris? I ain't gwine tell how light yo' fingers is.—Don't leave, Brudder Stickney. I ain't gwine tell how stole Mis' Miller's ducks yudder night."

"Step out an' holler 'Fire!' so we kin all run," whispered Brother Horne to Deacon Jones. "Dar won't be krarkter

'nuf lef' to hole de chuch togedder tell we kin git up a revivul."

Deacon Jones silently assented, and disappeared by the door behind the pulpit; and presently on the frosty night-air there rang the cry of "Fire!" and into the narrow village street there poured the fragments that remained of the called meeting. Three persons were left,—Aunt Milly, Belle, and Mr. Lee. The latter explained to Aunt Milly the discovery of the ring, and inquired why she had made so false an acknowledgment.

"I knowed folks thought Miss Belle had it, an' I kum mighty near thinkin' so myse'f.—What make you ak so, chile?"

"That is my secret," said Belle, blushing vividly.

"An' I rather bar 'sgrace uv it 'an her. But I raily thought Miss Burfur had it, an' I knowed de devil tuk keer uv his own, an' she wouldn't nuvver git foun' out, an' people would go on thinkin' it were my baby; so I tuk 'sgrace uv it, ennyhow. 'Sides, Miss Burfur got so much cuxosty I knowed 'twould mos' kill her not to know what make me say I stole it, when I didn't; but she ain't so easy kilt."

"Well, darling, tell me," said Mr. Lee as he and Belle retraced their steps homeward,—“tell me what made you 'ak so,' as Aunt Milly, or Sister Milly, or mammy, or— By the way, what relation will she be to me when we are married?"

"If you are going to marry her, I suppose she will be your wife," said Belle demurely.

"Without waiting to discuss that, then, why were you apparently so alarmed at the idea of being searched?"

"Because I really had stolen something from Bertha, and had it about me at the time."

"You—you—really— What was it?"

She ran up the portico-steps, turned to wait for him till his head was on a level with her lips, then, resting her hands lightly on his shoulders, whispered in his ear, "Your picture," and disappeared through the front door.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

MADAME DE STAËL.*

THE eighteenth century is the spoilt child of history. With its pert self-assurance, its indiscreet revelations, and its revolutionary racket, it has drowned the voices of its elders and betters and absorbed the attention of posterity. Nor can we deny the power or resist the charm of its brilliant and engaging qualities. Even stern moralists and grave historians, while frowning on its levity and heedlessness or appalled by its irreverence and destructiveness, have yielded to the spell of its sparkling wit, its keen curiosity and quick intelligence, its sympathetic fervor, and, above all, its adorable frankness. It was the period when modern society became for the first time self-conscious, began to study its own nature, to explore its own origin, and to be dimly prescient of its own destiny. Hence its ceaseless prattle about itself, its delight in depicting its own character, narrating its wild adventures, and unveiling all its follies and basenesses. It does not have recourse to the disguises of fiction, but exhibits itself fully and openly, ungirdled and undraped, in innumerable biographies and autobiographies, using the plainest diction, volunteering disclosures which the hardest interviewer would have despaired of extorting, pouring forth confessions which the most remorseful of penitents might have hesitated to breathe into the ear of a priest. If ever it puts on an air of shyness or reserve, screening its face with wide-spread fingers, its arch glances

peering between them pique us to renewed interest and invite a closer inspection.

There is one moment in particular of which the attractiveness is irresistible,—a moment of virginal candor and sweetness, of naive effusiveness and expectation, of sudden development and bloom. I speak of the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the French Revolution, and following a long period of apparent inanition and decay. It seemed then as if a stream of fresh life had been poured into the veins of that race which has so often, after falling into the throes or the torpor of death, displayed a marvellous power of regeneration. A new Renaissance, not of art or external adornment, but of manners and morals, of the internal life, was proclaimed. Not Athens and Rome, but Sparta and Geneva, were the models to which Paris now sought to conform herself; not beauty, luxury, and magnificence, but simplicity and frugality, equality and fraternity, were the themes of all discourse and the objects of general aspiration. All men's hearts were kindled with a common glow. Discord had given place to unity, scepticism to belief, lassitude and despair to confidence and enthusiasm. Nothing less was dreamt of than a complete transformation of society. The past was looked upon as a long night of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny; the near future was awaited as a dawn that was to illuminate and gladden the whole world.

What moment could have been more auspicious for the entrance upon life of one whose ardent temperament, vivacious intellect, and yearning social instincts gave a ready response to every lofty thought, every noble sentiment, every appeal to the common nature and fraternal ties of humanity? Gifted with an apprehension as swift and sure as the flight of birds and with an eloquence as spontaneous and exuberant as their song, drawing in the inspiration of the age at its fountain-head and breathing it forth in every act and word, the daughter of

* The character and genius of Madame de Staël have been rightly appreciated in some of the finest and most elaborate criticisms in the French language. For Sainte-Beuve, especially, the subject had the strongest fascination. When the Duchesse de Broglie once said to him poutingly, "I do not understand, sir, why you write so much about my mother," he replied, "Madame, it is because I love your mother." Yet even Sainte-Beuve, while he has left no trait unnoticed, does not seem to me to have brought out fully, under a single and sufficient light, this unique physiognomy. To do this is the aim of the present paper, which, however, having been written as a lecture, must necessarily suffer from the adoption of a style and a mode of treatment little suited to its publication in another form.

Necker was the very embodiment of the new-born spirit of freedom, energy, and progress. Her genius and character, her birth, education, and position, all marked her out for a career different from that of other women. It was her father—that Genevese banker who may almost be said to have invented financial morality—on whom the eyes of all France were fixed as the man who was to inaugurate the new era, to remodel the disorganized fabric of the government, to direct and control the destinies of the nation at the most critical moment of its career. Her mother, whose own intellect had been cultivated to a degree that fitted her for the companionship of philosophers and savants, watched solicitously over her education, while happily failing to subdue her animal spirits, to tinge her with pedantry, or to mould her on conventional types. From the writings of Rousseau, which were the chief stimulant of the age, inspiring its hopes, its efforts, and its dreams, she imbibed an early passion for truth, nature, and sincerity, and a sympathy with her kind which strengthened with her years and penetrated every fibre of her being; while her ardent study of Montesquieu fortified her intellect against illusive conceptions of a perfectly-organized social state. In those gatherings of the choicest intellects of France to which she was admitted almost from childhood she was familiarized with the aims and the tendencies that were agitating society and were about to upheave it from its old foundations. Seated on a low stool beside her mother, or standing behind the chair from which her father gave forth his brief but authoritative opinions, she listened with entranced ears and replied with the most voluble eyes that have ever lent the power of speech to the human countenance. Their soft but flashing radiance emanated from a mind that was both richly endowed and happily attempered,—vehement, impetuous, imaginative, but open, candid, and singularly lucid; capable of grasping the boldest reasonings, yet all aglow with tender sensibilities and generous impulses; receptive of impressions and emotions from whatever source, while always self-sus-

tained and wielding a magical influence over others. The continual interchange of thought, the play of intellect and passion, the reciprocal action of mind on mind, of character on character,—this was her conception of life, this the element in which alone her soul was able to breathe and her faculties to act.

With what ardor did she enter that arena in which the grandest, strangest, most imposing spectacle of modern times was about to begin! Passionately devoted to liberty, but free from chimerical illusions, she became the centre of a group which sought to reconcile opposing ideas and to uphold the sinking Monarchy on the basis of a free constitution. The Narbonne ministry, which made the one sincere effort for this object, was virtually of her creation; it was formed in her salon, her counsel was its guide, her eloquence its inspiration. Nor when all hopes of moderating the storm had to be abandoned did she relax her efforts to mitigate its effects,—giving shelter to many of the victims, pleading for them wherever she could find an ear not deaf to the voice of eloquence and humanity, and assisting their escape by means of disguises and fictitious passports. Foreseeing the fate of the royal family,—who had always treated her with coldness and aversion,—she prepared a plan for their flight, which, in the opinion of their most trusty and sagacious servants, would have succeeded if their own prejudices and foolish illusions had not led to its rejection. It was not till the memorable days of September, 1792, when Paris was in full eruption, that Madame de Staël, after confronting the perils and horrors of the time, quitted the sulphurous atmosphere of her native city. Unlike the great mass of the emigrants, she was not a proscribed exile, and, as she had been the last to leave Paris, so she was the first to return. Under the Directory her house was the headquarters of those who sought to establish the Republic on the basis of liberty and order. At both periods what she struggled to secure was the principles proclaimed by the Revolution,—that revolution which a wit has said she loved as a younger sister, the

second daughter of Necker, which in truth she loved as the offspring of justice and right, and which never lost its hold on her devotion and her faith.

But now the scene was suddenly transformed, and a portentous figure stepped upon the stage. Bonaparte and Madame de Staël knew each other well, and their antagonism sprang from a clear perception of their opposite characters and aims. *He* saw in *her* the representative of what he was the first to call "eighteenth-century sentimentalism." She was the first to see in him an incarnation of lawless egotism and ambition, the apostle of materialism and base cupidity, the "enemy of ideas,"—of what she was wont to designate "the life of the soul." The struggle that ensued was one that attracted the attention of Europe in the midst of profounder and more violent excitements. On his side it was a series of petty persecutions conducted with the same clearness of purpose and relentless vigor which characterized all his operations,—banishment from Paris to a distance of two leagues, of forty leagues, beyond the proper confines of France; seizure and suppression of her writings; libellous attacks upon her in the official press; sequestration of two millions of francs which her father had lent to the nation; surveillance of her household and abstraction of her letters; the doom of exile pronounced on the friends who went to visit her,—every effort, in short, to isolate—in his own language, to *annul*—her; in *her* language, to "imprison her soul." On her side there was an obstinate defence, not without some wiles of strategy,—protests and appeals; moth-like hoverings around the forbidden flame and secret darts within it; long journeys in Italy and Germany in the hope that she might be forgotten, and sudden returns with the laurels of a wider fame that made her more dangerous and obnoxious. Many of the conqueror's adherents, including members of his family, were unable to comprehend his rancor against a woman whose genius would add to the lustre of his reign, and whose presence would heighten the attractions of his capital. But Napoleon

was too clear-sighted to give heed to such representations. "Madame de Staël," was his reply, "cannot live in Paris. *I* live in Paris, and I will have nobody there who does not like me. She would make opinion unfavorable to me; she would win over the old republicans; she would set people's minds in a ferment. Vienna or Rome if she pleases, but not Paris." Yet the situation was embarrassing. That this woman, who held the ear of Europe and ruled in the world of intellect, who fascinated her auditors and was surrounded wherever she went by admiring throngs, should write books in which there was not the slightest allusion to those exploits that were filling mankind with astonishment, was intolerable. What did it mean? Men of all classes and parties, haughty legitimists and stern Jacobins, had accepted places, pensions, and decorations and joined in the chorus of applause. Overtures were made. "What does she want?" asked Napoleon.—"The question," she replied, "is not what I *want*, but what I *think*;" and, as the court of Napoleon had no room for thinkers, she set up a court of her own.

Her life at the château of Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, seemed to all casual observers the most charming and brilliant existence imaginable. The house was continually filled with guests forming an assemblage of intellect and distinction such as the Paris of Napoleon had nothing to match. Wilhelm Schlegel, the eminent critic, and Benjamin Constant, the orator and pamphleteer, and next to Madame de Staël herself the most famous talker of the time, were members of the family. Sismondi, the historian and political economist, came daily from Geneva; Bonstetten, the last of the wits and scoffers of the eighteenth century, made flying visits from Berne; and Chateaubriand, the rising light in literature, stopped on his way to Switzerland and Italy. Mathieu de Montmorency and other members of the *haute noblesse*; Madame Récamier, drawing after her Prince Augustus of Prussia; the German poets Werner and Chamisso; the Danish poet Oehlenschläger; the Swiss historian Müller; Dumont, the adviser of Mira-

beau and of Bentham; and, at a later period, Byron, Mackintosh, Brougham,—a host of persons distinguished in literature, science, or society,—made pilgrimages to that shrine where a fire that gave light and warmth to every intellect and heart was perpetually burning. The intimates of that circle tell us that those who eulogized the conversation of Madame de Staël without having heard her at Coppet, in the society of Constant, had no true conception of its power. "It was he," writes Sismondi, "who, with a talent like her own, knew how to put in play all the springs of her intellect, to stir all the depths of her soul, to give that impulse to her eloquence which made it rise to its highest pitch and shine with its fullest splendor." Another close observer describes the effect as that of a unique instrument tuned to perfection, the chords swept by an unconscious player, the subject rather than the mistress of her inspiration. When she entered a full room and the eyes of all were instantly turned on her, she suffered a momentary timidity and needed a strong effort to collect herself. But, as soon as the ball was set in motion, self-oblivion came to the rescue and the magic power had full control. Then her face, not regular in outline or ordinarily accounted handsome, was spiritualized into beauty by a mobility that expressed every emotion, and, above all, by the brilliancy of her large black eyes, which now sparkled, now glowed, now swam with a lucent moisture; her figure, so large and massively built as to suggest masculine strength and robustness, was yet graceful in its motions and poses; her dress displayed her finely-shaped arms and her full respirations. "With all the wit and intellect," writes the German poet Arndt, "that sparkled in her eyes and bubbled from her lips, what predominated was an enchanting expression of goodness and sense."

A notion exists that Madame de Staël was a declaimer, that she indulged in monologue, that she talked for display. But this is not, I think, asserted by any who knew her personally, and it is expressly denied by those who knew her

best. It is inconsistent with her intense earnestness, her transparent sincerity, and her absorbed interest in the subjects she most often discussed. Her object was not to dazzle, but to convince and to influence. Hence, she never indulged in paradox, and seldom, except in a small company, in playful railery; while persiflage was not only revolting to her, but had the power to disconcert and silence her,—a distinction which it shared with stupidity. As to trivial gossip, she was apt to interrupt it with remarks that acted like a bomb-shell. There were times, though they were rare, when her vehemence brooked no contradiction, and others, more frequent, when it hurried her into exaggeration. But in general her utterances were marked by the greatest candor and simplicity, and were, like her nature, intensely sympathetic, appealing to the knowledge, the intelligence, the feelings, of her listeners, inciting them to reply, arousing all their powers. "Qu'en pensez-vous?"—"What do you think?"—was the challenge delivered with a beaming smile after some transcendent burst. The witty Lord Dudley, who was much given to abstractedness in company, called her "a very bad neighbor: you had no chance to slumber; she would have detected you instantly." Goethe, too, complains of her insisting always on a reply, "demanding that one should pipe one's little song on the instant," as well as of her bewildering rapidity of utterance and the swift succession of thoughts and images which she evoked; while he acknowledges what gave its fibre to her eloquence,—the force and sagacity with which she discussed characters and events. The swift penetration which enabled her to adapt her conversation to the minds of others was not less remarkable. "She knows every bird by his beak," writes Arndt, "and in what tone to sing to him." Yet it was above all her perfect frankness and sincerity—"compelling you," says one who was in constant intercourse with her, "to be equally open"—that made her conversation so stimulating. "She is all of a piece," exclaims Schiller; "there is no false or foreign element in

the mixture: one is, therefore, in spite of all differences, completely at ease with her; one can listen to everything from her and say everything to her." Byron, who, though an enthusiastic admirer of her books, was inclined to disparage her conversation, admits, nevertheless, the animation it diffused on all around her. Bonstetten writes from Coppet, "I don't know what is to become of us when she is gone: we shall all be dumb or idiots." And Sismondi, writing when she *was* gone, and the world in consequence seemed to him blank and void, says, "It is when one no longer hears her that one appreciates the movement she gave to ideas, and perceives how she modified one's opinions even when most opposed to her own; how she made one think more deeply and feel more vividly; how, with her and through her, life became more vital."

No wonder that Coppet seemed to most people a spot where full content might reign. Byron said that she made it "as agreeable as society and talent could make any place on earth,"—his own preference being, of course, for absolute solitude. Chateaubriand, who made a point of being miserable wherever he went, declared nevertheless that here he could be happy. Oehlenschläger called it "a castle in fairy-land," and Werner wrote that "Madame de Staël was a queen who ruled by magic." But to the queen herself this enchanted palace was a jail, and while every one else was drawn toward it there was not a day in which she was not planning her escape from it. She who had never sought shelter from the strife and tumult of the world, who had so eagerly plunged into the current and shared in its commotion, now found herself swept aside into the circles of an eddy. But the whole Continent was then a jail and Napoleon its keeper. With England there was no communication. America alone seemed to offer an asylum, and she applied for permission to cross the Atlantic, on pretext of wishing to examine some lands in New York and Pennsylvania in which she had invested considerable sums. She was told that her request would be granted when a certain frigate was ready to sail. Her preparations were made; her inten-

tions were published; an American newspaper announced her coming, and added the interesting intelligence that she was very rich. But months passed, years passed, and still the frigate was not ready to sail. All illusions were dispelled by an intimation that she would do well to limit her excursions to a radius of two leagues, while warnings came from a friendly source to remember Mary Stuart and Fotheringay Castle. Then she formed a project which she confided to no one but her children and M. de Rocca, a young invalid officer, to whom, about this time, she was secretly married, the Baron de Staël, whose existence I have hitherto forgotten to mention, being long since defunct. It was the summer of 1812. Napoleon was about to make war upon Russia, which would therefore offer an asylum for his victims. Accompanied by Rocca, her daughter and eldest son, she fled to Vienna and thence to Moscow, travelling on parallel lines with Napoleon, and reaching the point of destination a month before him. Proceeding to St. Petersburg, where she had long interviews with the emperor and his ministers, and thence to Stockholm, she arrived in the spring of 1813 in London, and here fixed her residence while awaiting the now impending fall of her persecutor.

Yet her anticipations were not of a joyful nature. The prospect of foreign armies occupying the soil of France filled her with anxiety and dread. Her conflict of feeling was concisely expressed in her answer to a member of the ministry, who asked what she hoped for as the issue of an impending battle: "That Bonaparte may be victorious—and killed." But he lived and was defeated; he went off into his exile, and Madame de Staël returned from hers.

She returned with greater *éclat* than had ever before attended her. Her salon was thronged with people of the highest distinction, including the foreign princes, statesmen, and generals then swarming in Paris. She exerted all her powers to induce them to shorten their stay and that of their armies. But hardly were they gone when the form of Napoleon again loomed on the horizon. Now, however, he came in a new character. He had

discovered his mistake: it was liberalism that had overthrown him, and henceforth he would be a liberal himself. He sent a message to Madame de Staël, who had retired to Coppet, inviting her to come and assist him in framing a constitution. Her answer was, "He has done without a constitution and without me for a dozen years, and he loves one of us as little as he does the other." Constant and Sismondi, who received and accepted a similar invitation, strove to change her views. Stormy discussions took place, but her fixed reply was, "*You* see liberty where liberty is impossible." To those, on the other hand, who proposed to join the armies that were assembling to overthrow him, her words were equally clear and imperative. "Never," she exclaimed, "draw your swords against France!"

Again Napoleon went, but now Madame de Staël was in no haste to return to Paris. It was no longer the Paris she had known and loved so well. Napoleon had triumphed, after all; the reign of ideas was past; nothing was thought of or talked of but money and material success. Moreover, his return from Elba had proved to be a Parthian shot at liberty. It furnished a pretext not only for a long foreign occupation of the capital, but for violating the principles and promises which the Bourbons had proclaimed on their first return. Several of the members and main supporters of the government were among Madame de Staël's dearest and most intimate friends. She would not provoke them by useless contention, but she prepared an appeal for the period when the tide of reaction should have spent its force. She wrote her last work, recounting the events of the Revolution and defending its principles. If a new exile should follow its publication, she was ready to accept it. But another summons now came to her. The vitality that had seemed to feed the lives of others from its superabundance yielded to the recoil of its own energies; and after a second journey to Italy and a last season in Paris, she died there, at the age of fifty-one, on the 14th of July, 1817, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and celebrated during the first re-

public, as now again under the third, as the birthday of Liberty.

The career of which these are the outlines was not, it will be admitted, that of a literary woman. Nor is this the aspect in which to consider Madame de Staël. When Schlegel once reproached her with always wishing to discuss politics rather than literature, morals, or religion, her reply was, "Politics comprises all these." She would assuredly, therefore, not have resented being called a politician; and her right to be so called has never been disputed by her countrymen. Villemain pronounces her political writings those in which her genius predominates, and through which her influence has been strongest. Guizot—the liberty-loving Guizot of 1818—found in them "the true moral atmosphere of politics, outside of which there is no vital air." It is in them that the earnestness and sincerity of her nature, as well as the strength and vigor of her intellect, are most apparent. They differ from her romances as a glowing fire of coals differs from the blaze of brushwood. The style has the single charm of absolute simplicity and directness; the tone is often impassioned, but never excited; the reasoning is lucid, connected, bristling with pregnant maxims and illumined with bursts of feeling, like a chain of forts where every gap is covered by an outwork and frequent flashes from the parapet tell that the garrison is on the alert.

Her political creed was a very simple one. It may be defined as a love of liberty, faith in liberty, as a thing not of right alone, but of necessity, which may be perverted or abused, but without which there can be no true life or development. Such was her position from first to last, practically as well as theoretically, and in this respect she was unique. Of those who hailed the Revolution with an ardor like her own, and who like her lived and were conspicuous through all its phases, who was there besides that neither profaned liberty by excesses, nor abandoned it through weakness, nor betrayed or deserted it from self-interest? Multitudes, lured by false lights or maddened by

panic and distrust, flung themselves into the abyss of the Terror. Madame de Staël stood on its verge and gazed into its depths without growing dizzy. Multitudes, again, wild with alarm at the ruin that had befallen, would have treated society as an escaped lunatic, carried it back to its cell, and riveted the old fetters anew. Madame de Staël was as firm against reaction as she had been against anarchy. "If Catholicism survived the Saint Bartholomew," she writes, "shall not liberty outlive the crimes of that crisis? Must it, like Lucretia, stab itself because it has been violated? . . . Because we lament the fate of Louis the Sixteenth, are we to offer absolute power as a consolation to his descendants? The nation *always* lives,—it *cannot* die,—and it must never be deprived of the institutions that of right belong to it." Finally, all parties, the whole nation, weary of a long struggle, dazzled by the exploits or deluded by the professions of Bonaparte, joined in the pursuit of a phantom glory, and made themselves the instruments of his ambition. Of the men who up to that time had been the staunchest political associates of Madame de Staël, I find but a single name that does not appear in the list of officials under the empire. She never reproached them: they were men of high character; they might have pleaded their duty to the nation as an excuse, as well as the fact that many of them formed a party in the Senate that offered at least a passive resistance to arbitrary measures. Yet who will deny that her spirit was the loftier one, that the course she urged and adopted was the better one? "Resist," she cried,—"*résistez toujours!*" When things are going wrong the courage of an honest man is also a circumstance, the results of which no one can foresee."

The idealism of her political views and sentiments gained a practical force, not by descending to low expedients, but by showing their uselessness. "Appeal," she says again and again, "to the better part of men's nature, not, as Bonaparte does, to their selfish instincts,—to the poetry in them, rather than the prose. All the depths of Machiavelian policy are but

wretched child's-play, compared to the strength, at once natural and supernatural, of complete sincerity." In the same spirit she continually preached against the retaliations practised by all parties in turn, as not only wicked but senseless, giving fresh life to the cause they were intended to crush. When it was pleaded in excuse for certain cruelties that the victims were only Bonapartists, she flamed with indignation. "Treat a minority, treat one man," she said, "with injustice, and you are disorganizing society."

The principles maintained by Madame de Staël, and clearly, boldly, and persistently by her alone, are those on which the French Republic of to-day is establishing itself. Nor is this a mere coincidence. Her posthumous work on the Revolution had an immense influence on the generation of ardent intellects that was then just entering the arena, and became the text-book of that party—the "Young Liberals," as they were called—which played the chief part in the Revolution of 1830, and from which the Left Centre of our day is lineally descended. The manifestoes put forth by the republican leaders in the great crisis of 1877 were full of repetitions and applications of the doctrines proclaimed in that book. The points on which she insists are those that were the most vital with them,—freedom of discussion, freedom of election, absolute neutrality on the part of the government, absolute submission to the will of the nation. "Those," she writes, "who are always telling us that liberty cannot endure in France are never willing that the experiment shall be sincerely tried."—"No constitution can stand if the working of it be intrusted to those who are secretly endeavoring to undermine it."—"Let the French nation elect the men it shall think worthy of its confidence; let not representatives be imposed upon it, least of all those who are the enemies of every representative government; then, and then only, will the political problem be solved in France."

Many things in the book from which I quote are obsolete or useful only as history. But there are others that seem as if they must have been written yester-

day: they come to us as from an Alpine peak whose height annihilates the sense of distance. She warns her countrymen that the Bonapartists and the Legitimists, then apparently separated by an impassable gulf, were in truth natural allies: "Their hatred is only a dispute about interests; . . . tyranny is an upstart and despotism a grandee, but both are equally inimical to human reason." Is it of the first Napoleon or of the third, was it after Waterloo or after Sedan, that she wrote, "There is about this man something enigmatical that prolongs curiosity. Those who are willing to admire every extraordinary man have a right to think him such. The devoted attachment of some few personal friends is what speaks most in his favor. But he never could, and never can, bring anything but desolation to France. God preserve us, then, from him, and forever!" In language which Thiers might have used, and which MacMahon had occasion to verify, she points out the absurdity of intriguing against a whole nation. "To cherish the notion," she writes, "of introducing by stealth institutions against which public opinion is on the watch implies a total ignorance of what the public has become in our day." In language as bold as any that Gambetta has used she denounces the interference of the Church with politics and education as baneful alike to progress and religion: "That which the clergy of France seeks, that which it has always sought, is power. Public education is a duty of the government to the people on which it cannot levy the tax of this or that religious opinion." Above all, she sees, she knows, that the nation will one day be free, and worthily free: "The diffusion of knowledge and the nature of things will bring liberty to France. The nation will never spontaneously show itself factious or turbulent. Even the Vendéens, those enemies of free institutions, will rally under liberty when liberty shall be offered them in its true features." What alone, what happily, her prophetic spirit did not foresee was that the last conspiracy against the liberty of France, the last union of those two despotisms against

which she was battling and which she identified, would be headed by her grandson, the present Duc de Broglie.

A politician,—yes, but every inch a woman, all her ideas, all her acts, suffused with the qualities of her sex. There are types of womanhood entitled to our fondest regard, our warmest admiration, which she does not at all resemble. The modest violet, the stately lily, the clinging vine, are no emblems for her. Not hers, either, the pure saintliness with soaring eyes that cast no downward glance even in their benedictions. Nor, in spite of her rank and her position in society, does she belong to that class of women who, living like her in constant publicity, reigning over salons, enveloped with a splendid haze, a perfumed atmosphere, have been esteemed the choicest products of civilization. She has neither their ineffable charm nor their infinite tact, neither their pettiness nor their love of intrigue: beside them she is more Genevese than Parisian, more *bourgeoise* than *grande dame*. But this expansive, yearning nature, impatient of barriers, pouring itself into the broad tide of human interests, and claiming community with the whole race, cannot be described by characteristics peculiar to any social condition with narrow aspirations and affinities. She is feminine,—absolutely and pre-eminently feminine,—not by limitations on one side and an abnormal development on another, but by the predominance in her of the *type*, the force of *primitive* womanhood, the passionate strength of the first mother. If she excels in argument, if she is greatest in the debates of politics, if she is superior to men in a field which men have commonly reserved for themselves, it is through her singleness of purpose, the sureness of her intuitions, the ardor of her generosity; it is as the lioness defending her young is stronger than the lion. In her the fountains of thought and feeling spring from a common source and pour forth a flood that has the resistlessness of truth and the inundating energy of love.

Of love, I say; but when one speaks of love it is necessary to distinguish. Of

one kind of love—that which is apt to appropriate the name as exclusively its own—I doubt if Madame de Staël had any profound experience. Of her two marriages, the first was one of convenience, the second one of compassion. When the Baron de Staël took to squandering her fortune she had no scruples in obtaining a separation, though when he fell ill she went to nurse him, and she was taking him to Coppet when he died. Rocca, a man of intelligence and heart, twenty years her junior, in person a glorious wreck, with a magnificent head, a shattered breast, and a wooden leg, was devotedly attached to her, and she treated him to her latest breath with the exquisite tenderness with which she would have watched over a suffering child. In her youth she had her affairs of the heart,—possibly they were more than that,—in her maturity her *grande passion*, which was full of the stormy agitations of romance. But it seems to have had also something of the unreality of romance, for she herself owned afterward that she had been conscious all the while of two beings in her, “one of whom was laughing at the other.” If, at the very crisis of the romance, Paris had opened its gates and cried “Come!” while the lover whispered “Stay!” can there be any doubt which of the “two beings” in her would have given the prompt reply?

But with love in a wider sense few hearts have ever overflowed like hers. Human beings, it was justly said, had more value in her eyes than in those of other people. Hence her intense sympathy, her boundless compassion, her solicitude not merely to succor and cherish, but to improve and exalt. To the lowest in the social scale she showed “an evangelical pity,” seeking to raise them in their own esteem; to the highest she addressed words of affectionate warning, imploring them to move with the world and not throw themselves against the wheels of progress, which would inevitably crush them. Her assailants, her enemies,—with one exception,—had the hostility all to themselves. Nothing bitter, nothing virulent, ever flowed from her lips or from her pen. While Madame de Gen-

lis was publishing scurrilous attacks upon her, for which Bonaparte paid, she published discriminating praises of Madame de Genlis, and remarked with a smile that their letters had crossed. Talleyrand wrote to her from America, in 1795, that if his exile lasted another year he should die. She obtained not only his recall, but his appointment to the post of foreign minister, to which he clung under successive governments. In her exile he dropped all communication with her. Her only allusion to the fact is a remark that “he is a man of great talents, who needed some assistance from his friends to get into power, but can very well dispense with it in keeping himself there.” This is the severest phrase I find her applying to any individual except Napoleon. And even in her invectives against Napoleon there is no drop of vitriol; they affect us rather as the falling of hot tears: “It is impossible that *he* should comprehend the anguish of being exiled from France. *He* was not born on the banks of the Seine; the air of that beautiful land was not his natal air. His earliest recollections are of the rocks of Corsica; his country is any land that he conquers; his fellow-citizens are those whom he enslaves.”

But, wonderful as her magnanimity has been deemed, there is something still more astonishing in the insistency and persistency of her friendship. She was continually seeking new friends, yet never wearied of the old ones, never forgot them, or, if she could help it, suffered them to forget her. “I cannot expect to be loved as I love,” she said, “but show me a little interest.” And there were few who did not respond to that appeal. Sooner or later the barriers of prejudice or insensibility were sure to be swept away. There are some curious letters of Constant giving an account of his first interviews with her. They are addressed to a lady of whom he was at that time the humble adorer, and who had warned him against Madame de Staël as “a talking-machine.” With admirable naïveté he tells his correspondent that she is utterly mistaken; that Madame de Staël is not more eager to talk than to listen; that she enjoys

the talents of others as much as her own; that she shows the liveliest interest in all whom she knows, and especially in all who are unfortunate; that she is as just as she is brilliant, full of generosity, simplicity, and *abandon*; that those who live with her can need no other happiness; that she is a being such as is seen only once in a century. Byron, who repelled, or affected to repel, her advances in London, when he got to Coppet had to own himself vanquished. "I love her now," he writes, "as much as I have always loved and admired her books." The sober and pensive Sismondi, who alone complains of her occasional sparkles of arrogance or caprice, tells us that he had had experience of the feelings which women are capable of inspiring, but that his friendship with Madame de Staël was so far above such attachments that no comparison was possible.

Madame de Staël passed her life under a blaze of light. The *éclat* of her genius, her social and political influence, her long residence in many capitals, her contest with Napoleon, made her, next to him, more widely known than any other person of that time. There is no biography of her, but the fragments of her biography lie scattered through those of all her contemporaries. Some mention of her, some trait, some anecdote, some description, may be found in innumerable French memoirs, from Marmontel to Guizot; in a long list of English diarists, from Fanny Burney to Crabb Robinson; in the writings of many Germans, from Goethe to Humboldt, and of Americans, from Gouverneur Morris to George Ticknor. And it is curious to observe how these fragments fit and present a complete image. Not that the notices of her are always eulogistic, but, putting aside some still-born and long-forgotten libels, the details always harmonize. It is unnecessary to refute the absurd calumnies of the chained eagle of St. Helena whetting on honest people's reputations that beak which had held the world in its clutch. According to these it was she, not he, who had been the persecutor. She had

persecuted him with her flatteries and adorations, wanting to supplant Josephine, to be made lady of the bedchamber to Marie Louise, to become the confidante of his plans and the partner of his glory. In a saner moment he spoke of her as a hostile power with whom he would have done well to seek a truce. "She is," he said, "a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents; she held absolute sway over the salons; she will go down to posterity. If, instead of reviling me, she had spoken in my praise, it might have been of advantage to me. Notwithstanding all she has said and will continue to say against me, I am far from saying or thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is that she and I waged a little war against each other,—that is all." A mere matter of business, in short,—like all his wars. The most common censure is directed against her vanity. A young English lady who had a glimpse of her in a London drawing-room calls it "audacious." This seems to me a good epithet. It was audacious, frank, healthy. As to morbid, sensitive, jealous vanity, it was as foreign to her nature as the jaundice would have been to her complexion. Criticism gave her no annoyance, as the critics themselves tell us. Crabb Robinson, who seems to have tested her good nature pretty frequently, succeeded in ruffling it once. "Madame," said this young Englishman to her, "you do not understand Goethe, and you will never understand him."* "Her eye flashed," he writes; "she stretched out her fine arm, of which she was justly vain, and said in an emphatic tone, 'Sir, I understand all that deserves to be understood; what I don't understand is nothing.' This was at table. After dinner she gave me her hand very kindly. 'I was angry for a moment,' she said, 'but it is all over now.'" And he adds, "I believe I owe the favor I experienced from her to my perfect frankness, and even freedom."

* Niebuhr puts the matter correctly and lucidly: "She portrays him [Goethe] with the most delicate accuracy, which does wonderful honor to her sagacity. It is evident that she has *guessed* him, for all her translations show that she does not half understand the words of his poems."

I should like to give the full inventory of her faults, but it is so difficult to get at the items! I console myself with reflecting that one who was so incessantly active must often have acted wrongly, that one who talked so continuously must often have talked foolishly. But one may, I think, go through all that is recorded of her without meeting with an intimation that she ever did an ungenerous act or uttered an ungenerous thought; ever left a benefit unrequited or sought to retaliate an injury; ever turned a deaf ear to the voice of suffering or spared any effort to relieve it. No breaches were ever widened, no offences retorted, no hearts saddened, through any act or word of hers. Her eloquence, her wonderful ascendancy over men, her extensive social relations, were means which she constantly employed for healing dissensions, binding up wounds, relieving distress. "How often," says Villemain, writing of her last residence in Paris,—"how often by that conciliatory ardor which united her to the best representatives of all parties, and by that legitimate right of intellect which gave her scarcely less power over M. de Montmorency or M. de Blacas than over M. de Lafayette or Baron Louis, have I seen her in one evening obtain places in the king's household for men of merit who were as independent in spirit as they were unfortunate, restore to their employments some imperial agents devoted, but with honor, to the power which she had resisted, and do good service to literary men who, during her exile, had denied her talent!" Above all, when life or liberty was at stake, she risked no delays, admitted no obstacles, left no resource untried. During the Reign of Terror, hearing while at Coppet that a poor hunted refugee who had sought a hiding-place in a Swiss village in the Jura had been claimed by his pursuers, she hastened to the magistrate, overpowered his scruples, and compelled him to certify that this Frenchman was a Swiss subject and could not therefore be given up. We get a glimpse of her method in such cases from two letters written in 1796 to Gouverneur Morris, then in Vienna, imploring him to obtain the liberation of Lafayette from the fort-

ress of Olmütz. She addresses Morris as if the matter lay in his hands: "Open the prison-door of M. de Lafayette. Pay the debt of your country. What greater service can any one render to one's native land than to discharge its obligations of gratitude? Is there any severer calamity than that which has befallen him? Does any more glaring injustice attract the attention of Europe? I have not the presumption to think that my solicitations can influence you, but you cannot prevent me from feeling as grateful to you as if you had granted to myself alone that which humanity, your own glory, and both worlds expect of you." Morris answers, stating difficulties: the attempts already made had been impolitic; people do not like to be told they are acting unjustly, and so forth. But she instantly returns to the charge: "The place where you are gives me hopes. It is *impossible* you should be there without succeeding. Such glory is reserved for you, and there is none more delightful for you or for any man." She admits that the friends of Lafayette may not have struck the right key, but were they to wait for his enemies to plead for him? She speaks of the sad condition of his wife and children, and tells Morris to talk to the emperor, who is said to be personally just and humane, about *his* wife and children. She reminds him how his powers of argument had been exercised at a former time not without effect on herself: "It seems to me that were you to speak *for a single hour* to those on whom his fate depends, all would be well." Nor are we left to conjecture how she herself would have used that hour. After an *émeute* in Paris provoked by the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, being told that the son of a friend was about to be handed over to a military tribunal, she flew to General Lemoine, the commander of the troops. Watching alternately his face and the clock on the mantel-piece, she poured forth a flood of entreaty, now in one tone, now in another. Twice he gave way and took his pen to countermand the order, but twice he started up, declaring that his duty would not allow it and refusing to listen further. His wife

entered to speak of their child, who was ill. "Your child, madame!" said the suppliant, her eyes overflowing with a new pity; "you have a child who is ill,—in danger?" Then, turning to the general with the look and tone of a sibyl, she exclaimed, "General, if you do not save this young man, your child will die—will die!" And the victory was hers. In fact, she saved so many lives at that crisis that the wits accused her of having brought it about. She had upset the boat, they said, that she might have the pleasure of picking up the drowning. But it was the same on all occasions. She calls one day on a motherless girl, who tells us the story in her own memoirs, and detects a gallant of noble family in the garb of a lackey. She puts him to flight with an exclamation,—"You here, Charles, in that livery!"—takes the girl to her own house, reasons with her, cures her of her fatal passion, and dismisses her with the words, "I have been unhappy, like *you*; be you courageous, like *me*." Almost every one has something similar to tell of her. They tell us, too, of her deep sobs when no relief was possible. Her cousin, Madame Necker de Saussure, in an enumeration of her qualities, exclaims, "But she was greatest of all as a consoler. It is terrible to think of having to suffer now that she is gone."

It is impossible even now not to regret that her life should have ended when it was just entering on that stage which is the surest test, the final seal, of character. But we are not left in doubt how the evening would have been with her. Those who stood round her in her last years tell us, as her utterances at that period do, of the serene wisdom to which she had attained,—how all petulancies and vanities had dropped from her, how with the old animation she was less exalted, with the old frankness more rigidly truthful in expression. Her religious faith, always very simple, but always exceedingly strong, was intensified without becoming dogmatic. The thought of God was seldom absent from her mind. "Whenever I am alone," she said to her children, "I pray." Her intellect remained undimmed, her eloquence unim-

paired, her interest in her friends, in humanity, in *liberty*, unquenched, to the last. Her final illness was a very painful one, but it drew from her only the characteristic complaint, "Of all my faculties, the only one that has been fully developed is that of suffering." She was unwilling to sleep lest Rocca, who was himself dying of consumption, should be dead when she awoke. He had to promise to wake her at the end of five minutes, of ten minutes, until this dread was allayed and she sank into a profound slumber, from which she never awoke.

Old Bonstetten loved to recall the image of her as he had first seen her, a child of five or six, at her father's country-seat, near Paris. He was walking one morning in the park, when he received a slight stroke, and, turning round, saw peeping from behind a tree the brightest pair of eyes imaginable, beaming with roguery, while a tiny left hand, armed with a switch, was stretched out, and a clear voice explained, "Mamma has told me that I must learn to use my left hand as well as the right; so you see I am practising with it." Forty-five years later the gray-haired man prowled around her grave under the poplars at Coppet like a desolate dog. "I have lost a limb," he cries; "I am a mental cripple. I used to tell her that I wanted sometime to see her asleep, to make sure that she *did* shut her eyes and cease to *think*. And now—now—"

Her life has been called a drama, and in that great world-drama with which it was so intimately blended it seems sometimes to me as if her form were the most noteworthy, her rôle the most significant. For the other figures flit and change; they go masked and shift their costumes; they speak now one language, now another, mix now in this group, now in that; or they vanish prematurely in a gulf of blood. But this figure remains through the whole; alone or in a crowd, always in view; through all changes ever the same, girt with the same emblems, using the same tones,—no break, no discordance, from first to last.

JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

THE OCCULTATION OF A HONEY-MOON.

THEY had not been lovers in early youth, they had not been separated by cruel fate or by falsehood, and yet, when Mr. Barlow was seventy-two and Mrs. Dalton confessed to sixty years, they were married. Both of them had children, and on the gentleman's side there was a flock of grown grandchildren, and yet no one objected to the engagement and marriage; and this, perhaps, was one of the most remarkable facts in the whole affair. It is true that both bride and groom were rich enough to do as they pleased, independent enough to ask no advice, and handsome enough to justify each other's choice. It is equally true that under such circumstances friends are easily pleased.

Mrs. Dalton was a charming woman. Her figure was round, her step light; she had lovely white hair puffed and waved around a small and shapely head; her smile was sweetness itself, and her color would come and go like that of a girl. People used to say that she must have been irresistible when young; but this was a mistake. She was a rose of October, and all her triumphs were the sweeter for coming so late. She lived in New York with her one daughter, Mrs. Ruth Houghton, and whenever a pleasure-party was proposed or a set of merry girls wished to be chaperoned to the opera, to West Point, or to the mountains, Mrs. Dalton was in eager demand.

Grace Barlow met her at Lake George, and went home to Boston enthusiastic over her. Grace used to entertain her grandfather, for whom she kept house, with full details of her new friend; but as Mr. Barlow listened he had no previsions of his own future interest in the lady. The next winter, being called to Washington as a witness in a case concerning a patent, he decided to take Grace, and also to go to Florida and pass the rest of the winter there. They left Boston in December, stopping in New

York to spend a few weeks, and there Grace introduced Mrs. Dalton to her grandfather.

The whole circle of New York Barlows at once began to revolve around this elderly couple. Mr. Barlow was an ideal grandfather. He was rich, liberal, vigorous, fond of society and fond of his family, and a natural sense of fitness made it proper that where he was asked Mrs. Dalton should not be forgotten; and so at every dinner-party their cards were side by side, and when whist was played they were partners.

Perhaps, when the young people came to consider all this, they realized that they had had their own share in bringing about the marriage. No one suspected how matters were tending, and yet no one was much surprised when the announcement came.

The Barlow family were fond of little suppers, of chocolate at odd times, and of eating anywhere except in the dining-room and at any time except at regular hours; and so one night when they came home from a concert they found the table in the sitting-room cleared of books and papers and covered with a red table-cloth and white china and silver, while in front of the open fire smoked roast potatoes and partridges.

"The kitchen is locked," said Mrs. Barlow, "and the servants are in bed, so the girls will have to clear all this away."

"We shall miss your little suppers, Aunt Phoebe," said Grace, "when we get down to Florida. You can imagine grandpapa and me sitting down to cold oranges and thinking of your oysters and coffee."

"I think," said her grandfather, "that we will make a little change in our plans, and you can have a winter in New York, if your aunt will keep you."

"That will be charming," exclaimed Miss Barlow.

Grace glanced at her cousin, colored, and made no reply, except to say, "And

let you go to Florida alone, grandpapa? I could not think of it!"

"I shall not be forced to go alone," said Mr. Barlow, pulling his gray moustache a little nervously, "for Mrs. Dalton has been good enough to promise to marry me, and so, naturally, will go with me."

Grace looked at Mrs. Dalton very much as if that lady had taken her purse out of her pocket; but Mrs. Dalton was playing with her fork.

"Of course," said Grace with much dignity, "if these are your plans, I would on no account interfere with them."

At this every one laughed, and Grace at once regained her temper and looked at her grandfather with some amusement. It was soon found that this staid and practical couple had made all their arrangements and were open to no suggestions. In fact, Mr. Barlow said, he had made no change in any of his plans; he had simply chosen a different companion. They were to be married in ten days, go to Philadelphia for two days, then to Washington, and from there to Florida.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Dalton, who was the more composed of the two, "that I may dare a gray dress and have a new Saratoga trunk. None of you girls would risk such a proclamation, but I shan't be suspected as a bride."

"If you are," said Grace, "you can say it is your—golden wedding."

"As I hope it will be,—as I *know* it will be," said Mr. Barlow, taking in his own the smooth white hand of his betrothed.

And so one bright January day they were married, and all the Barlows, and most of the Daltons and Houghtons, crowded into the church, and then in a body escorted the newly-wedded pair to the dépot, and stood on the platform and waved good wishes, and took no notice of the railroad people, who did not object to the married couple, but who were tried in temper and obstructed in motion by the good-looking, gay set of people who came to see them off.

Mrs. Barlow, perhaps, did not look like a bride, but she had a happy, bright

light in her eyes, and her husband was not slow to appreciate it. Just behind them sat a young couple with two children. The father read the *Herald*, and the mother kept the children from disturbing him. The baby had fallen asleep, when the mother said softly, "Jack!"

The father looked up from the paper. He was thin and fair, and his moustache was waxed.

"When I am as old as she is," said his wife, nodding toward Mrs. Barlow, "shall you be as attentive to me as her husband is to her?"

Jack looked at his neighbors. "Yes," he said with a little laugh, "if you will promise to be as pretty."

She smiled, but hugged her baby a little closer, and looked out of the window.

"I almost wish," said Mr. Barlow as they were flying past the wintry fields of Pennsylvania, "that you knew nothing of Philadelphia. I spent three pleasant years there, from 1828 to 1831, and there are some places of interest I should like to show you."

"And so you can," said his wife. "I really know nothing of the city. I spent a week there a year ago, but my cousin—Mrs. Andersen, you know—was so unwell that we were out very little. Of course, her friends called on me, but I saw nothing much except some fine houses where we returned calls."

"There is not much," he said, "to be seen, but there are connections with the Revolution that give the city historic interest. The place itself is, however, like a plant: it grows, but it reproduces itself. There are long rows of brick houses, white wooden shutters, white marble steps. Clean and quiet! The coffins all have convex lids, and at every corner stands a grocery-store where they sell 'twist' bread and smearcase and scrapple. A brown-stone house with inside shutters would be as much of a curiosity as a pagoda."

"I never had one of their coffins," said Mrs. Barlow, "but I like their twist, and my cousin's house is brown-stone."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Barlow; "but I

suppose she is fashionable, and wishes to be original also."

"I have heard," continued Mrs. Barlow, "that the city was laid out after the plan of Babylon, and I once heard a Pole say it reminded him of a Jewish quarter, because of its medley of colors and of signs. He was surprised to see sausage for sale."

"Philadelphians are very fond of sausage; they get it from Jersey," said Mr. Barlow. "But your Pole must have been a quizz. I wonder if the Broad-brims on Market Street reminded him of rabbis? When I was in Philadelphia," he continued, "I boarded on Third Street. The houses there are very fine, and it is the centre of aristocracy. My landlady herself refused both Madison and Monroe."

"As boarders?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"Not at all. As husbands! She was a very fine woman when I knew her, and all the young men in the house used to take turns in escorting her to church. She used to go to old St. Peter's. That is a place I should have liked to show you,—stone aisles, pulpit far up in the air, sounding-board, high, square pews, and in each corner a little half-circle of wood in which to rest the neck. But, of course, the old church has gone. Business and a new generation make sad havoc with landmarks. Likely enough there is a row of stores where the graveyard used to be."

"I should have liked to sit in your landlady's pew," said Mrs. Barlow. "And she had her choice of two Presidents! I never saw one."

"They were not Presidents when she refused them," Mr. Barlow replied; "but it was a good thing for the business. All the old boarders told the new ones, and it gave an interest to things, you see. We will ask Phil Porter about St. Peter's. Phil has a good house out Chestnut Street."

When this happy pair reached Philadelphia it was growing dark, but Mrs. Barlow, declining the conductor's hand, sprang lightly on the platform and remarked that it would be a fine place for a dance. "Don't get a carriage," she

said: "we will get into a car and go directly to the hotel."

"Let me see," said he contemplatively: "we used to come in at Camden and cross the ferry. I do not remember this part of the city."

"It is West Philadelphia," she said. "We can take the Chestnut Street car, and that will take us to Ninth."

"To Ninth?" and he looked a little puzzled. "My dear, I don't see how that will help us."

"It will take us directly to the hotel," she said.

"But I am afraid you do not know the city very well. You must allow me to be your guide;" and his soothing tone at once exasperated her. "There used to be an old rhyme," he continued,—

"Market, Arch, Race, and Vine,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine.

There's our clue,—'Race and Vine.' We had better take a cab."

"Where in the world are you going?" exclaimed Mrs. Barlow, standing still.

"To the 'Indian Chief,'" he said: "it is a very good hotel. I have written and engaged rooms."

"To the 'Indian Chief!'" she repeated; and then she laughed.

"It is a very good hotel," he repeated in turn. "I once took my mother there, and she liked it. It is not showy, but it is clean and pleasant."

"And it is where?" she asked.

"On Third Street," he replied cheerfully. "Oh, it is all right."

"But," said Mrs. Barlow in a most acid tone, "if I had been consulted, I *might* have chosen another hotel."

"If you really don't like it—" began Mr. Barlow. "But, my dear, our trunks have gone there."

"Of course we will go there," said his wife. "But do let us go on; it seems so stupid to be standing here."

The first Mrs. Barlow, under similar circumstances, might have been reminded by her husband that it was she who had stopped; but, as it was, Mr. Barlow silently offered his arm to his wife, and they started off again and were presently hailed by a hackman. This worthy had never

heard of the "Indian Chief," but Mr. Barlow, promptly suspecting him to be in the pay of some other hotel, handed his wife into the carriage, repeated the direction, and followed her, carefully shutting the door. The driver looked at his passengers, whistled, jumped on his box, and drove off.

For some reason the little conversation with the driver raised Mrs. Barlow's spirits, but her husband was a trifle depressed. His feeling certainly implied no doubt of the hotel, as he more than once assured his wife that she would be well pleased, and repeated that it was best to trust to experience in all such matters, and not to be caught by glittering advertisements. To all this Mrs. Barlow assented, and then listened as her husband talked of the Morris family, of Dr. Newman and the Lafayette Club, the Heywoods and old Mayor Swift.

At Broad and Market he was a little confused by what seemed to be shipping, but when the driver, to whom he appealed, told him it was the new Public Building, and Mrs. Barlow said the scaffolding was very large, he replied testily that there used to be four open squares at this place, and, if he wasn't mistaken, William Penn meant them to stay there.

The driver, Mrs. Barlow noticed, stopped more than once and asked questions, but at last he whipped up his horses, drove down a street where closed houses alternated with gay little shops, turned a corner, stopped, and, jumping down, opened the carriage-door and cried out cheerfully, "Here we are, sir!"

Mr. Barlow nodded and stepped out briskly.

In the doorway of the hotel stood a man with a towel over his arm, and he at once came forward to meet his guests.

The house was wide and low. A hall ran through the centre, and the stairs, covered with shining oil-cloth, were easy of ascent. On one side of the hall was a bar-room, where a man was dusting glasses, and on the other Mrs. Barlow saw a dining-room with a long table partly set for supper. It was all very quiet and orderly; but the waiter who showed them up-stairs stared at the lady, and the man in the

bar-room. came out with a glass in his hand to watch them go up the stairs.

Their room, was large, and was furnished with black horse-hair chairs and sofa, a high-posted bedstead, and at the windows were green Venetian blinds. A coal-fire burned in the stove, and Mrs. Barlow promptly said it was very cheerful, and sat down on the slippery sofa to take off her bonnet.

"It is not too late to go elsewhere if you prefer to do so," said Mr. Barlow dubiously.

"By no means," said his wife; "we will stay here;" and then she sat down in the rocking-chair and caught hold of the arms.

Her husband at once brightened. "Then I will see after our trunks," he said cheerfully, "and we will have supper. In the mean time, you must rest."

"But I am not tired," she said. "What funny old vases! and, I declare, there is a claw-footed bureau!"

"Oh, yes," her husband replied in a matter-of-course way; "I have no doubt you could find plenty of fine old furniture here. But I must go. And I tell you what, my dear: we will have twist and scrapple for supper."

When Mr. Barlow came back he announced that the trunks had come, but he had not ordered them up, as his wife might still prefer to go somewhere else.

"But I don't," she cried, "and I do want my slippers."

"But, my dear," he said, "of course there are changes, and— Well, I find from the waiter that this is now a hotel principally used by business-men."

"Very well," she said.

"And I don't think— Indeed, the waiter assured me that there are no ladies here."

"If you had brought Grace," Mrs. Barlow said, "or if we meant to stay a week, that might be an objection. As it is, I am sure I don't care. I suppose the place is still respectable?"

"Respectable! certainly," cried Mr. Barlow; "but, my dear, there is but one dining-room."

"I never insist upon two," his wife replied.

"But— Well, to speak plainly, the guests eat at one end of the table, and at the other— Well, they are washing the dishes."

At this Mrs. Barlow laughed. She laughed entirely too much, her husband thought. He never felt less like it; but still he smiled several times. Then he said, "So we will go at once?"

"Indeed we will not," exclaimed Mrs. Barlow; "here I mean to stay. Could we have our own dishes? You don't have to wait for the business-men who have preceded you?" and then she laughed again.

The end of it was, their supper was brought up, and they had twist, and sausage, and beefsteak, and corn-bread without either molasses or yeast in it, and coffee with cream, and three kinds of preserves and one kind of cake.

"And now," said Mr. Barlow, when the supper was removed, "to-morrow we will send word to the Andersens, and let them know we are here and shall be at home in the afternoon. In the morning we can go and see Phil Porter, and then to Laurel Hill, to the State-House, to Carpenters' Hall,—where the first Congress met,—or to the Water-works, or Girard College, or where you will. There is the Penitentiary: you know Dickens speaks of it. We can find plenty to do."

"I don't mean to send word to the Andersens," she said; "we can see them when we come back."

"Why, that will never do. You were so anxious to see them, and they will think me very neglectful or selfish."

"Not at all," she answered; "I will explain to them how little time we had, and that we wanted to go to the cemeteries and the Penitentiary. They won't be hurt."

"Speaking of the Penitentiary," he said, "reminds me that my old landlady said that when Miss Paterson married Jerome Bonaparte—"

"I saw her in Baltimore," interrupted his wife,— "not your old landlady, but Madame Bonaparte,—and they used to say she wore ten long thimbles at night to keep her fingers in shape."

In the morning the Barlows started

out bright and early, breakfasted at a restaurant, and then walked briskly up Chestnut Street to make an early call on Phil Porter.

"Don't you think, my Darby," said Mrs. Barlow, "that it would be a very nice thing if for one day we could be ourselves? I wonder how we should feel?"

"I don't feel especially like any one else," he replied with a little smile, "and to-day I shouldn't want to alter anything. I am exceedingly comfortable."

"But you are not yourself. You are what Wall Street—or what answers to Wall Street in Boston—has made you. Everything, everybody you have known, has helped to make you what you are."

"Very true," he said; "but don't tell me that you are dissatisfied with the result."

"Now there was Faraday," she continued: "he seems to have been a naturally developed character: he slipped into his own place. Just suppose life had been to us what it was to him: I shouldn't have been I, nor you you."

"No," he said; "we should have been Faradays."

"Nonsense!" she said, and laughed; "but I tell you what *I* was meant to be,—happy. I never could have been great or beautiful, but I could have been a great success as a happy woman. And do you know, you blessed Darby," and here she gave his arm a vigorous little squeeze, "that this morning I feel very near it?"

And so they walked on. They met no one whom they knew, but she said every one had a pleasant, kind face, and she believed they all knew what a good thing it was to be alive, to be old and just married; and in none of these assertions was she contradicted.

But when they reached what should have been Phil Porter's house, there stood a store brave with laces and radiant with silk handkerchiefs.

Mr. Barlow stopped and frowned at the windows. "It is too bad!" he exclaimed; "and he is not dead, I know."

"They have lovely laces," she answered, smiling at "A Bargain in

Thread;" "but cannot you buy a directory and see where he does live?"

"I'll borrow one," he answered; and so they entered the store, where she bought a pale-pink necktie, and her husband discovered that his friend lived six miles out of the city, in Germantown.

"We can't go there," he said with a little sigh. "Phil will have to wait."

So they came out of the store.

"Where now?" he asked. "To the Water-works?"

"No," she said; "let us go on—a lark."

"Good!" he exclaimed; "I cannot imagine anything better. And so first—"

"We will have some fried oysters."

"You are not hungry?" he said. "But I have before observed that something to eat is always the centre of gravity in a woman's frolic."

"I don't want them now," and he followed her eyes to some amusement placards on a fence.

"That is the very thing," he said: "to-night we will go to hear Dr. Lord. He is a most instructive lecturer."

"Hear Dr. Lord, indeed!" she cried. "Now I see you have known but little of larks. I tell you, Mr. Barlow, what we will do: we will go to see Aimée."

"Miriam!" he said; and he stood still and looked at her.

"But we will," she said; "it is the first chance I ever had. Of course we had to draw the line somewhere, so Ruth and I drew it at opera bouffe. Of course, when we get to Boston we can't go."

"I should think not," he said. "Perhaps you don't realize that you have married an elder in the Presbyterian Church?"

"Oh, yes, I do," she replied; "and so to-night we'll go? I will make you a promise: if you will take me, I won't ask to go to a single prison or to the Water-works." He smiled. "And I'll give up Girard College. I am really in earnest. And I'll buy the tickets and I'll take you: then, you know, you won't be responsible."

Just then they met Mrs. Andersen.

Nothing was said of the "Indian

Chief," but Mrs. Barlow at once declared they couldn't come to dinner, and they couldn't come in the evening, and they were going to leave town early the next day, but when they came back in February they would stay a week; and then Mrs. Andersen looked a little perplexed, and she bade them good-by with an air at once friendly and cold.

"She doesn't like it," said Mr. Barlow.

"No," his wife replied, "but we do, and it is two against one."

At twelve they lunched and at four they dined, and through the whole day they never left Chestnut Street. They went into picture-galleries and into Bailey's jewelry-store, into book-stores and into curiosity-shops. They bought whatever they fancied, if it did not cost over five dollars and if it would go into Mr. Barlow's pockets; and when they turned to go back to the "Indian Chief" it was fast growing dark. All at once Mrs. Barlow became listless and walked slowly. She was tired, she said, and her face hurt her, and, after a glance at her, Mr. Barlow called a carriage, and they went back, she sitting quite still and holding her hand to her cheek. When they reached their room she flung off her wraps, and, putting a pillow on the sofa, lay down and could not speak. Her ear, her teeth, her nose, ached. There seemed to be a burning-glass on her left temple by which was gathered the sharpest, most acute pain. Little thrills of agony ran over the side of her face and as quickly departed. She wanted nothing, and she could not bear Mr. Barlow to speak to her. He was almost distracted. He walked up and down the room, he took off her boots and covered her with a shawl. He wanted to send for a doctor, but she refused to let him, and, as Dr. Physick and Dr. Chapman were both dead, he knew of no one in Philadelphia in whom he could place any confidence. Then he rang for the landlady; but the waiter who came told him that the landlady was a widow, but was to be married in the spring.

"I cannot wait until then," said Mr. Barlow; "send some woman."

The woman who came had a handker-

chief tied around her head and a pink sun-bonnet over that, and all she could suggest was a hot brick, a mustard-plaster, and a toddy; so she was sent away, and then Mrs. Barlow began to cry, and her husband in despair rubbed her hand. Suddenly she went to sleep.

Mr. Barlow sat motionless for a while. Then he stooped, drew off his boots, and crept softly to the rocking-chair and sat there and watched her.

She slept nearly an hour. Then she opened her eyes, smiled, and said, "I am so hungry!"

This attack of pain settled the question of opera bouffe, but it did not prevent Mrs. Barlow from being bright and unusually talkative, although she spent the rest of the evening on the sofa.

In the night Mr. Barlow heard a little moan, and gave an answering but an inward groan. He found his wife suffering, but the worst of the pain, she said, was over; and he got up, opened the draughts of the stove, and then, wrapping a blanket around his shoulders, sat up in bed and took her hand. "My dear," he asked, "what do you usually do for these attacks?"

"Do for them?" she replied. "I never had one before. Do you know the symptoms of spinal meningitis?"

"No," he said. "Do you?"

"I have it," she answered.

"My dear child, you don't have it in your face."

"I do," she replied.

"We can easily settle that, for as soon as the morning comes I will go for a doctor."

"I do not want one," she said.

"But, my dear—"

"Unless I can have Dr. Harrison."

"Would he come?"

"Certainly not; but I won't have any one else."

"If Dr. Physick were only alive—"

"But he isn't," she said impatiently. "You told me last night that he died in '37."

"So he did," he replied meekly; "over forty years ago. But, Miriam, there must be a good doctor in the city. You know Philadelphia has quite a reputation for her physicians."

"Mr. Barlow," said his wife, "this is

too serious for experiment. Dr. Harrison knows my constitution."

"Still, he is in New York, and you say he won't come. But, my dear, you must not cry."

But she did cry, and her husband had to submit to the misery of hearing her.

"We would go back," he said, "but you know I must be in Washington. That case may come on to-morrow."

"I could"—and then she wiped her eyes—"I could—if you didn't mind—I could go back without you."

Mr. Barlow did not answer.

"I could join you in Washington," she said. "Dr. Harrison is such a good doctor, and Ruth, you know, has always nursed me."

Still he said nothing.

"You would not like me to die just now?" she continued.

"Well, no," her husband said, "I shouldn't."

"And think, how could I be sick here? And I know it is spinal meningitis. And I should have to have a strange nurse. And you know, Mr. Barlow," she said in a stronger voice, "that you will be obliged to leave me and go to Washington."

"Would it be harder for you to go with me than to return to New York alone?" he asked.

"No," she said slowly, "but you know in Washington I should have nothing,—no doctor, I mean; that is, I should have to have a strange doctor."

"Very true," said her husband; "but if you live with me in Boston you will be subject to the same inconvenience."

"Dr. Harrison has a cousin there."

"Oh!" said Mr. Barlow; and then he threw the blanket on the floor and lay down again.

Presently he said, "Miriam, did you have your own way very much during Mr. Dalton's life?"

"Never," she said earnestly,— "never if he knew it. He was a stern man, and he had an idea that women are lacking in judgment."

"I thought you never had," said Mr. Barlow; and all was again silent for a time. Then Mrs. Barlow spoke.

"My dear," she said, "if you go to any receptions in Washington, you will want your dress-suit."

"I suppose so," he answered.

"It is in my large trunk, you know."

"I can get it," he replied; "it has gone on to Washington by express."

"But, Mr. Barlow, the suit is at the very bottom."

"That makes no difference. I can find it."

"I know; but you will muss everything up."

"I can turn the trunk upside down and knock the bottom out. The suit will be on top then."

"I really don't think it is anything to joke about," said Mrs. Barlow coolly.

"Then I can go without it. I can explain if any remarks are made."

"I will tell you what you can do," said Mrs. Barlow in the most business-like voice: "when you get to Washington you can send the trunk back to me, and I will unpack it and send you your suit."

"As you please," said Mr. Barlow; but his voice was neither cool nor business-like.

The next day Mrs. Ruth Houghton was very much surprised by the appearance of her mother just before luncheon, and Dr. Harrison was no less perplexed by a telegram from Philadelphia asking him to meet Mrs. Barlow at her daughter's that day after twelve o'clock.

The doctor was not fond of listening to details unless they cleared up obscure symptoms, but he paid much attention to Mrs. Barlow's story.

"You see," she said finally, "that the attacks were so sudden and peculiar, and my recovery after each attack was so remarkably complete, that I could not but be alarmed. If it really is spinal menin-

gitis I could not have stayed in Philadelphia, of course."

"Is it an especially bad place for that complaint?" he asked.

"How absurd you are!" she said with one of her brightest smiles. "I don't suppose it is worse than any other place; but, you see, I don't know any of the doctors."

"The point, it seems to me, is, do they know the spinal meningitis?" and then he stood up and began to draw on his gloves.

"But, doctor," she said nervously, "you have not told me what is the matter with me, and you have given me no prescription."

"Quinine is frequently given for such periodical attacks of neuralgia," he said, taking up his hat. "I don't know anything better. Perhaps a Philadelphia doctor would prescribe something different. Neuralgia is as much in their line as yellow fever in that of the Havana doctors."

"Neuralgia!" said Mrs. Barlow reflectively, "and *quinine*!" Then she stood up also, and put out her hand to the doctor, and sparkled with color and brightness.

"How relieved Mr. Barlow will be!" she said warmly.

"You will write?" he asked with smile.

"Oh, no," she said; "it would not be worth while. I shall start at once and reach Washington this evening."

After the doctor had left, Mrs. Barlow sat down and looked at the prescription he had given her. "Neuralgia," she said, "and—quinine! If Mr. Barlow had done this, I really think I should apply for a divorce."

LOUISE STOCKTON.

RACE IN BRAZIL.

IN its desire for self-development, Brazil has advanced at an exhausting pace and with a forced and unhealthy growth. It has called great numbers of immigrants from all nations to its shores, and among these, of course, men have predominated. These men must have wives, and, since there have not been white women enough to meet the demand, they have been obliged to accept those of negro and Indian descent. In consequence, the three bloods are strongly intermingled throughout all grades of Brazilian society, and the color-line is very indistinctly drawn. As in the morning dawn, it is hard to tell where the darkness ends and the light begins.

Prof. Agassiz observed, and especially regretted, the miscegenation so prevalent in this country, which, though it elevates the negro, degrades the white, and, though it gives the Congo hopes of a brighter future, takes from the Caucasian the privilege of having children as fair as himself. Otherwise, the policy of Brazil toward its colored population is a commendable one. It is admitted that the presence of the negroes in Brazil, as in the United States, is an evil, but since they were not the voluntary authors of it, but were dragged thither by the slave-merchants of a superior race, they cannot, it is contended in humanity's name, be punished or exterminated for their misfortune. The only thing to be done now is to prevent any further importation of them, and to make the best of those already there by educating them and admitting the truth of what Lord Lytton has said, that "there is nothing in the flattened skull and ebon aspect which rejects God's law, improvement." This almost universal amalgamation prevents that unjust and unrepugnant prejudice against color which has always prevailed in the United States, and in Brazil a dusky face is no more of a handicap to a man in his race for the prizes of life than a broken nose, or cross-eyes, or

bow-legs, or any other physical blemish, would be. The close scrutiny which was exercised in the selection of the old Jewish priesthood, and which to-day stands guard at the doors of our hotels and drawing-rooms to exclude the African, is not in vogue in Brazil, where even one of their saints in glory—St. Benedicto—is a negro.

This friendly feeling of race toward race begins in infancy, before those communists the children have yet dreamed of such artificial conditions as rank and social grade. You see a procession of school-children marching by on some parade of festival or funeral, and hand in hand with the fair Saxon white walks the jet Mina black. Nor are these friends of the play-ground scorned in after-years when met at the mass or the opera or in the public service, in no branch of which, except perhaps the army, does there exist that prejudice, deep and broad as the Mediterranean, which elsewhere separates the average European from the African. But in the army it is almost possible to tell a man's rank by the hue of his face. Most of the privates are negroes, and thence upward through the various grades the ebony gradually fades out until the leading officers are reached, some of whom possess the florid complexion and sandy whiskers that indicate English or other foreign blood. Since the negroes are unquestionably an inferior race, however, this military predominance of white over black is probably due to superior ability as much as to that jealous observance of caste which characterizes the Hindoo and the army-officer the world over.

Leaning out of my window in Rio de Janeiro on the beautiful nights of a tropical winter, and hearing the music of *Aida* thrummed upon every piano within ear-shot, I have often amused myself by philosophizing in an amateur way, and I have always come to the con-

clusion that one of the secrets of the great popularity of that opera in Brazil is the apparent sanction that it gives to the social crime of miscegenation in the example afforded by the dark Ethiopian princess Aida and her Egyptian lover from the North. What wonder that this is favorite music, when these mulatto piano-players find in it their misfortunes set to melody, and a misalliance like that for which their ancestors are blamed is here glorified in tuneful tragedy?

Very similar to *Aida* in some respects is their own opera *The Guarany*, which has been sung with applause both at home and in Italy. It takes its plot from the romance of the same name, the most finished piece of literature that has yet come from a Brazilian pen, of which the heroine is a blond Portuguese girl with blue eyes and golden hair, and the hero is a full-blooded Indian of the Platonic, poetical sort. One of these characters is about as improbable as the other, and the combination cannot be other than displeasing to any one possessing a knowledge of Portuguese women and aboriginal Indians. This instance serves, however, to illustrate the extravagant lengths to which this people go in their levelling of race distinctions, and, if this is not enough, we have only to recall the case of the friendly Indian chief, who, in the early and perilous days of Rio, received the accolade at the hands of the Portuguese colonists, being made a knight of the Order of Christ.

Under the guidance of their present energetic emperor the Brazilians are unhappy if not experimenting, and they are now turning their attention toward the importation of Chinese laborers. It is evident that the industries of this country will suffer unless some new element is introduced into the laboring classes, since the native whites are too proud to work and the negroes are too lazy. The latter, as fast as they acquire their freedom by the gradual emancipation now in progress, give themselves up to the luxury of idleness, with an evident intention to make up for the holidays they have lost during their long period of servitude. Living is easy in Brazil, as in all warm

countries; and if the Chinaman is proof against fever, climatic enervation, and the thousand and one other disadvantages of a tropical home, it is quite possible that he may find his earthly paradise there.

In the mean time colonists from European countries continue to arrive, those from Russia and the North going southward into the temperate zone, while the Italians and Portuguese find themselves better adapted to the tropics. Brazil is ambitious, and desires to step with one grand stride into the front rank of the nations of the earth as regards population, productions, and internal improvements. Therefore she builds immense war-vessels, for which she has no use, simply because England and Italy have still larger ones; she constructs long railways, which will never pay for themselves, on the ground that there are still longer ones in the United States which do yield a revenue; and she pays exorbitant premiums to colonists from Russia and Germany, because, theoretically, immigration is the secret of the development of every new country, and Castle Garden has contributed more than the custom-house to the prosperity of that land in the far North which Brazil is proud to call her republican sister, some day to be her sister-republic. Our methods in the United States are sufficiently liberal. We throw open the nation's doors, and to the crowded world outside, afflicted with Malthusian fears, we say, Come! To do more would be to make us liable to the suspicion of entrapping emigrants and inveigling them to our shores. It is an inflated and extravagant policy which sends out assiduous agents with passage-tickets and promises of land and money to gather in a nation's guests. Such, however, has been the course of Brazil, and these agents have been known to deceive, as agents sometimes do; and when the colonists have arrived they have not found the paradise which the seductive emissaries painted. In consequence, many of them have led discontented lives, and if bitten by a flea or overtaken by a storm they have blamed the Brazilian government for it. Others have returned

to the old country, sometimes only to emigrate again. There is on record one adventurer who makes this business his means of livelihood. Eleven times has this professional colonist accepted the bounty of Brazil and emigrated thither, only to return at the first opportunity. He is said to make a comfortable living out of it.

As will be remembered, the United States contributed its quota to Brazil at the close of our civil war, when numerous Southern hot-bloods shook the dust from their feet and went to the only land of sunny skies and slavery that was left to them. As will be remembered, also, a large proportion of them had barely touched the shores of this new country, with its strange climate, customs, religion, and language, when they realized that there was a worse existence than that under the old flag, and were glad to return at the expense of the government which they professed to despise. The few who had the courage and backbone to stay there have succeeded, after a fashion, but there are hardly enough of them to serve as a foundation for a future aristocracy.

Those who settled upon the Amazon claim that that region is not so unhealthy as the Mississippi Valley. Others, who are living in the elevated province of San Paulo, which is really the most enlightened portion of Brazil, are never tired of sounding the praises of their new home. With these people the war is a thing of yesterday. They, above all others, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and still entertain the prejudices, hatreds, and misconceptions of twenty years ago. They glory in their stubborn adherence to doctrines which the South has forgotten long ago, and take the same satisfaction in their exile which a religious fanatic does in the penance he inflicts upon himself. And yet even they, when they see their families degenerating,—for it is possible for even a Southern poor white to degenerate in Brazil,—when they see their children falling into dirty and shiftless habits and into a laxity of morals which does not augur well for the future aristocracy, and when they see those architectural ameni-

ties known as doors, floors, and windows disappearing and becoming traditions of the past, sometimes forget themselves so far as to repeat the hackneyed proverb, very popular in Brazil, that "the United States is a very good country to emigrate to, but a very poor country to emigrate from."

Very much of the bone and sinew of Brazil is Portuguese, either by emigration or by descent. The water-carriers, the pick-and-shovel brigade, and the quarrymen are of the stalwart peasantry of Portugal. As laborers they have all the endurance of the Irish, with much greater industry and ambition. Observe them any day at their labors in the quarries that have been excavated in the mountains surrounding Rio de Janeiro. To these walls of rock, blistering hot in the noonday, and so steep that the lizards can hardly run there, these untiring fellows cling and work, grasping with one hand the cables of rope that are suspended from above while they wield the sledge with the other; or, suspended like the venturesome plunderers of the nests of sea-birds, they hang over the precipice in slings while they drive the drill and charge the blast. At three o'clock in the morning they are sometimes astir, and hours before the slug-guards of the upper classes have risen the avalanches of rock are falling with a tumult disastrous to quiet slumber. Full thirteen hours a day they work, resting only on those saints' days on which to labor is to sin. Sunday is not observed by them, and they never fail to disturb the peace of this ordained day of rest by their patient application of hammer and wedge, breaking the rock and the Sabbath by the same operation.

Although the Portuguese are respected as laborers, as business-men their habits are too mercenary to be in harmony with the ideas which prevail in the Brazilian mart. Both they and the English are regarded there as the world at large regards the Jews,—that is to say, as a strictly commercial people, whose only object in sojourning in the country is to make money, which, from their superior business abilities, they generally succeed

in doing. Give a Portuguese a little den of a shop with a stock-in-trade of cod-fish and salt meat, or give him a kiosk and a coffee-urn, and in a score of years he will be ready to return to his fatherland with a competence, and perhaps enough over to buy a title and keep a carriage.

The Portuguese is close and cautious in his commercial transactions, but always safe; the Brazilian, more of a speculator, is more generous, but sometimes his assets fail to cover his liabilities. The former is slow, patient, and economical; the latter is enterprising and bold. The Portuguese looks forward to a comfortable future; the Brazilian aims at a brilliant success. Brazil is a new country yet, and every one of her citizens feels that there is a possibility that somewhere along the railway, or in the mines, or on the pampas, fortune is awaiting him; while Portugal has been so thoroughly prospected that her children know that the only way to acquire wealth is to hoard it up penny by penny.

In many respects the relations of these countries resemble those between England and the United States. Portugal is the mother-country; Brazil is the colony enfranchised into an independent power. The latter, speaking of the former, calls it a conservative, unprogressive land peopled by old fogies; Portugal, retorting, says that Brazil is going to the dogs, or worse, as fast as its railways can carry it. Sometimes Portugal recites the old fable of the hare and the tortoise for the instruction of her impetuous offspring; then Brazil replies with a stereotyped joke which runs as follows:

They say that not very long ago our father Adam got leave of absence, with permission to go abroad, and concluded to revisit his old home, the earth. But, not having accurately calculated the amount of change that six thousand years bring forth, he was greatly disappointed and displeased. Repairing to his former haunt, the garden of Eden, what was his surprise to find there a Yankee's goat-ranch stocked with the most improved Cashmere breed! Soda-water fizzed in Jerusalem, Limburger

cheese scented the air of Kadesh-Naph-tali, and tourists' names were carved on Ararat. Stumbling around among the ruins of Nineveh, hunting for something contemporary and familiar, his foot rattled against a hollow object, which turned out to be an empty sardine-box.

In Germany they insulted him by telling him that the world was some hundreds of millions of years old, more or less; and this to him, who had moved in while the paint was hardly dry! In England a college professor informed him that such a man as Adam had never lived, and added injury to insult by requesting him to read a scientific tract of four hundred pages, all to prove himself a nonentity and a myth. In Boston, introducing himself to a lady of established family, and modestly claiming a distant relationship, she lectured him on the absurdity of his pretensions, introducing a few words about protoplasm, evolution, natural selection, monkeys, pre-Adamite man, and other unintelligible matters, and concluded by calling him an evil-disposed tramp, whatever that might be. In the country the people told him, "No, we've got no cold victuals to-day." In the city the hoodlums exhorted him to brace up, and the policemen ordered him to move on. The world was too fast for him. Men travelled with the wind and wrote with the lightning. He learned the secret of the telegraph-wires, and realized that if he and Eve were housekeeping now any little domestic scandal of theirs would be printed the same day in the antipodal afternoon extras; and that grieved him. He regretted the good old times, and, like many an old man who has visited the home of his youth only to be treated as an intruder, he was sad, and wished his furlough was out.

On his return-trip he passed through Portugal. As soon as his foot crossed the borders he breathed a more congenial atmosphere. The manners, customs, and ideas were more in unison with his. The people, also, seemed familiar, and when he met a man he was sure to say, "Yes, I remember your face perfectly well, but your name happens to escape me just now. You see, it has been some little

time since we met. Let me see: this is Abisharat, the son of Elnathan, is it not?"

The old man was happy at last. Sitting down by the wayside, he wiped his brow and exclaimed, "At last I have found a spot where I am not a stranger. Dear old Portugal! However much the

fashions come and go in the outside world, you are ever true to me. Now let them ranch their goats in Eden and run their horse-cars from Dan to Beersheba! Little boots it to me, as long as you are the same, Portugal, my Portugal!"

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

MY MINING INVESTMENTS.

"IT'S all Greek to me! Assessments and dividends, the rise and fall of shares and consequent gain and loss, mean something; but of adits and winzes, chutes and pockets, I understand nothing."

The speaker was a New York merchant who is backed by a solid block of four per cents. He had made money in mining-stocks, and I, having lost heavily in them, had come to ask the causes of his success. "No man," he continued, "should consider the purchase of mining-stocks as an investment. They are gunpowder securities, and dealing in them is pure speculation, with an added 'gamble.' It's odd, too, that no merchant will speculate so far outside of his own line, or with so utter an ignorance of the risks, as in mining-stocks. The causes which render such speculation especially dangerous are many. One is the extreme remoteness of the actual business from large centres where the stock is held. Another is the technical knowledge which is required either to conduct it or judge correctly of its management. Then mining is the only industry that is devoid of the principle of unlimited production. A mine is simply a given quantity of ore, the total of which is diminished by each subtraction. Then, while the first outlay is small, the expenses constantly increase, whereas in most other cases the first expense is by far the greatest. Among other adverse possibilities are a defective title, or litigation in case it is a new mine and turns out to be of value, and loss of

funds through fraud or mismanagement, both of which are made easy by the necessarily elaborate and intricate machinery and underground workings. Any legal prosecution of mine-projectors for fraud is difficult, because their statements are based on opinions and belief in the future. Why, half these fellows give us Touchstone's seven lies, straight up to the lie direct, with impunity; and if I, in the dry-goods business, should misrepresent as they do, I should be quartered in Ludlow Street jail within a week. You see that most merchants only take 'flyers' in mining-stocks, and then 'rather on the sly'; so that they rarely unite to right their wrongs, but write off their losses instead."

My lucky friend then lighted a pure Havana, and, blowing several perfect rings of graceful smoke with an easy knack, continued: "My rules, if you choose to call them such, have been mostly negative. I did not buy when owners were anxious to sell. I did not buy subscription stock, because the owners' price is always higher than the valuation fixed by the public. I rarely bought after a serious advance, because there would then be too many holders of the same stock at lower prices. Especially watch the *action* of 'insiders,' and disregard their *statements*. Shrewd rodents, you know, leave the sinking ship, and mining-directors are all rats by nature. When they perceive that the craft is doomed, they leave quietly and quickly. Get out, if possible, before

them. Some one has aptly said that this is a century when a man is forced to do a very *previous* business. Finally, do the opposite of what your brokers advise. Their opinion is based on popular views, which are formed by reports from 'insiders.' Do what the insiders don't want you to do, and you will make money, because they want you to lose.

"It is especially prudent to observe exactly what price you are paying for the mine, not for the stock only. The variety of methods of capitalization trick you. Look for a moment at the following list of mines, and compare the inequality of actual and apparent relative values:

	Shares.	Per share.	Mine value.
Con. Virginia,	540,000	@ \$3.00	\$1,620,000
Amie,	500,000	@ .50	250,000
Climax,	200,000	@ .50	100,000
Eureka Con.,	50,000	@ 15.00	750,000
Homestake,	100,000	@ 30.00	3,000,000
Horn Silver,	400,000	@ 12.00	4,800,000

And yet not long ago the public were anxiously buying Amie at over two million dollars, and Horn Silver at nearly eight million dollars, and considered Eureka Consolidated dear at *less* than seven hundred thousand dollars. The two former paid during a year less than one dollar in dividends, while the latter pays from six to twenty dollars. The world's history probably can show no financial inconsistency so supreme as the public attitude toward mines. Take Sierra Nevada and Eureka Consolidated for example. The former has levied four and a quarter million dollars in assessments and paid about one hundred thousand dollars in dividends, while the latter has paid four and a quarter million dollars in dividends and levied one hundred thousand dollars in assessments; yet during the past year the former mine sold at about four times the price of the latter. Reflect, too, that the value of Sierra Nevada is based only on the everlasting cry of the managers, 'Hope! hope! hope!' to which the antiphonal response of the public is heard in the chink of their contributed dollars, saying, 'We have faith.' And then the managers say, 'Pay one more assessment, gentlemen; faint heart never won fair

lady;' and the public respond, 'We pay! we pay!'

Thereupon my friend bade me good-afternoon and stepped into his satinated coupé, while I pensively walked to the corner to take the democratic and over-populated horse-car. Mining speculation had reduced me to this necessity. Not seeing any remedy in my own case, I resolved, for the benefit of others, to write out the history of my investments without any flights of imagination, except that, as it was really "all Greek to me," I judged it best to substitute the letters of the Greek alphabet for the real names of my various "gamblers." Possibly some fellow-sufferers will identify my investments. With the omission of a few that had no peculiarities in regard to either risks or results, I give a complete list, from Alpha to Omega.

Alpha.—This investment was in a quartz-gold mine of California, having a large amount of rich ore, but furnished with only a ten-stamp mill. More stamps seemed necessary, and a few of the directors built near by a one-hundred-stamp mill, and then on behalf of the mine made a ten years' contract with the mill, by which the ores were treated at an exorbitant price.

The contract for mine-supplies was also given to this ring. No dividends were earned, but assessments were levied with chronometer-like regularity. The public held most of the stock, and their hopes were fed with glowing reports, judiciously distributed, of fine strikes of rich ore. The mill-owners played the rôle of sympathizing fellow-sufferers, and paid their assessments regularly. This was, however, simply putting money from their right-hand into their left-hand pockets, while simultaneously putting money from other people's pockets, right and left, into their own. At the end of ten years the ore had been mostly taken out of the mine, which was then abandoned.

This plan was considerably in vogue, under one form or another, for many years, but it has recently been superseded by greatly-improved, more specious, and more subtle methods.

Beta.—This mine, in a district previously inhabited by an Indian tribe, had a beautiful prospect, which it presented to an eager public. The mass of ore was reported to be something unparalleled and of high grade,—came, in fact, so near to being solid gold that the difference was practically inappreciable. The dividends were princely,—seventy-five cents per month, nine dollars per annum,—yet, strangely enough, the stock sold at about four dollars, and never above six. A few hyper-cautious old idiots asked why the insiders parted with such a treasure at so low a price. That objection was silenced by the answer that the owners were simple-minded miners, and that miners are restless creatures who always want to sell,—who would sell their souls if they could only find buyers, and then go prospecting for new ones. It's a way that miners have. The stupid fools conduct their business on the basis of old saws and proverbs,—such as that a bird in the hand is worth several in the bush,—and sell out for a song just as they enter the vestibule of opulence. Miners must be very musical,—they are so invariably ready to sell a mine for a song!

Satisfied with these statements, and reflecting that the price of the stock—say five dollars—would be paid for in seven monthly dividends, and that the enormous ore-deposits would certainly hold out that long, I purchased five hundred shares. *Vanitas vanitatum!* It paid only two more dividends, the last being twenty-five cents. The immense body of ore turned out to be merely a rich chimney. The stock collapsed, and I have since been paying assessments, and have that exhausting and demoralizing prospect still in view. After six months the account stood thus:

Purchase-money	\$2500
Two assessments	250
	<hr/>
	\$2750
	<hr/>
Two dividends	\$400
Present value	300
	<hr/>
	\$700
Loss	\$2050

Promised interest, one hundred and

eighty per cent.; actual loss, four-fifths of the capital.

Ile of Beauty, fare thee well!

Gamma.—By the extreme erudition of one of the projectors of this mine it obtained a Greek name, but the original intention of naming it Gammon was the most honest feature of its history. It was a gold-placer mine, owning so many thousand acres of land as to dazzle the imagination of the most phlegmatic. These endless acres have an imposing sound that carries with it an atmosphere of solidity and especially attracts real-estate men. One instinctively feels that the land alone, for agricultural purposes, must be worth the price of the stock, and then the price is so low,—only a couple of dollars per share. The process, too, is very simple. It only requires to have a ditch built, perhaps eight or nine miles long, over chasms and around a mountain or two, by which a river will be diverted into and through the rich beds of blue gravel where the marvellous hydraulic forces of nature have been silently and for centuries—nay, for cycles and eons—depositing and storing up the fine pure gold without alloy.

The immense advantage which a placer has over all other mines is that the entire ore-body lies exposed to view. It is, so to speak, an immense vein tilted up until it lies flat. Most mining involves many chances, and endless groping underground, but placer-mining is really not mining. It is simply a matter of arithmetic, as follows:

The company owns 3500 acres,—that is to say, 16,940,000 square yards,—on which the pay-gravel is no one knows how deep, certainly 20 yards, which gives 33,880,000 cubic yards. The assays run \$1 per cubic yard; net value, \$33,880,000. The water-power near by will wash out 5000 yards per day, yielding \$150,000 per month, less expenses, \$5000, and this can be continued as follows: 33,880,000 divided by 5000 gives 6776 days, or 20 years, at a daily income of several thousand dollars. To obtain this, half a million must be expended in preparations.

This showing was certainly very plausible, so I bought liberally the stock of a

placer which, in addition to its land, was said to possess practically a valuable water-right that would be an absolute necessity to a large adjacent city in a few years, if the city should quadruple its population, which might evidently occur any day by Celestial aid and immigration.

Alas! even this stock turned out poorly. Figures do not lie, but they prevaricate fearfully. The gravel ran only twenty cents to the cubic yard, and the water-supply, besides costing triple the original estimate for leading it around the hills, was found to be insufficient. The gravel turned out to be not so "blue" as was anticipated, but the stockholders were much more so. Later it appeared that the president owned the water-power, which he sold to the company on an elaborate combination plan, by which it was purely voluntary with stockholders to pay his price or hold a worthless property,—a choice very similar to that of the far-famed Hobson.

Delta.—This mine came near being buried in a watery grave. It was put on the New York market by bankers whose eminence gave them a position little short of a mundane trinity. The stock was sold largely to a circle worthy to receive such special blessings, at the absurdly low price of twenty dollars per share. Half a dozen dividends were declared, which made the investment yield at the rate of eighteen per cent. per annum. The reports of the superb richness of the ore and the immense quantities visible were frequent and glowing, and yet the price of the stock slowly settled down, a little lower with each dividend. Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, and finally fourteen, was reached, when suddenly a thunder-clap was heard. The president had "borrowed" from the treasury (that is the polite phrase) over two hundred thousand dollars for the development of a private water-property owned by him. Enough Delta directors had also been given an interest in the water-company to secure their votes for the measure and thus make the so-called loan legal. The money was reported to have been applied to the development of the said water-property, but the amount had proved insufficient, and consequently

the value of the water-right had been in no wise increased. In other words, the money had been sunk, and nearly a year's dividends of the Delta company were thus swallowed up. The mine was still a steady producer, but the stock fell to five dollars, and the public had the choice of selling or waiting to see another surplus accumulated which might be "borrowed" in the same way again.

Epsilon.—This venture was a genuine success. The price of the stock was a trifle over twenty dollars,—rather high I thought at the time, but the dividends were declared with unvarying regularity. The ore-bodies held out finely; constant prospecting was carried on and new discoveries made. A reserve of ore was maintained in the mine and a surplus kept in the bank as balance-wheels to the variations of the mine's production, so that no interruption of dividends could occur. Full information about the condition and prospects of the company was always obtainable at the main office; and, in fact, this mine became one of the few examples to which the mining community pointed as a refutation of every argument against that class of investments. It has been a case similar to those in politics where the purity of character of the leading candidate has carried the entire party into power.

Zeta.—The title of this gold-bearing quartz mine was literary and aristocratic, but there was no peculiarly ingenious deception practised by the management: it was simply a series of lies. The locality was one that had produced freely. One of the few large dividend-paying mines of the country was a near neighbor, and extremely rich ledges had been found. By freely circulated statements that the ore assayed two hundred and three hundred dollars to the ton, and that dividends of half a dollar per share would soon begin and could be easily paid during several years, the stock was run up to a high figure. Thereafter the stockholders heard nothing but reports of the new mill and new machinery, and how superbly it worked, and how many blacksmiths and miners and roustabouts were employed, and how many

feet of drifts and cross-cuts had been made. Of course, fine stringers of quartz were frequently cut and the drifts were always in rich matter, indicating a bonanza near by, which the next level would surely strike. Assessments followed; and, like the parrot at the juggler's show, the stockholders are squeaking out, "What next?"

Eta.—This mine was represented to be the largest in the world. Nature had made it expressly as an example of a true fissure-vein. The amount of ore ran up into the millions, and, although the grade was not very high, the quantity more than compensated for it. It was brought out under the most respectable—nay, more, aristocratic—management. Conservative business-men and English capitalists were largely interested in it. The policy of the company was to be prudent, careful, and very conservative. Dividends would not be large, but constant. In fact, the security was a trifle better than United States bonds, and the interest would be larger. The cost of the stock per share when I purchased was nearly twenty dollars. There were four hundred thousand shares, making the market value of the mine eight millions of dollars. Months went by, and no dividend appeared. A railroad had to be built and other improvements made. Meanwhile, the grade of the ore, instead of running, according to the assays, eighty or ninety ounces in silver to the ton, turned out in working to be only forty or thereabouts, while vast lean blocks were found filling up spaces that had been calculated as containing solid ore. When the railroad was finished, freights were extremely high, almost prohibitory, and the expenses were large. However, the stockholders began to clamor for dividends, and, the mountain being literally made to labor, the princely dividend of twenty-five cents per share saw the light. After a while another equally diminutive showing was made, and then silence reigned. Each of these efforts cost the mine one hundred thousand dollars, and a like monthly dividend would require a net profit of one million two hundred thousand dollars a year. Water soon began

to be scarce, and immense new smelting-works were projected, probably on the same principle on which sovereigns declare war when their subjects grow restless. There was but one trouble with this mine: it was sold to the public at three times its value. There has been no fraud in the management: possibly the projectors deceived themselves.

Theta.—As I sat in my office one day, a friend, wild with enthusiasm, introduced two miners, brown and brawny, typical "honest miner" types, the conventional honest miners of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, wearing rough clothes, and prodigal in the use of tobacco-juice and strong language. They appealed to each other for confirmation of each statement, and the confirmation never failed, although once or twice it appeared that the witness had failed to comprehend precisely what he was confirming, and once he confirmed the wrong statement. They also referred frequently to an absent witness, a certain judge in their county district, to whom we were to write for further testimony. The reverence with which this gentleman was regarded suggested the idea that to doubt the judge would be a degree of scepticism never yet attained by mortal man. They owned a claim 1500 feet by 300 on one of the finest veins in "Californy." They had been through every drift on the Comstock lode, and considered their prospect as promising as any strike in that world-famed district. They showed us some ponderous specimens of ore from the outcroppings on their vein. "Picked specimens?" I asked, like a fool.—"Bless your soul, no! Just the ordinary run; if anything, below the average, because we would rather give you an under-than an over-estimate." Beautiful honesty! Childlike innocence! They needed only ten thousand dollars to develop the vein, and that mostly for surface improvements, such as jigs, mills, and a road. The mine would pay for itself from the grass-roots by its ore-product. The plan was to erect the buildings and then take out ore, say five hundred dollars' worth per diem, at a net profit of twelve thousand dollars

per month. They would part with only five-eighths of the mine, just enough to give the "control" to the buyers, thereby proving again their readiness to be equitable and fair in their dealings. As to the other three-eighths, money could not tempt them to sell. There was one other holder, and each of the three wished to retain an eighth. To be sure, there was at one time a sort of hint that if we insisted on securing the whole, it might be arranged; but we did not insist. My friend was very sanguine in the matter, and after writing to the judge aforesaid five of us put in three thousand dollars each, making the mine come at the low price of twenty-four thousand dollars. The money was paid, and our copartners departed for the mine. Delays edged the improvements along until winter set in, when all active work was postponed until spring. Advices became more and more infrequent, and finally ceased. We commissioned a lawyer at San Francisco to go down and investigate matters. The claims had been properly located, but the men had very improperly spent our money and decamped, bag and baggage. The vein had been opened up a few feet deep here and there, but it had resulted in finding no ore of any value. The specimens which had been shown to us were from some other locality. In the words of Dogberry I said to some friends, "Write me down an ass," but I found that they had done so unsolicited.

Iota.—The gentleman-miner is the most independent man in the world as to statements. When it turns out that his figures had no foundation in fact, he accepts your protests and abuse smilingly and carelessly. There is, however, a vast area of quicksand lying between the truth and the whole truth, and therein is the favorite practice-ground of mine-managers. The Iota Mine exemplified what might be called the accumulation game. First, a few men find a fair producing mine and work it very quietly, putting the ore on the dumps or leaving it in the mine, so that it can be readily extracted. Very soon a few dividends are announced and paid, the stock advances, the ring sells out, the mill is suddenly shut down

on account of short ore-supply, dividends cease, and after a decent delay assessments are laid, stock is bought in, and during this period ore is accumulated for another period of prosperity. This game depends largely on a new set of buyers each time, but it has been very successfully played and is free from any danger of prosecution. One might suppose that by holding on to this stock money could be made; but this possibility is adroitly avoided by the managers, who keep the stock out of their hands during assessments and in their hands during most of the dividend-paying period. The assessments usually represent the advance in the stock, and the sales from insiders are made only during the last month or two of dividends.

Kappa.—This venture was intended to be a permanent investment. The mine was situated in the Black Hills, famed for low-grade gold-ore in immense bodies, which could be economically worked at extremely low rates. Dividends were to be regular, and the security was without a rival. A law-suit, however, was begun by a neighboring mine soon after I bought, and far greater milling capacities were required. An assessment, probably one only, but possibly two, would become necessary. Two were levied. Not many months passed and a third was announced, but the officials stated that this was to be the last. After a few months another was called for, and then another. By this time stockholders began to murmur audibly and advised some investigation. An appeal to the secretary brought out many smiles and encouraging words, but no facts. The secretaries of mining companies are a class by themselves, born, and not made. They are bland and urbane, and their politeness is excelled only by their total ignorance (or assumed ignorance) of all matters pertaining to the especial mines with which they are officially connected.

At length a fiscal statement of the Kappa Mine was made, and it appeared that the superb stamp-mill was a monument that had cost some one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, the services of eminent legal talent had presumably

been worth eighty thousand dollars, and over three hundred and ten thousand dollars had been expended in developing the mines and in land-purchases. However, the law-suit had been gained, and everything seemed ready for the realization of the hopes of the long-suffering stockholders, when it suddenly became known (disastrous news about a mine always comes suddenly to outside stockholders) that the water-supply was insufficient to run the mill, and that the ore was of such low grade that it would not pay to crush it. The stockholders were crushed if the ore was not. They had the keen satisfaction of knowing that all this outlay for litigation and building had been carried on to open up a mine with no pay-ore. The only course left was to sell out. Having paid four dollars per share for the stock, and assessments amounting to three dollars per share, I had the satisfaction of selling my interest in that "hole in the ground" for one dollar per share. Since then it has come out that the mine has plenty of rich ore, but that a correct transcript from the superintendent's book would run as follows: "First level entirely in eighteen-dollar ore, but barricaded at present. Second level, with all the cross-cuts, in ore that will average fifteen dollars; prospecting is continued daily, but no ore extracted. Third level, north drift, in twenty-dollar ore. South drift, lean, material not above two dollars per ton: am working the full force of men there and sending some clear quartz to the mill, which will certainly show a large loss at the end of the month." This process will continue until the outsiders are pretty thoroughly shaken out, and then the high-grade ore will be mined. Meantime, however, the public has felt a freezing influence more penetrating than that of a winter mist on the Grampian Hills.

Lambda.—This speculation exemplified perfectly the "consolidation game," which is played as follows. A good mine is obtained and dividends declared, so as to run the stock well up; then the directors individually and secretly purchase an adjoining mine at a very low price, and,

holding all the stock, they easily run up its price to half that of the one of which they are directors. The announcement is then made that a consolidation of the two mines will reduce expenses and increase profits. The market value of *Lambda* to No. 2 is as two to one, but the proposed consolidation is to be at the rate of five to four. This seems an injustice; but the beautiful principle of a majority comes to the rescue, and what between influence and proxies the scheme is effected. The insiders, having thus doubled the value of their stock at the expense of the public, proceed to sell out their interest, close the mill, and then work on the ore-accumulation plan, and in time break out suddenly with a double dividend.

Mu.—My loss on this mine was occasioned less by knavery in the management than by representation based on a false principle. The mine was gold-bearing and in the immediate neighborhood of one that had produced eight hundred thousand dollars in one season, and had, to use the miners' phrase, "struck it big again." The stock of the latter mine was then ruling up among the forties, but this high price foreboded no good to the public, for it has since tumbled to one-tenth of that valuation. Still, the argument was used at the time that if a body of ore in one mine was so immense, it almost certainly spread into the adjoining property, and on the strength of that theory the *Mu* stock advanced to twelve, and then under the malign influence of assessments fell to one. Previous to each levy a "rich strike" was made, and favorable vein-matter was encountered all through the various drifts and cross-cuts, but nothing more was heard from them until the following assessment was near at hand. The fact is that any very rich body of ore usually impoverishes the land lying in its vicinity, and, while it may be widely spread or disjointed, the chances are against this, and the theory is a dangerous one for the purchaser.

Nu.—This mine exemplified the danger of concealed debts. The stock was on the market at about three dollars per share, but had obtained loans from a well-

known firm amounting to nearly three hundred thousand dollars. A private arrangement was made by which the directors issued a large number of shares to this firm at the nominal price of one dollar per share, agreeing to withhold all their stock from market for a certain period of time. Brilliant promises were made, and the firm sold out to the unsuspecting public at four and five dollars per share. It was then rumored that the vein had "petered out," and that the ore had become so refractory as to be practically valueless. The incubus resting on the property became generally known. The "bears" availed themselves of the situation, and hammered the stock down to one-fifth of its previous value. Four mines in five are to-day loaded down with debts concerning which no inquiring purchaser can obtain any information.

XI.—This mine was started under most favorable auspices, and was "floated" under the gonfalon of extreme respectability. Its prospectus avoided the extravagant figures and fulsome promises of many predecessors. The directors and stockholders were so thoroughly high-toned that it was rather a privilege to be enrolled among them. I therefore hastened to embrace my opportunity, but it turned out disastrously. A cloud appeared in the horizon and floated along until its shadow fell on our title. Consternation is no name for the dismay with which many stockholders regarded this misfortune. Litigation (the pitfall of half the mines that are really worth anything) began, and finally, to compromise it all, a purchase of the contestant mine was made. Meanwhile, the stock had fallen to about one-fifth of its original market value. Its affairs looked discouraging, and I wrote off one more loss, with the reflection that it is not only the transgressor for whom the way is hard.

Omicron.—Lot among the wicked men of Sodom held a scarcely less isolated position than does the Omicron Mine among its neighbors. Honesty of management, no tricks, no running up the stock and then depressing it by false reports, full information always to be had

from the officers, regular dividends, even above one hundred and fifty, and careful prospecting and retaining of reserves at the mine,—all these features have proved how brilliant a mining success may be, and by contrast have served to show how base are the subterfuges or how flagrant the abuses of companies that conduct their affairs on opposite principles. The sharks of the profession could readily afford to contribute the monthly dividend for no other purpose than to have this mine to point to as an example of honest management and reliable statements.

Pi.—An expert's knowledge has the fascinating quality of infallibility, and the precision of a geometrical problem. This mine was, so to speak, fathered by senators and experts and matronized by merchant-princes. Colonel Sellers or his spirit was certainly among its promoters. There were "millions in it," visible, tangible, measurable, and calculable, besides the unmeasured millions of the future. The stock was sold at a high price to hopeful capitalists, the small fry not being invited to subscribe. One of the promoters generously sold a hundred shares to a bank cashier and guaranteed him against loss. What greater proof of confidence could be given? I bought two hundred shares at the modest price of twenty-five dollars per share, and paid accordingly five thousand dollars. Half-dollar dividends were regularly declared each month, with occasional "extras." Affairs went on finely, and we stockholders were

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond our depth.

Speaking correctly, we didn't swim more than one summer, and then we all went down, except the aforesaid merchant-princes, who had silently let themselves out at the third story while prices were ranging about in the attic. In technical parlance, the mine had been "gutted." At present writing I could, so to speak, "get out" at three dollars per share.

Sigma.—This mine is what the brokers call a "pure gamble." It is the great moon of the California slope. It has shone on borrowed light for many years. Its move-

ment is kept up by monthly assessments, and it is perhaps a more remarkable proof of the faith possible in the human breast than almost any known financial enterprise. The company has gone on digging down five hundred, a thousand, two thousand and more feet, and has paid the stockholders back only one dollar per share, or at the rate of less than one-tenth of one per cent. per annum on the nominal value, or about one-half per cent. on the market value, while its levies amount to fifty per cent. of its par value. Its present production consists of several million gallons of water per diem, which is of no use. Its pumping machinery is the finest in the world. Its prospects two thousand feet down are no better than they were at the start, and yet the public pays almost as much for the stock as for any mine in the country. I bought at the exorbitant price of fifty-five dollars per share, which was five million five hundred thousand dollars for the mine, requiring a monthly net profit of fifty-five thousand dollars to pay dividends; for any mine ought to pay twelve per cent. per annum to be a fair investment. The workings have been perilously near to a bonanza for many years, and its owners have adroitly avoided the peril. Stockholders pay the piper for the pleasure of being led this dance at a dollar a month, varied with an occasional two dollars, or, in case of a superb and colossal strike of an immensely rich and extensive ore-body, three dollars. The management have recourse to no tricks or dodges. They only keep on steadily announcing instant proximity to a bonanza, and the world believes the statement.

For faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Tuu.—This mine had been very successfully worked by private individuals for several years. They had extracted from it over one million dollars, and had invested the money snugly in United States bonds. Several gentlemen thought that the public should share in such benefits, and induced the owners to part with their property for another million. It was then put into the shape of a mammoth stock-company and sold at the

modest advance of two million dollars,—that is to say, it was stocked at three millions, in three hundred thousand shares at ten dollars apiece. I joined the noble army of martyrs with three thousand dollars in my hand, and gleefully accepted in return three hundred shares of stock which promised to make me rich with telegraphic rapidity. A large corps of new officers was engaged, the base-bullion was to be sent out of the country to be worked, so that all the precious metals might be saved by the more thorough processes of the European refineries, and dividends were to be almost hourly expected. They have been expected every hour since. Experts of great eminence had declared that there were SIXTY MILLION dollars' worth of ores "in sight." No profits have yet accrued to the stockholders, for three reasons: The management became very extravagant; the product turned into iron ore in place of being fifty per cent. lead and ninety ounces of silver; and, lastly, the vein pinched to nothing. The main argument in favor of this mine was the fact of its being a fissure-vein; but, alas! fissure-veins have their idiosyncrasies, and the whim of this one was to close up as close as the bark to the tree. The vein was continued somewhere, the authorities said; but where? It might be a thousand feet down, or two thousand; and we were a little worse off than if it had been only a pocket, because we were bound by all the rules of persistent mining-companies to go on and honey-comb that mountain until we opened up on vein-matter again, for we might any day strike an immense chamber of ore such as those from which the previous owners extracted their million. But what are the chances of finding that vein somewhere this side of China, compared to the chances of assessments? The "sixty millions" have not yet been heard from, and the stock has fallen three hundred per cent. For permanency of work commend me to a true fissure-vein; for profits give me a pocket with a long hole in the bottom and ore extending all the way down.

Upsilon.—The system of piercing the

earth nearly three thousand feet for ore, when there is plenty of it in other places about twenty-nine hundred and ninety feet nearer the surface, is one that arouses serious doubts as to its advantages. In the light either of artesian wells, or underground vapor-baths, or short cuts to China and the North Pole, such diggings have been failures, and for finding treasure they have been total failures. Treasure has no doubt been found in this way, but more money has been sunk than has been paid back. Some twenty of the leading Comstock mines taken together have levied over fifty million dollars during the last ten years, and paid in dividends forty-five millions. In 1870 their market value was less than seven millions; in May of 1878 about twelve millions. In September of 1878 they were forced up to over one hundred and twelve millions, and at the present writing they are down again to less than twelve. Consequently, the hundred million dollars amassed by the insiders came entirely from the public and not at all from the mines. And still the work goes on, and still the money flows into the mine about as fast as the water flows out.

In an evil moment I was induced by some bankers to buy two hundred shares—at twenty dollars—of this stock. I felt soon afterward that I had acted like a lunatic, and ought to have been put in a strait-jacket at once. One of the so-called "forty thieves of the Pacific Slope" was in New York at the time, very cautiously advising his personal friends to invest their money in this mine. Unfortunately, I knew a friend of a friend of a friend of his, and this direct report of the excellence of the mine encouraged me greatly; a heavy assessment soon followed, and took with it all of what I may call the redundancy of my enthusiasm. Steady subsequent assessments and a continual decline to four dollars have gradually sapped the faith and numbed the affection which I once felt for this bonanza king.

Chi.—The announcements touching this mine were so superlatively *golden* that it would seem as though Midas himself had taken a morning stroll through

all its levels, except that the transformation was into silver in place of gold. The prospectus utterly dwarfed all those of any mine that had previously been offered to the public. Experts who went out there became completely dazed, and found that the unit "million" rather cramped them in making their estimates. There was also an entirely new scheme of sale—what a young girl would call "a love of a plan"—which was extremely seductive to the investor. The owners were men of rare generosity, and offered their mine to the public at cost, with the proviso that they (the owners) were to have the privilege of buying back one-half the stock at cost within a certain period of time. In addition to this, only about three-sevenths of the purchase-money was to be paid down, and the balance was to be paid by the company to itself in dividends. The plan proved an immense success, and the price of the stock went shooting up at a speed which would make an ordinary Edge's rocket blush for shame at its own laziness. Brilliant and almost incredible reports of new strikes vied in frequency with declarations of dividends and reports of sales at high price. The wealth of the Incas was as castles either in Spain or in the air, compared with this hole in the ground. The price of the stock advanced until it reached forty-two dollars. At that price the mine (with two hundred thousand shares) was selling at the epic song of eight million four hundred thousand dollars, and the rise had, according to the best knowledge and belief of the ring, just commenced. It was no longer a question of the stock's rising to par, but how much above par it was destined to go. Accordingly, in a moment of temporary mental aberration I purchased two hundred shares at forty-four, making eighty-eight hundred dollars. A month later the rocket turned and the stick began to fall. The directors had been themselves confident of still higher rates, and had not sold out; but they now hastened to do so, at the same time withholding all prejudicial reports and straining the mine to its utmost capacity, or, in the miners' vernacular, "gutting it." The

profits on the advance had been enormous, but the sharks were not altogether satisfied with them; so they sold the stock "short" all the way down to five dollars per share, steadily deceiving the public. My investment of eighty-eight hundred dollars was now worth one thousand dollars. The wreck was more dismal than burnt-out fireworks. Darkness and silence reigned supreme, except that some ambitious pyrotechnic manufacturers were moving about and picking up the skeletons of the pieces, with the assurance to the bystanders that they could be used again for another fine exhibition. "And the moral of that," says the duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," "is that the more there is of *mine* the less there is of yours."

Psi.—A Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, and a *mine director*—what inconsistency! Add to this, president of a university, and we have what a variety-theatre management would designate "an olio of virtues." Under such a standard, however, victory seemed a ma-

thematical certainty, and with the fearlessness of a crusader I invested twenty-two hundred dollars in buying four hundred shares, at five and a half dollars, of the *Psi* stock,—so sired, and also so damned. The weight of learning proved too much for the mine. The careful and thoroughly honest management of the enterprise succeeded in dropping the price of the stock thirty-three per cent., dividends to the contrary notwithstanding. My loss in this case has been as yet only on paper.

Omega.—"Thunder in the Mountains, Run, Boys, Run!"—The best Egg ever Hatched.—Honest Management.—Endless Ore.—Superb prospective Dividends.

Purchased on Subscription at Four Dollars per Share.—Ore-Bodies gave Out.—Mortgage Bonds Issued.—Sold out at Ninety Cents per Share.—Mortgage Foreclosed.

Moral.—Never buy assessable mining-stocks.

More moral.—Never buy any.

WHICH IS BEST?

TO feel that heaven were not heaven without her,
That where she is not 'twere sad to be;
That all sweet fancies blossom about her,
And she lends enchantment to land and sea;
That sunlight is shadow where she does not shine,
And pain for her sake a rapture divine?

To know that the ground you tread on she blesses,
At the sound of your voice all her pulses stir;
That no language or glance or touch confesses
The half of the love that abides in her;
That sweet things are bitter which you do not share,
Hope a delusion, and life a despair?

MARY W. PRESCOTT.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Bernhardt Excitement.

IT was a happy thought of Sarah Bernhardt's manager to bring her forward immediately after the Presidential election. People are never so ready for a pleasurable excitement as when they have just passed through one involving a certain strain and anxiety. No sooner is the tension relaxed than the inevitable reaction begins: it is difficult to settle down to any regular routine; ordinary life is felt to be monotonous; common pleasures seem insipid; even the elation of success is followed by a flatness that calls for some stimulant, while defeat brings with it the need of distraction as a means of oblivion. The general effect of an after-fillip of this kind is soothing and restorative.

It may be thought that in the present case an opportunity for thus toning up the jaded nerves is offered to only a small number. But, thanks to the newspapers, the excitement occasioned by Mlle. Bernhardt's performances is not confined to those who have witnessed them. It is at least equally strong among those who are still looking forward to the enjoyment; while it is probably greatest among those who have not seen and have no expectation of seeing her. It is clear that her audiences—whether through her deficiencies or their own—have experienced a sense of disappointment, and this cannot but have a chilling effect on the anticipations of those who are awaiting their turn. But a larger public has enjoyed without any drawback—since a feeling of envy could only heighten the interest—the copious descriptions of her person and wardrobe, the full accounts of her doings and sayings, and the long and minute criticisms of her acting which have filled the columns of the New York press. The reporters, it must be confessed, have on this occasion “deserved well of the republic.” As to the critics,

they have surpassed themselves. Never has their flow of adjectives been so abundant, their nicety of discrimination so remarkable, or their lack of unanimity so gratifying. They agree in two statements only,—that the distinguished actress is miserably supported by the other members of the troupe, and that the audiences fail to appreciate the finer points of her playing. This confirms the prediction of those who reproached her for deserting her proper public: “*Over there she will play surrounded by ‘supers,’ and she will not be understood; to the delicate applause of the Parisians she has preferred the vulgar curiosity of which she is the object abroad.*”

There has never been a great performer to whom the starring system was less suited or whom it placed at a greater disadvantage. Her talents and her *physique* are alike unfitted to sustain the burden thus thrown upon her. Moreover, French actors, and especially the actors of the *Comédie Française*, constitute a school. They are not stimulated to rival one another in overpowering effects, but trained to harmonize their individualities and to aim at securing the perfection of the *ensemble*. Each company, however diverse the talents of its members in kind or degree, is made a band of equals, all mutually dependent, by their community of spirit and intention. Any member isolated from the rest and associated with inferior players must lose in every way by being made thus conspicuous. “Effects” which have lost their purpose are either dropped or misconceived, and others are attempted which are devoid alike of inspiration and of art, unsuited to the scene and to the actor's powers.

It is to be noted that the *Comédie Française* has not gone to pieces in consequence of Bernhardt's desertion. On the contrary, never have its performances been more brilliant or successful than at one period during her absence.

Why does not Mr. Abbey, or some other enterprising manager, instead of tempting a single *sociétaire* by preposterous terms, induce the company to visit America in a body? It does not, like the Italian opera, depend on expensive accessories—scenery, chorus, and orchestra—for the completeness and perfection of its performances. It has played successful engagements in London: would a short season in New York be likely to prove less remunerative?

Our managers are ransacking the ends of the earth for novel additions to the regular course of theatrical entertainments. They have just brought nautch-girls from India. Let them provide us with a far higher and more legitimate source of amusement by bringing over the *Comédie Française*.

Bright Prospects of "Reform."

THE prospects of the Civil Service Reform movement have undergone a sudden and startling change. A month ago few people could be induced even to talk about it; since then it has become the constant subject of stirring "leaders" in the daily press. Then its advocates were preparing for a long and arduous effort to arouse the public to a sense of its importance; now they are promised the immediate attainment of their ultimate object without any such preliminary labor. They had supposed that the Democratic party would offer the strongest opposition to reform; instead of this, they learn that it is by the Democratic party that reform is to be championed and carried.

Some of them, we regret to see, object to the support thus proffered, or rather to the change of leadership, on the ground that its avowed purpose is to provide the Democracy with a "character." Others, still more cynical, insinuate that it is a case of "gift-bearing Greeks,"—that reform is to be wooed away from the keeping of its friends only that it may be smothered in the embraces of its foes. We trust these suspicions will not prevail generally, but that the mass of the reformers, who have so often displayed a childlike confidence and a readiness to accept the smallest favors from any quar-

ter, will joyfully avail themselves of this golden opportunity for getting their full desires gratified. Let us all unite, at this happy season of the year, to throw open the door to this little measure of improvement that has so long stood shivering on the threshold,—if only that we may be rid of its importunities.

Obelisks.

AT last we have our obelisk,—a real Egyptian obelisk, covered with quaintest intaglios representing the conventional sharp-elbowed Copt, whole and in sections, with birds, beasts, snakes, pots and kettles, hieroglyphics generally, in bewildering variety. We ought to be a happy republic. Nothing that modern art could create would be half so picturesque in the Central Park as this huge monolith from the plains of the Nile. It is a pity that we cannot have one in every large park; but the supply is limited.

Our tourists for over forty years have gazed with patriotic envy at the Obelisk of Luxor, in the Place de la Concorde. Now we shall no more envy the Parisians on the score of obelisks. Theirs is cracked, as everybody knows,—cracked from the base one-third the way up,—and, moreover, it stands on a modern pedestal, while ours is intact, and even its pedestal is Egyptian. The French pedestal is covered with gilded diagrams of the machinery used in transporting the obelisk to its present site. Visitors are always studying these diagrams, which, compared to the hieroglyphics on the shaft, are rather intelligible to the novice in mechanics. But the hieroglyphics have all been deciphered, and they show that the monolith was erected by the late Rameses III. fifteen hundred and fifty years before Christ. Let us hope ours will not prove quite so modern as that.

But seriously, though it was certainly an outrage to antiquity to move the obelisk from its original site, we cannot repress a sense of satisfaction at the possession of an object of such interest. The danger is that with the handling of obelisks, moving them from continent to continent, and all the newspaper and

other discussion incident thereto, we shall revive the passion for monumental shafts,—a passion that should have died utterly with the invention of printing, which furnishes a much more perfect and lasting method of preserving records. When there was no means of multiplying writings by machinery, monumental shafts of stone were useful and proper; but to encourage their creation to-day “is as absurd as for a full-grown man to rub his gums with coral and cry to be charmed to sleep with the jingle of silver bells.”

That this kind of monument has become unpopular is shown by the difficulty in raising money to erect them. That in Washington, dedicated to the “Father of his Country,” after years of delay through lack of funds, threatens now to be completed; but it is to be hoped it will be the last monstrosity of its kind. Memorials of this costly and utterly useless nature belong to the barbarism of the past, and in no way express the spirit of the times, which teaches that anything set apart from the uses of life is by that divorce robbed of vitality and meaning. Pretentious and useless piles of masonry are valuable at this day only as significant texts for great sermons on the problems of modern industry. They are like the purple raiment of kings, or the palaces, the couches, the chariots, of the rich,—badges of the vanity and ostentation of false greatness. They are insults in the face of all deserving industry. It is servile to admire them. If the people of this country desire to honor the memory of Washington by a costly work of architecture, their common sense should demand that it be in a form to serve some useful end.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Privilege vs. Equality.

Not long ago I said to a young woman who is studying art with a serious purpose, “When you think of your future career do you not sometimes wish you had been born a man?”—“No, never,” was the reply. “I have a much better chance as I am. There are fewer women

in the field; the standard set for them is not so high, and critics and the public are more indulgent. If my work is really good, it will be more successful than if a man had done it. It will be a little bit wonderful as well as good.”

It was a new way of looking at the “woman question,” but just now, and in certain lines of work, is it not the truest way? A few years ago a lady, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, carried off the honors of the Academy exhibition in London. Her picture was certainly a good one,—very good indeed, if judged by the average English treatment of similar themes. Painted by an unknown young man, it would doubtless have been noticed and praised, but would it have made him quite so suddenly famous as it made Miss Thompson? Would it have been lauded at the Academy dinner by the Prince of Wales, bought by Royalty, mobbed, almost, in the exhibition-room, and otherwise made a little more of than its intrinsic merits warranted? Not its merits alone were taken into consideration by critics and the public, but also the fact that it was a young woman who had painted so well and had treated military subjects with so masculine an understanding thereof. We can hardly believe that any young *man* with a fame so new would have had British cavalry regiments trotted out and put through their evolutions for his benefit, as, we are told, has more than once been done for Miss Thompson. A similar case is that of Rosa Bonheur. Would her fame have been so peculiarly popular had not her personality gained an interest from the fact of her sex and her painting themes that had been monopolized by men?

I need hardly point out that the advocates of “women’s rights” will not find much to please them in the existence of women’s privileges like these. They ask for an absolute and impartial equality, and privileges of this kind do not imply any concession of equality. They are but another way in which the world manifests its old idea that *much is not to be expected of a woman*. Praise arising from such an underlying belief must contain an element of patronage. There may be none

intended toward the woman in question. She may be granted full and free equality with the best of her brethren. But accompanying it all there will be a feeling of condescension toward the sex in general which will grieve her if she is in the habit of considering herself as primarily a woman rather than a simple unit in the general mass of humanity. It may not be very pleasant for my clever sisters in the race to feel that if their triumph, when they win, is exceptionally brilliant, the cause lies in the fact that the world had not expected them to run at all, or to be even "placed" if they should do so. It might flatter their pride a little more to think that the weight they had to carry had retarded them, that they would have had a better chance, and so done better running, had they been of the other sex. But may they not well sink their pride a little and be glad that the world is ready to give them a "head-start" and an extra cheer or two in case they come in victorious?

And pride, by the way, may be comforted with the thought that, whatever the world's attitude has been or may be toward a woman's work which is not indisputably of the highest grade, there is exact equality to be found when the very highest levels of the intellect are reached. It would be no more true to say that the world overestimates George Eliot's work because she is a woman than that it underestimates it for the same reason.

M. R.

Woman as a Waiting Animal.

"I REALLY believe that I am kept waiting!" said Louis XIV. on an occasion when some expected public functionary was not promptly at hand; and nothing more clearly illustrates the power of the *grand monarque* than his surprise at such an occurrence.

Woman at the present day may be defined as a waiting animal. She must lose much time and exercise unlimited patience in delays which are chiefly occasioned by the dilatory habits or the arbitrary regulations (for its own exclusive convenience) of the other sex. To carry on the intercourse of society on a basis of punctuality seems to be an obsolete idea. If one issues invitations for an

evening-party at eight o'clock, the hostess must wait until nine before the guests begin to arrive; if nine o'clock is the hour named, people do not come till ten; or if ten o'clock, many will linger until half-past before putting in an appearance. No one will deny that this absurd practice has sprung from the reluctance of men to take a serious view of their social duties, performing them with the exactness which they find necessary in their other affairs.

In transacting any business women may be said to spend half their time in waiting. There is no such thing for a woman as getting her business attended to on the instant. If she goes into a store and selects her goods, she must sit patiently until the clerk has made out three little accounts on three different pieces of paper. Then a cash-boy is called and takes them to a remote cashier, who makes out three more little accounts and hands the goods to a wrapper, who counts and measures them anew before making up the bundle. The customer does not escape this delay by having her goods sent home. She must stay until she gets the change and the cashier is satisfied that her money is not counterfeit. Even in marketing, women have to wait the leisure and inclination of the sellers, for these are so anxious to get customers that they will stop cutting off a roast or measuring out tomatoes to hail some possible buyer they may chance to see afar off. In all such matters the prevalent custom is based on the notion that a woman's time is of little or no value, and that she can have no possible objection to waiting.

This notion, originated by the masculine mind, has spread to those of her own sex who undertake to supply any of her needs. If a lady goes to a dressmaker, not only must she wait, but she is lucky if she is not told to return the next day, for no *modiste* will allow it to be supposed that she ever has a single moment when she is not overwhelmed with engagements. The worst experience of all, however, is when a lady wishes to engage servants. If she advertises, she must stay in the house the whole day to receive ap-

plicants. If she goes to an intelligence-office, she is shown into a parlor, where she must wait until the proprietor has winnowed out the least objectionable of those who are waiting to be employed; and if she sends to the office, she must wait at home for several days until it suits some of the cooks or housemaids to call and interview her.

Besides all these enforced delays in the general affairs of life, a woman often has to wait for her husband to come home to dinner, owing to the fact of his having stopped *en route* for a little casual conversation. If he has no early business engagements she must wait for him to get up to breakfast. But previously to all her trials of this kind she must wait to get married until she is asked.

G. S. B.

Holiday Gifts.

THE miseries of some people would be at the minimum were it not for the painful regularity of the return of the winter holidays, or had not the innocent custom of making Christmas and New-Year's gifts to members of one's own family degenerated into a fashion embracing not only one's "cousins and his uncles and his aunts," but an ever-increasing outside list whose claims depend on courtesies received on like occasions and cannot be ignored.

"What shall I make or buy or hunt out of forgotten niches for Minnie and Maud and Frank and Ned?—youngsters who count on 'Auntie, sure,' whoever else fails to remember their Christmas-tree. What will be a fit offering to elders, or to those having particular tastes, that has not been given before by me or some other friend?" These perplexing questions, together with the mathematical problem of making one dollar do the work of twenty, become more perplexing when you attempt their solution by a walk down Chestnut Street or Broadway, your eyes bewildered by the variety or fascinated by the beauty and elegance of *cadeaux* you dare not ask the price of. Oh for the luxury of going shopping once—just once in one's life—with a magic purse! To those who have always had the delight of such excursions marred by the

consciousness of restricted means, what bliss it would be to go into Steinway's show-rooms, for example, and ask the price of the finest piano!—not because the price is of any moment, but merely as a formula in buying. The dignified salesman would probably ask if you meant grand pianos. "Certainly," you reply; and, on being informed that they are six thousand dollars, you could say with a nonchalant air, "Six thousand? Very well. Send me up a dozen." Then, on second thoughts, remembering the size of your domicile and the prejudice of the policemen against littering up the sidewalks, you could order eleven of them to be sent to as many friends whom you knew to be suffering for Steinway Grands.

Having a place in the country gives one a great advantage as to holiday gifts to city friends. Honey, jars of choice pickles and fruit, a few bottles or a small cask of wine, or a fat turkey, will be found generally acceptable. You cannot, however, keep on sending turkeys forever, for experience has proved that three years is the longest period that turkey-raising can be endured on a farm. After that time everything that happens to be missing, from a paper of tacks to a handsaw, will be laid to the voraciousness of your turkeys, and finally you have to cancel this factor in the solution of the gift problem.

A correspondent suffering from the misery of having sent a silver pickle-stand and jar to a lady who had already received three within a week has lost all faith in the possibility of making successful holiday presents, and he proceeds to classify gifts as follows:

1. Investment gifts, where one gives sixpence in the hope of getting back a shilling.
2. Compulsory gifts, as at Christmas, birthdays, and weddings.
3. Counterfeit gifts, where one gives something to a man in order to get rid of it or of him.
4. Genuine gifts, where one gives something one would like to keep, and receives something one does not care to have. The misery is at the maximum when both parties suffer in both ways.

The remedy in such cases would be for each to keep his own gift and credit the other with the pleasure of it, as a Chinaman, when meeting a friend, shakes, not the latter's hand, but his own.

Considering how many duplicate dressing-gowns, embroidered slippers, smoking-caps, pipe- and watch-cases are annually given to bachelors, pickle-stands, castors, salt-cellar, cake- and fruit-baskets to housekeepers, toilet-sets, work-baskets, and volumes of poems to young ladies, might it not be a good plan to open a Holiday-gift Exchange or Clearing-house early in January in all large towns? To be sure, it sounds a little sacrilegious; but so long as holiday gift-giving is so fashionable and extensive, is it not the only practical way to avoid the perplexity of choosing appropriate presents and the annoyance of receiving duplicate ones?

M. H.

Winter Occupations.

FEMININE activities have greatly multiplied within the past few years, keeping pace with the progress of the decorative arts; and now that almost every woman has at least one piece of art embroidery on hand, attends a school of cookery, paints china, and experiments on glazes, the short winter days are not in danger of being idly spent. To begin, modern housekeeping is a system which demands perpetual efforts. Whatever may be said in praise of the old-fashioned housewife, the initiated perfectly well understand that the housewife of to-day is more thorough, her eye more fastidious, her methods more precise. Housecleaning, which formerly came twice a year with terrors in its train, now goes on noiselessly every day in the week. Perfect elegance is a captivating quality to the modern mind, and is considered incompatible with any sort of negligence. The polished floors must shine, the rugs must be frequently and carefully beaten, silver and brasses rubbed to their brightest. Artistic as our present methods of furnishing are, it is more necessary to keep a careful lookout for orderly arrangement than it was when our rooms contained only chairs, sofas, and tables.

Portières must hang correctly, screens and cushions and bric-à-brac be properly grouped, else one carries away no coherent idea from the picturesque jumble.

With this dazzling perfection meeting the eye everywhere, a woman naturally burns with zeal to have a background of equal excellence. Cooking, sewing, the care of the children, and all sorts of intellectual and ornamental occupations,—these in turn must take up her time and attention. Then this exquisite fidelity, this painstaking exactness, demands not only a clear head, but strength of muscle besides; and the fatigue which follows such efforts really excludes a woman from all capacity for enjoying the results she seems to attain.

What every woman should carefully decide is this: What are useless and what are essential industries? She must not mistake the shadow for the substance, nor waste in mechanical perfection the grace and beauty which ought to pervade her life. A wife and mother should be surrounded by an atmosphere of poetry,—of real feeling. She is constantly called upon to express kindness, sympathy, more or less tenderness. She needs a facility of mental action which shall enable her to turn readily to whatever subject presents itself, a readiness in conversation, and an acquaintance with the real life going on about her. All those qualities which make a woman most charming are impeded by anything which wearies and depresses her. She must, of course, be diligent, but let her industries be well directed and employed upon the best objects. She will find, too, that when her undertakings are in closest sympathy with the actual needs of her family, they tire her least. The worthy goal of patient and continuous effort on the part of every woman is a joyous household, and nothing can be more damaging to its chances than an excess of useless occupations on the part of the wife and mother.

L. W.

A Suggestion for Housekeepers.

UNLESS we are all to emigrate to Charles Lamb's

Land of pure delight,
Where omelettes grow on trees,

it will soon become necessary to do something besides exclaim over Biddy's and Gretchen's enormities or lament over the growing scarcity of servants of any kind, good or bad. *What* it is that is to be done is the question, and it seems to me that we may find an answer in our methods of managing other matters. We have clubs or societies for our development in art and culture, for the furtherance of our amusements, for the better carrying out of our benevolent schemes. Why can we not unite in some plan to ameliorate our condition as housekeepers, "servants of servants" that we are, alas! too often?

Now, if a certain number of the housekeepers, say of any small country town,—for in such places the evil is generally most pronounced,—would form an association, each member of which bound herself to take no servant into her employ who had not at least a six months' character from her last place, nor one who had left a former place without suitable warning, with such other regulations as would best meet the wants of each individual society, the condition of housekeepers in that community would very shortly be considerably improved. The early days of such an enterprise would naturally be full of perplexity. No one should attempt to pioneer it who is not to some extent superior to the ordinary vicissitudes of the domestic problem,—that is, who is not physically able to do without a servant sometimes, if need be, for the sake of principle. Every community can boast of at least a few select ones who are well fitted for such a work. Let them form a Society for the Protection of Housekeepers, or something which means that, whatever be its name. The better class of servants would themselves possibly come in time to recognize its benefits; assuredly their employers would do so.

L. S. H.

ART MATTERS.

A Bit of Local Color.

"THAT is best which lieth nearest," says the poet; "shape from that thy

work of art." Good advice, but advice which our artists are only just beginning to think of following. Apart from panoramic views of American scenery in its widest and most unpaintable aspects, there was for a long time no attempt to use our native material. Humanity, as it exists among us, was neglected, except in absolute portraiture. Local architecture was unthought of for artistic purposes. Genre-painting devoted itself to everything except the things which lie about us. But to-day there is a different spirit to be noticed. Our younger men begin to appreciate the materials that are nearest to their hand. "Shanty-town" is beloved by many. Some of the best water-colors that were shown last winter in New York were studies of the types most familiar in our streets,—a market-woman of Hibernian origin, a turkey perching on a barrel, a newsboy cutting up a watermelon. What are not, by the way, the artistic possibilities of this fruit? What a harmony of gorgeous color it presents, waiting for an artist who shall do it justice!

There is another motive which I should like to suggest to some painter in search of a bit of truly "local color." One cold, gray day in mid-November I was travelling by rail in the State of Pennsylvania. The land was flat, monotonous, and unadorned by trees except where an occasional row of solemn cedars showed their dark green above a line of ragged fence, giving hardly more color to the landscape than the dull brown of the soil or the hard gray tint of the sky. There was no snow on the ground, and no winter wheat in the bare furrows. How pitiless, I thought, is our atmosphere toward the artist! In England there would be fog and mist to soften outline and color; in France, a delicate haze to mitigate their harshness. But this atmosphere is clear and uncompromising, and all-revealing even when the sky is overclouded. Nor is there a bit of color visible far or near. It is idle to hope for even a red petticoat, or a blue blouse, or one of the pink or yellow kerchiefs so plentiful in the Fatherland. I was leaning against the side of the car,

so that I saw the landscape obliquely and in a vague sort of way. Suddenly a vivid orange spot caught my weary eye. A sense of delight and relief, another of wonder as to what the blessed object might be, and I turned to look. Not far from the track a group of workmen were sitting on the ground, in the midst of a ploughed field, eating their dinner. One of them held my spot of color in his lifted hand,—a shining disk of brilliant hue. Successful as a spot of color, it was not, I fear, a poetic thing. It was only a pumpkin-pie!

M. G. V.

Picture-Buying.

To buy pictures for one's self seems a simple process, does it not? You see a picture, like it, covet it, ask the price, and, if that suits, order it home, hang it up, and enjoy it. All this is very plain and rational, and you may ask, Is there any other way than this to go about the matter? If one has been accustomed to haunt picture-shops and exhibitions, one knows that there *are* many more ways than this in which pictures are bought, and that some of them seem curious enough to lookers-on. The diverse natures of men are as well exemplified in this as in matters more complicated and more momentous.

Some people, for instance, buy for the sake of the artist's name. He is the fashion, either generally or with their private circle, and they wish a sample of his work. The available canvases are discussed, and the one that is most pleasing is procured. Perhaps I should say the one that is least displeasing, for it was only the other day that an acquaintance said, "I want to show you my new X." X. had just died, and people were discussing his work, and for the moment admiring it greatly. "I do not think much of it myself," continued my host,—“indeed, I think it a very poor thing; but then it is an X., and I wanted to have one.” Others, again, buy because some one has said such and such pictures are good, and they hope to like them after a while. Perhaps they will, but there are chances on both sides,

and one would think that a purchase known and felt to be pleasing at the time would be more attractive.

I was once called upon in a picture-dealer's shop to decide upon the rival merits of two paintings between which a couple of my acquaintance were hesitating. They wanted a new picture—so they told me—to fill up a certain blank space upon their wall, and so size was all-important. Which of these paintings, both being of the proper shape, should they choose? The question would not have been quite so absurd had not the contrast between the canvases been so strong. One was a rich and glowing Venetian view by Ziem, the other an insipid picture by the vapidest of boudoir-painters, Baugniet,—a girl in a modish frock, sure to be hideous in any one's eyes after a year or two, sentimentally contemplating an engagement-ring. I recommended the latter, thinking the Ziem worthy of a somewhat better fate.

Perhaps the most curious method of all is the buying by size,—not in the way just cited, but to get the biggest canvas possible for the price. Not long ago, while waiting in an exhibition-room, I heard involuntarily the conversation of a lady and gentleman who were discussing the rival attractions of a number of pictures. A small landscape that was held at one hundred and fifty dollars pleased them very much. They were near purchasing it, when they perceived that a much larger canvas was offered at the same price. They hesitated a little, proclaiming that they really liked—strange as it might appear—the smaller picture best. And then they bought the larger one; and I envied them, not the picture, but the satisfaction they had had from the expenditure of their hundred and fifty dollars.

I knew once in a foreign city a curious specimen of a picture-maniac. He was a Californian, very rich and not very wise, but making no pretensions and saying that he did not know whether pictures were good or bad: he only knew that he liked them all. The number that he purchased was enormous. They were hung in rows on every wall, piled around

the rooms, and heaped on all the chairs and sofas, much to the distress of his wife, who did *not* like them. His taste was very catholic: nothing came amiss, and he objected neither to size nor to any possible subject-matter. He bought everywhere,—from antiquity-dealers, from copyists in the gallery, from amateur artists, and from the obscurest studios. When displaying his treasures, his delight, in opposition to that of most collectors, was to tell how *small* a sum he had paid for each example. I need say nothing of the merits of his collection. I have often wondered whether he took it home intact.

I know picture-collectors whose taste has grown by practice, so that they are now good judges and really appreciate good work, yet whose fondness for the canvases they have long owned is so great that they will not part even with such as they now know and feel to be bad, because they admired them; and I know of some, on the other hand, who care for no picture that is not brand-new. Their walls are always full, but one is never sure of seeing the same work twice upon them. There is a constant shifting and changing, and they enjoy their pictures as a dealer enjoys his,—all the more, perhaps, for knowing that they may not have them many days.

Last, and worst of all, come the purchasers who do not buy themselves, but commission others to do the business for them. The chances are that they get better things in this way than they would in any other. But I am not now discussing what people get, only *how* they get it; and one might think that the prime object in owning a picture would be the personal pleasure to be had from looking at it. Does the receipt for obtaining this pleasure come with a canvas so procured, I wonder, as the receipt for palatably cooking them comes with the preserved viands we order from the grocer?

S. R.

Church-Building in the Middle Ages.

No more remarkable phenomenon appears in the history of civilization than

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the part played by the free cities of the Middle Ages. Scattered over all countries, from the Baltic and the North Sea to the Mediterranean, connected with each other often only by the unfelt bond of an indirect commercial intercourse, and differing greatly in size, political importance, and the height of culture attained by each, they yet seem to have fulfilled everywhere the same mission and to have been swayed by the same spirit.

Quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

To bear the torch of civilized life and pass it on to after-ages was their mission; and the men who, almost unconsciously, accomplished this great work were inspired by an intense and exclusive devotion to a narrow fatherland. To the burgher of the Middle Ages, what lay between the four walls of his city and under the shadow of his bell-tower was his home and native soil; and the patriotism which was confined to so narrow a channel flowed with the greater depth and force, and was an unsleeping, urgent impulse to small sacrifices no less than to great, in times of peace as well as in war. Civic and patriotic pride united in one gave to successive generations the patient energy required to execute works such as would now be impossible, but which then every citizen was forward in aiding and carrying out. The same strong, unwearying desire of beautifying the city is found wherever municipal institutions flourished, and produced works alike in kind, though not in degree. The façade and painted windows of the *Rathhaus* in little Swabian Reutlingen, for example, are as significant in this respect as the masterpieces of Belgian and Italian architects.

Architecture is not only the earliest but the most patriotic of the arts. To erect public buildings more stately than private dwellings has been the aim of men wherever a strong social sentiment has merged the individual in the community. And the chief church is the chief public building, since there the soul of the city is enshrined,—the deity who, whether called Athene or Jupiter, St. Mark or the Virgin, typifies the national life and greatness. Like the temple on the Capitol in ancient Rome,

the Duomo of a mediæval Italian city is the centre of all manifestations of triumph or supplication. The history of its building narrates the glory of the people, as the neglect and decay of the mighty work coincide with the decline of the civic life.

If we bear this in mind, we may easily see how Professor Norton¹ has sketched the prosperity and growth under democratic institutions of Venice, Siena, and Florence in executing monographs of their respective temples. The work in detail is of a kind not new to the author; already twenty years ago he displayed, in telling the story of the cathedral of Orvieto, the same spirit of patient research, the same ardent appreciation and tempered enthusiasm, which are shown here most strikingly in the kindred account of Siena. But in "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy" the chapter on Orvieto appeared as an episode. A greater interest and value attach to these essays because one leading idea is marked and clear throughout. Professor Norton has in view to expose the workings and results of popular sovereignty in the Italian cities, in so far as they affected art; and he has confined himself to one art, which, above the others, was of common origin and existence with political freedom.

The essay on Venice is picturesque, but comparatively meagre. Between the other two the balance of interest is nearly even. The Duomo of Florence is the larger subject; the men whom it brings before us are more widely famous, and its completion comes down to the time of Medicean rule, which is the generally best known period of Florentine history. But this latter fact takes away from the significance of the subject in connection with the main design of the book. Under Cosimo, even under the Albizzi, popular sovereignty was hardly more than a name in Florence. On the other hand, the hundred and twenty years which include the work on the Sienese Duomo coincide strikingly with the real greatness of the city. Moreover, Siena, at the present day,

has for all who have seen it a peculiar and subtle charm. To the splendor of Florence it opposes early triumphs and the simplicity of early art, while its quaint, rugged hill-streets and the sweet, sober landscape around its walls are unique in their fascination. Into this essay, too, Professor Norton has interwoven with especial appropriateness impressive passages from documents and chronicles, and he has adorned his own earnest, luminous style with the fresh and original narrative of native mediæval historians.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

"Old Hickory" at Home.

AFTER a visit to Nashville one feels a new interest in the old hero of New Orleans. Here he still seems almost a living presence among the people. They love to talk of him to strangers. Now and then a note of discord breaks through the strain of eulogy. One evening, in a charming household, General Jackson was for a time "the thought of the hour," as they say in Boston. Suddenly a quaint old maiden-lady in a gray gown and white kerchief electrified us by the exclamation, "General Jackson was a scoundrel!"

Then the chorus from guest and kinsmen: "Cousin Nancy! Aunt Nancy! Miss Nancy!"

"Pooh!" she said, undaunted; "didn't I know him? I used to feed his game-chickens. He always brought them over to our place to be raised. We lived only four miles away. Nobody had such luck with game-chickens as my mother. He was only a bully."

"But wasn't he a brave man?"

"Oh, he would fight if he *had* to. But he always kept a lot of bullies around him to do his fighting."

Miss Nancy had evidently tired of hero-worship, and she was not to be diverted from her text.

He was very religious,—he had his own chapel on his estate,—and he dearly loved a race-horse, and had his own private race-track. All strangers are taken to see Clover-bottom Track; and fortunate are they if they go with some old veteran stuffed with reminiscences, which he

¹ "Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages: Venice, Siena, Florence." By Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

pours forth with a fire and spirit that bring vividly before you all he narrates. One of those to whom it is a fascination to listen has recently given us a book full of memories which he calls "Old Times in Tennessee." But a greater treat than reading it is to hear the author *tell* how he saw General Jackson "scare and put to flight twenty thousand men." It was on Clover-bottom Race-course. The narrator, then a small boy, was stationed on a cedar fence. The betting was very fierce. Horses and negroes as well as money were put up, a large pound being filled with the live-stock. Murmurs arose that it was to be a jockey-race; that "Greyhound," one of the famous racers, had been seen the night before in a wheat-field, and his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw him off. In the height of the excitement General Jackson appeared, "riding a gray horse and carrying a long pistol in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, with muzzles that a ground-squirrel could enter. He swore 'by the Eternal' he would shoot the first man who brought his horse on the track,—that the people's money should not be stolen in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and fire flashed from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves at bay, but he was the most ferocious-looking animal I have ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they all felt as I did, every one expected to be slain."

The end of it was that there was a great rush to the pound to get back the money staked, and the boy on the fence was overturned and nearly trampled to death. But he still lives, possibly the only survivor of that great crowd. He gives the most vivid idea of "Old Hickory's" personality. When Lafayette visited Nashville in 1825 and Jackson greeted him in the public square, approaching the carriage "with peacock stride," the eyes of all were attracted to their own hero rather than to their distinguished guest. A hundred voices exclaimed, "Just look at old Jackson!" There was something in his face, his martial presence, that enchained the public gaze whenever he appeared.

Of course, amid so much talk of General Jackson, the lady to whom he gave the protection of his name and honor comes in for her share. Many a sly little anecdote about her has been preserved. One lady tells that the last time her mother saw Mrs. Jackson the latter remarked, by way of accounting for a cold under which she suffered, "The general kicked the kiver off last night."

One of her negro-women came to her in a good deal of trouble because she had just been told that the world was round and she had always thought it flat. "Never mind, aunty," said kind "Mis' Rachel," "don't you be disturbed. I think it is flat myself, and honey"—so she often called the general—"honey thinks so too."

But her veriest detractors find nothing to say against her looks or character. "She was beastly ignorant," said one fine old gentleman, "and Jackson married her, not from love, but from an *impulse of chivalry*, to fling his protection around her; but she was perfectly beautiful, and as fine and good a woman as ever lived."

But he did love her. They tell that the Hermitage, which stands rather oddly just back of an elevation of the ground, instead of on its brow, was so placed because Mrs. Jackson, walking one afternoon with the general, stopped just there and said it would be the right place for the new house, as it was only a short distance from the spring where they went for water. The general struck the ground with his staff and said there should the foundations be laid. And there they were laid, in spite of expostulation.

The inscription on Mrs. Jackson's tombstone was written by a kinsman of the general, whom he had befriended through difficulties that clouded his name. The general gave him a home at the Hermitage, and was always his patron and protector. The epitaph has the stamp of sincerity, and may be accepted as substantially true:

"Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpre-

tending methods. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

S. B.

Political Claptrap.

It is astonishing how noble the whole career of a man becomes when he is a successful political candidate. Even his remote relatives take on social importance, and his forefathers and mothers shine out from the past with sudden brilliancy. If he has been poor, cheap copies of his life teach people the beauty of poverty and how the seed of greatness lies in hunger. He once dug potatoes for a living. Hurrah! let us all get hoes and march with them in procession. Hoes are the sceptre, the political symbol, of our present little god. How precious grows every detail of the life which a few months ago was nothing to us! To satisfy a republic, its idol must have tasted of hardship; to satisfy a sneaking aristocratic instinct in every bosom in the republic, he must spring from stock in some way noteworthy. We do not want a king: we simply want a unit, an ace, who outranks the king, and yet stands numerically at the bottom of the pack.

It must be sweet to the successful candidate to recognize at last his own unsuspected grandeur, to see that it was *not* this favoring circumstance or that happy chance which helped him along, but the nobility with which he dug potatoes and felt his stomach clamor when he was a poor boy.

"Voters of this city," a politician was heard to harangue his crowd, "the laboring-men all over the State are lifting up their hands and saying, 'God bless you!'"

Now, "God bless you!" is a very general, well-meaning expression, much hackneyed by actors, though passable. But the laboring-men of the State were minding their own business, and not lifting up their hands to say anything of the sort. It was the politician himself, who had just got into a good office, that was delivering the benediction. When you come down to facts, and to sifting a great many things besides honest enthusiasm out of politics, large allowance will have to be made for claptrap of this kind. M. H. C.

A Scarcity of Funerals.

NEGROES may be said to have a passion for funerals. For the pleasure of attending the funeral of a person they have probably never seen, and at the risk of losing their places, the maid will leave her mistress to sweep her own floor and the man will delegate to his master the duty of saddling his own horse. The idea of being buried with a sword and sash across his coffin, a brass band at the head of the procession, and a bass-drum sobbing in the rear, causes many a colored soldier to meet death with a composure which the physician attending him probably ascribes to his soporifics and the minister to his comforting words.

"Mis' Bettie," said the dining-room servant of my next-door neighbor, standing in the doorway, his hat in both hands, "Mis' Bettie, I'd like ter go ter a funul dis mornin', ef you kin spar me."

"Why, John!" said Mrs. P. with a most unusual vibration of her sweet voice, "why, John, the mortality among your acquaintances is something fearful. I never knew any one but an undertaker attend as many funerals as you do."

"Lor', Mis' Bettie!" exclaimed John in a tone of remonstrance and reproach. Then he swung his hat disconsolately between his knees, and added in a tone of intense self-commiseration, "I don't see how you kin say dat, Mis' Bettie. I bin thinkin' how funuls was mighty skase 'mongst my friends!" T. S.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Review.

The Early History of Charles James Fox.
By George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. New
York: Harper & Brothers.

It is a peculiarity of the period to which this volume relates—the first fourteen years of the reign of George III. (1760–1774)—that political and social matters were then more intermixed than at any other period in English history. Except at its commencement, the country was at peace. A great war had preceded it, greater wars were to follow it, but in the interval, notwithstanding the gathering cloud of American discontent, attention was mainly occupied with events which, whatever principle might underlie them, partook largely of the nature of personal squabbles and private scandals. The king was a meddlesome intriguer, the ministers were his obedient tools, the House of Commons was a club of fine gentlemen capable on occasion of behaving like a mob, and the people had generally no better means of expressing its sentiments or enforcing its opinions than by breaking windows, cheering its favorites or presenting them with testimonials, and rolling the objects of its hatred in the mud. Corruption reigned supreme, public men, with few exceptions, led notoriously dissolute lives, and the domestic affairs of the nation were simply and literally the domestic affairs of a small ruling class. What called itself the public was really a coterie, which had little need of newspapers to inform it of what was going on, to furnish comments, or to formulate opinions. Gossip had the freest range, with has never been more sparkling or abundant, letter-writing had reached its acme as an art and furnished annals that were never dry and epigrams that were seldom pointless. Thanks to Walpole, Boswell, and a host of inferior *raconteurs*, posterity has had no reason to complain that this period is a blank. What in the pages of the historian is the dulllest of periods becomes in those of the memoir-writer the liveliest and most entertaining.

Mr. Trevelyan showed in his "Life of Lord Macaulay" his power of giving animation to a narrative, dealing largely with subjects which had lost their "newest gloss," yet were still well remembered, and of which it was consequently not easy to revive the interest. In other respects that

work had claims to popularity which the present book necessarily lacks. Yet the latter has intrinsically greater attractiveness in both the theme and the treatment. Though professedly a biography, it deals much more with the times than with the man, and the writer, instead of feeling bound to make his narrative orderly and complete, admitting all that belonged to it and excluding whatever was merely illustrative or in the nature of digression, has wandered at will, gathering such details as might be effectively disposed, not on a connecting thread, but in masses and as pendants. His method cannot be strictly called his own, for, whether consciously or not, it is evidently modelled on that by which Macaulay sought, in several of his essays and in portions of his history, to present the "form and pressure" of the time. But Mr. Trevelyan, if he has copied the manner, has generally avoided the mannerisms of the master. He is a colloquial Macaulay, abstaining from rigidly measured and balanced sentences, from elaborate portraiture, from formal arguments and rhetorical bursts, while keeping to the same point of view and selecting and grouping his facts on the same design as his prototype and kinsman. His style is never brilliant, it is seldom pointed or concise, and it often lacks neatness; but such a sentence, for example, as the following, in reference to Fox's conversation, suggests an antithesis which Macaulay would have delighted to frame: "He became content to alternate between silent attention in the presence of those whom he thought better worth hearing than himself and a lazy outpouring of whatever engaged his mind at the moment, which his hearers drank in without consciously admiring, and, most unfortunately, . . . without undertaking to record." The compactness of expression which is among the characteristics of Macaulay's writings is not, it will be observed, to be found in Mr. Trevelyan's. But his garrulity is never tiresome, and his work differs widely from a mere gossiping compilation, showing not only a thorough knowledge of the material, but the employment of it with a distinct conception and serious purpose. These, however, will come out more fully in the volumes which, we trust, are to follow. So

far as it is here traced, Fox's career is simply amusing. He is sowing his wild oats, in political as well as in private life, as reckless and devoid of any high belief or fixed principles of conduct in the one as in the other, and giving only the uncertain promise of a strong vitality, a buoyant temperament, and a lovable nature. Society at large was in a still worse state, one of apparently hopeless decline. Whether its subsequent recovery was, as Mr. Trevelyan has undertaken to show, mainly the work of one who, from a careless place-man and unscrupulous defender of abuses, developed into a great and disinterested statesman, the best-equipped and most consummate debater of modern times, and the leader of an opposition which never flinched or wavered in a long struggle for freedom and purity, is a question that may be left for examination when the evidence is all before us.

Holiday Publications.

Miss Humphrey is always a popular holiday artist. The designs illustrating well-known hymns, by which she is best known, have proved her capable of treating religious and ideal subjects with perfect refinement and without any mediæval affectation, and she always aims primarily at making her pictures beautiful and captivating to the eye. This Christmas-tide her pencil has found a lighter task in following the dreamy current of some verses by the artist-poet Buchanan Read.¹ A deeper vein of thought was reached by the author of "Drifting" in some of his reflective poems, such as "The Appian Way," but he wrote nothing more spontaneous and attractive than this happy little mood-lyric. It is an indolent poem *par excellence*, singing the luxuries of poetic idleness. The thought seems to fall lazily and unconsciously into rhyme and metre, and some of the lines hover pleasantly in the mind with a certain artful effect:

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Paradise is the Bay of Naples, views of which are given in charming vignettes by Miss Humphrey, who is not called upon, as designers of gift-books too often are, to illustrate the invisible and inconceivable. Text and pictures blend, indeed, very happily in "Drifting." Each stanza presents a word-picture free from effect or conceit,

and each is rendered in visible form on the opposite page with no loss of grace or delicacy.

It would be an injustice to Dr. Oswald's work² to rank it without qualification among books of a season, although the beauty of its illustrations, print, and binding renders it a handsome as well as valuable holiday gift. Within these outside attractions is the well-knit framework of sound knowledge and extensive observation imparted in a clear, graphic, and vigorous style. Before making the journeys into the wildest portions of Mexico and Central America which are described in these sketches, the author had already laid the foundation for something more than superficial observation by a long residence in the former country and by acquiring an intimate acquaintance with the language. He had also made a reputation as a naturalist, and his notes on the fauna and flora of the region are by no means the least interesting portion of the volume. The book is not, however, in any close sense the work of a specialist, but rather an entertaining account of the country, accompanied with incidents of travel and sketches of the settlers, hunters, and natives encountered *en route*, with whom, whatever their nationality, the author was able to establish at once good relations. Conversations with many of these chance acquaintances give additional insight into their life, and prevent the monotony of a continuous narrative. Dr. Oswald purposely avoided the more beaten tracks, the cities and principal halting-places of travellers in Mexico, and explored chiefly the mountain-fastnesses of the sierras in Southern Mexico and the Vera Paz forests in Guatemala. His visit to Yucatan did not, however, omit Palenque, a vivid account of which will be found in a chapter entitled "The American Pompeii." The ground traversed in "Summerland Sketches" is thus, for the most part, new. Unlike many books of travel published nowadays, which have little to recommend them beyond the novelty of scenes and adventures described in them, and which sometimes seem to be penned with a sliver of the author's gun, Dr. Oswald's volume is unmistakably the work of a mind of wide culture and intelligence, filled at the same time with a warm, genial spirit, enterprising curiosity, and

¹ "Drifting." By T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

² "Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America." By Felix S. Oswald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

quick sympathy. The illustrations are the work of Mr. Farny and Mr. Herman Faber, two artists who supplement each other very well, the spirited and correct animal groups of the latter being as good in their way as the more artistic work in landscape and figure of the former.

Mr. Farny is also the illustrator of "The Teacher's Dream,"¹ in which he is so distinctly above his text that his atmospheric pictures, engraved by half a dozen different hands in an artistic manner, seem to fill the book of themselves. The excellence of the pictures lies in character rather than prettiness, and there is perhaps too little of the latter quality to fascinate readers who may be supposed to relish Mr. Venable's verse. The latter is smooth enough, save for one or two doubtful rhymes, but its sedate, moralizing tone irresistibly recalls to mind Dr. Johnson's "Hermit Hoar in Narrow Cell."

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record-book."

This is certainly explanatory and so far satisfying, but it would be difficult to rise and explain that it contained any poetic quality. On the whole, there is nothing irritating in this book, and any purchaser of it for the sake of its illustrations will find nothing to mar his enjoyment of them.

The collection of articles gathered together with the general title of "On the Rhine, and other Sketches,"² originally appeared in this magazine, where they were among the most popular of the shorter records of travel which have always formed one of its principal features. They are all impressions at first hand, varying in manner and matter with the idiosyncrasies of the dozen writers represented. Mr. Edward King goes over the newest ground, and the last quarter of the volume is occupied with his graphic papers on Montenegro and the shores of the Danube, which he visited as a newspaper correspondent during the late war, enjoying peculiar advantages for observation, and profiting by them in that wide-awake spirit which has given him a high place in more than one department of periodical writing. Whatever the subject before him, Mr. King enters into it with ready interest; but that

the study of Danubian life possessed a special attraction for him is shown in his recent volume of poems, of which it forms the chief theme, as well as by his articles. A writer so interested himself could scarcely fail to interest his readers, unless the literary vivacity were wanting, which is by no means the case with Mr. King. "Why do we like Paris?" is the title of an admirably-written paper by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister, seizing the very spirit of that paradoxical paradise, and defining the subtle fascination which it possesses for different minds. The journey down the Rhine is made in the company of Lady Blanche Murphy, a pleasant and well-informed guide. The book is illustrated throughout in an attractive and copious manner.

Children's Books.

Such a wealth of pictorial illustration as we find in "Old Times in the Colonies"³ requires a lively text and considerable breadth of mental horizon to keep pace with it. Mr. Coffin has traced the colonization of America back to the theological and political revolutions in Europe, which sent thousands of religious enthusiasts and adventurers across the Atlantic, and thus linked the history of the Old World with that of the New. His descriptions are spirited, and the excellence and beauty of the profuse engravings enable him to realize his idea and make his historical sketches vivid and picturesque.

The first volume of "Boy Travellers in the Far East"⁴ will be remembered by the thousands of its eager readers last year. The second, now offered, is to the full as instructive and entertaining, while the matter is perhaps more fresh, since Siam and Java, Cambodia, Cochin-China, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago have been, compared with China and Japan, little talked and written about. The book is skilfully made up, and the active minds and lively imaginations of Frank and Fred, athirst for adventure and information, give a zest to the store of facts freely poured out by their Mentor. The pictures in these two books, carefully studied out, offer material for a liberal education.

Mr. Alden's "Moral Pirates"⁵ is a pleasant little story, written in a language no boy will fail to understand. Heroism is

¹ "The Teacher's Dream." By W. H. Venable. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² "On the Rhine, and other Sketches of European Travel." By Lady Blanche Murphy, T. Adolphus Trollope, Mrs. Sarah B. Wister, Edward King, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

³ "Old Times in the Colonies." By Charles Carleton Coffin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

⁴ "The Boy Travellers in the Far East." Part II. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

⁵ "The Moral Pirates." By W. L. Alden.

apparently a difficult matter for American youth to master, judging by the way authors of the present day discard anything heroic from their stories. The knightly rôles which used to be played boldly are now left out, and the boys, having no unattainable ideals before their eyes, are not compelled to despair of themselves and their ambitions. In this little book everybody—stern parents and all—enters with the utmost indulgence and sympathy into youthful ideas, and with genial optimistic views starts the lads on a summer cruise, from which they return safely after moving accidents which compel no terrors.

"Dick Cheveley,"¹ on the other hand, is an English boy, and is not let off without many a sharp tussle with actual life. A true Briton, he takes nothing at second-hand and makes sober earnest of his boyish frolics. His adventures and misadventures, his various imprisonments, voluntary and involuntary, his hairbreadth escapes, his racy stories, will be read with avidity, and many a young fellow will half envy him his experience for the sake of the superior knowledge thus attained, even of "rats and mice and such small deer."

"The Worst Boy in Town"² is, we should hope, not a typical boy in any sense of the term. We should not like Jack Wittingham for our son, nor for our neighbor; indeed, not for our most far-off acquaintance. The humor of the situation fails to make itself apparent, and the incidents are likely to please only the most rudimentary tastes. The chopping of Dr. Wittingham's wood suggests, without in any manner equalling, Tom Sawyer's exploit of whitewashing his mother's face by proxy.

We cannot help wishing that Mrs. Gatty's exquisite little books, "Parables from Nature,"³ had been offered in larger type, so that parents might unhesitatingly place the two pretty volumes in their children's hands and bid them read the stories over and over. They are so pervaded by fidelity to nature both in spirit and in fact, and so fitted to inspire that tender reverence in which children of the present day are sadly deficient, that they could not but do good. "Birds in the Nest" will appeal to fathers and mothers as well as the

little ones, for each has its own little poem, which is revealed with depth and grace.

Having penetrated to Japan and brought away its curiosities and studied its principles of art, Prof. Griffis thinks that we ought to become acquainted with the romantic conceptions that underlie the various forms of grotesqueness and beauty with which we have grown so familiar. His little book 'has humor and a certain charm, and compels interest through the likeness in unlikeness to our own fairy and mythical lore. The illustrations are the work of Tokio artists, and suggest the startling and bizarre apparitions we study on our fans.

We have waited until our fields and woods are comparatively tenantless before beginning to preach kindness to birds and animals as one of the first laws of morality. It is a cheerful sign, however, that we seem to be at last awakening to the sanctity and beauty of the pulsing lives about us, and that the savage pioneer instinct which aimed a blow or raised a rifle at any rustle in the thicket or movement in the grass is being corrected by the sentiment that he prayeth well who loveth well the innocent dumb creatures. "Friends Worth Knowing"⁴ is an excellent little book. Among so many good chapters it is difficult to point out the most pleasing. "First Comers" and "Wild Mice," "An Ornithological Lecture" and "How Animals Get Home," have all appealed strongly to our interest. "The Buffalo and His Fate" deserves much more than a passing notice. The questions it presents demand thoughtful attention, and perhaps wise legislation. The book shows from first to last sympathetic and patient observation of nature and natural history, and ought to be welcomed by boys and girls as well as older readers.

Miss Beecher's "Stories for Young Folks"⁵ is full of natural and touching pictures of actual child-life. The little people are of the good old fashion, warm and genuine at heart, with loving, spontaneous impulses toward everybody and everything. It is a good book for little girls, and Aunt Katy, who tells the stories, would be a desirable inmate in any house where there is a nursery.

¹ "Japanese Fairy World." By William Elliot Griffis. Schenectady: James H. Barhyte.

² "Friends Worth Knowing." By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Brothers.

³ "Aim! Fire! Bang! Stories for Young Folks." By Julia M. Beecher. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

¹ Dick Cheveley: his Adventures and Misadventures." By W. H. G. Kingston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

² "The Worst Boy in Town." By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ "Parables from Nature." By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.